Collier's
TEN CENTS
JUNE 19, 1943
E CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

ONALD
McLEOD

# WHAT THE NAZIS DID TO V

Radioed from Russia by Quentin Reyn

NE 19, 1943

L FRED STEELE
301 S CHESTNUT
IOLA
KANS
15JY44
316286
C
R7 24U

# Your New Kitchen Helper is *here to stay...*

You've been buying more and more things in Duraglas containers . . . foods of all kinds and housekeeping needs, too. These convenient packages help you in efficient, thrifty homemaking.

It's a help you'll continue to enjoy. First, because *you* like Duraglas packages. And because their strength, lightness and economy – brought about by the Duraglas technique – make Duraglas *Containers Tomorrow's Packages, Here Today!*

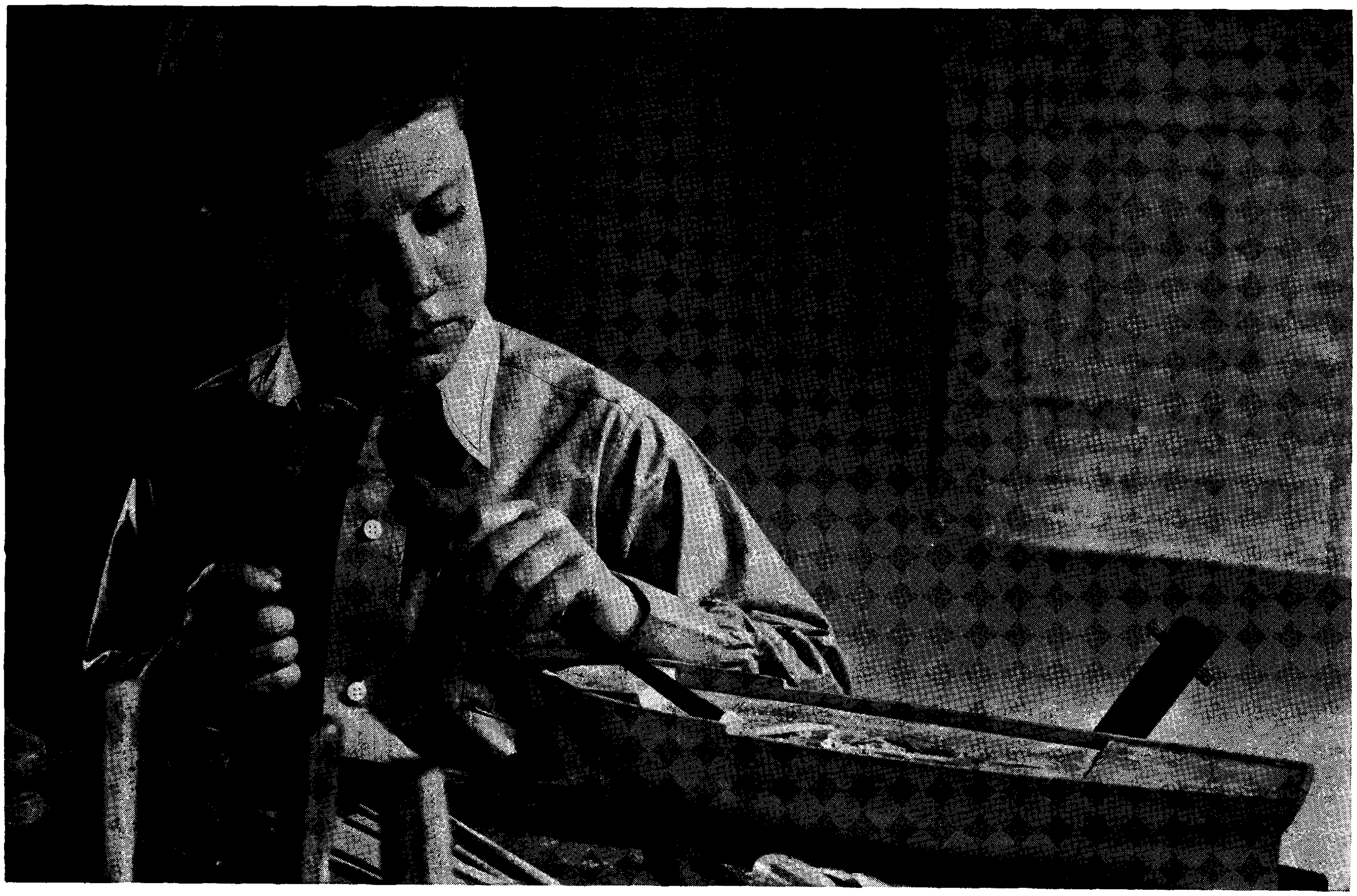
Buy
EGAR
raglas
SALAD OIL
IN Duraglas

*Radio Help for Homemakers*
Owens-Illinois Presents:
FLETCHER WILEY
in "YOUR HOME FRONT REPORTER"
with songs by
Frank Parker and Eleanor Steber
*David Broekman's Orchestra*
MON. THRU FRI., COLUMBIA NET
4:00 E.W.T. 3:00 C.W.T. 2:00 M.W.T. 1:00 P.W.T.

## OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO – DEVELOPERS OF *Duraglas – THE IMPROVED TECHNIQUE IN GLASSMAKING

# A Boy builds a Boat
# And Launches a Ship of Dreams.
# Character will Set its Course,
# Courage will See it to a Happy Port.



## We see the boy a Man—Reliant, Resourceful and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

IN HIS eager look, his serious interest, you can see character in the making. To him the future beckons—bright with promise. For he sees—far beyond the reefs and shoals of today—a glorious tomorrow—the heritage of thousands of young Americans.

Devoted parents and teachers have given our children this heritage by every advantage of health and education—have made it possible for them to face the future—confident, resolute and *smiling!*

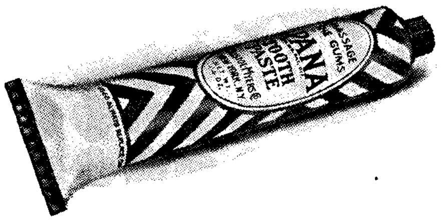
Yes, *smiling!* Even their smiles have a bright future, thanks to early training in an important lesson—that firm, healthy gums are necessary to sound teeth and sparkling smiles.

In thousands of classrooms, today's children are learning what many adults do not yet know—that soft foods deprive our gums of needed work and stimulation. These youngsters could tell you why gums often become soft and tender—and signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

### *When "Pink Tooth Brush" Warns*

When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* He may say your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft and creamy foods. Like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Start with Ipana and massage today—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.



**Ipana Tooth Paste**

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

VICTOR RECORD GUIDE
HEAR THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ON VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

**Classical Symphony in D Major** by Prokofieff—a delightful interpretation of the elegant miniature symphony written in the style of Mozart by one of our great modern composers. *Beautifully recorded for Victor by* the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Vladimir Golschmann.

Album DM-942..............$2.50*

**The Sentimental Gentleman Blows a Sweet One.** Tommy Dorsey reveals his truly magnificent mastery of trombone technique in Eric Coates' "By the Sleepy Lagoon" and "Melody" by our former Vice-President, Charles G. Dawes. Tommy's band backs him up

Victor Red Seal Record 10-1045..75¢*

**Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior** sing the Bridal Chamber Scene from Lohengrin, assisted by the Victor Symphony Orchestra, Edwin McArthur, Conductor. This scene has been thrillingly recorded by these outstanding Wagnerian interpreters.

Album DM-897..............$2.50*

**Hear These Distinguished Victor Red Seal Records**

**Concerto for Organ and Strings in C Major**—Corelli-Malipiero, and **Sonata for Strings and Organ in D Major**—Corelli. E. Power Biggs, Organist, with Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor.
Album DM-924..............$2.50*

**Praeludium and Allegro in E Minor**—Kreisler-Sevitzky. Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Fabien Sevitzky, Conductor. Record No. 11-8439—$1.00*

**Suggested list prices exclusive of excise tax*
To help us make new Victor Records, sell your old ones to your dealer!

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

RCA Victor Division
RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA

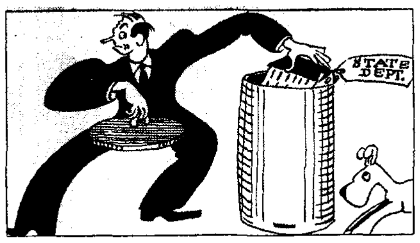
| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| WALTER DAVENPORT | Politics | WM. O. CHESSMAN | Art |
| W. B. COURTNEY | European War Theater | CLARENCE H. ROY | Articles |
| QUENTIN REYNOLDS | Russia and Far East | AMY PORTER | Articles |
| KYLE CRICHTON | Articles | FRANK D. MORRIS | U. S. Navy in Pacific |
| HERBERT ASBURY | Articles | FRANK GERVASI | Middle East War Theater |
| DENVER LINDLEY | Fiction | JIM MARSHALL | West Coast |
| ALLEN MARPLE | Fiction | AIMEE LARKIN | Distaff |
| JAMES N. YOUNG | Fiction | U. L. CALVOSA | Photographs |
| GURNEY WILLIAMS | Articles | GEORGE DE ZAYAS | Hollywood |
| HENRY L. JACKSON | Wearables | IFOR THOMAS | Photographs |

# ANY WEEK

ROBERT CAPA, Collier's correspondent with the American Army in North Africa, took the stirring pictures of actual combat on pages 12, 13 and 14. Capa was born in Hungary twenty-nine years ago, started at an early age as a photographer for the Berliner Zeitung. His work took him to France and he covered the Spanish War on the Loyalist side, barely escaping the long arm of Fascist retaliation when he was practically the last man to evacuate fallen Barcelona. In 1939, he covered what the Japanese condescendingly called the "China incident," and he collaborated in the filming of 400 Millions, a documentary picture on China's struggle. He was in England during the blitz and more recently returned there for Collier's before joining our forces in the North African theater.

SOMETIMES we wonder what our correspondents are thinking about that they should write such acid letters. For example, Mr. Emmons Beaunnet of St. Joseph, Missouri, wants to know what Washington thinks it's running—"a war or a couple of political campaigns?" Mr. Beaunnet thinks, in his own narrow way, that it is "much more important to win the war than it is to get elected or re-elected." But perhaps he's a bit out of sorts because he had a slight altercation with an OPA clerk. After struggling with the clerk for some time about the price of honey, Mr. Beaunnet asked him whether he knew anything at all about honey culture, or whether anyone else around there did. "Can't say that I do," the clerk replied. "Don't know whether anyone else around here does. But that makes no difference. One business is like another, and we treat them all alike."

WE WERE of the opinion that, barring an occasional bad guess, our State Department was doing a pretty good job—a bit old-fashioned perhaps, but generally good. But Professor T. Beardsup of Los Angeles, California, says that "we shall have wars as long as State Departments and Foreign Offices are slaves to what the world knows falsely as higher education." Not that Professor Beardsup isn't pretty highly educated himself. He is "Dean and Deliverer of the Ultimate University." Ultimate University has no ivied walls, no cloistered halls, in fact nothing except Professor Beardsup, who is dean and faculty and board of trustees. In short, he's the works. There is no tuition fee, either. The professor says that he teaches those who will listen, where and when they will listen. But never mind. He is writing to President Roosevelt, demanding that our present State Department be "cleaned out from top to keel, including Hull." Then he asks that it be reorganized with "men who know men and not protocol, common men of no education who can talk to common men of no education. It is the highfalutin secret conversations," he declares, "that get us into trouble. The best thing to do would be to abolish the State Department entirely."



A LONE cheery note sneaks into our mail. Mr. Ed DeCarp of Tulsa, Oklahoma, notifies us that while he was bus-riding his state he stopped at a diner for lunch and was delighted to see on the wall the following notice: "Make your reservations now for Peace Day Night celebration. But then Mr. William B. Appelite of Chicago, Illinois, demands darkly to know whether "whatever went on in the Big Red House on R Street, Washington, D. C., is going to get the personal attention of the Big White House on Pennsylvania Avenue."... W. D.

Vol. 111, No. 25. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

# THIS WEE

JUNE 19, 1943

SHORT STORIES

NANCY TITUS
**The First Hundred Years Are**
**Hardest.** But the hundred and f
will be worth waiting for. Page

HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER
**This I Must See.** A big Marine fi
he has no time for Park Avenue
ter—even from a beautiful heir
Page

ROARK BRADFORD
**One-Legged Angels Can't Fly.**
can they? The question throws
tle Bee Bend plantation into an
roar. Page

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
**The Insult,** by Frank X. Tolbert.
Page

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
**Sound of Revelry. The eighth**
**nine parts.** Page

FAITH BALDWIN
**You Can't Escape. The second**
**eight parts.** Page

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
**The Road to Vyazma.** The ene
can destroy a whole city, but
spirit of its people is indestructi
Page

ROBERT CAPA
**The Beginning of Victory.** A pho
rapher sees the first widely succ
ful American thrust in Tunisia.
Page

W. B. COURTNEY
**They're Dreaming of Bright S**
**ways.** After the war there will
air travel anywhere for everyon
Page

C. L. SAWIN
**All-America Mermaids.** A team
national champion girl swimn
stands ready to challenge the wo
Pag

CAPTAIN TED W. LAWSON
**Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.**
**fifth of six parts.** The wounded f
outdistance the Japs and s
stories with other Tokyo raiders
Pa

HERBERT HOOVER and
HUGH GIBSON
**New Approaches to Lasting Pe**
**The third of four parts.** There
forces working against peace w
we will have to fight. Pag

AMY PORTER
**Double-or-Nothing Doughton.**
small-town banker applies his
losophy to our national econom
Pag

●

FRELING FOSTER Pa
WING TALK. Pa
EDITORIAL Pag
COVER RONALD McL

# HATS OFF—AND GOOD HEALTH

## *to the men who man the Great Lakes Ore Boats*

### HEALTH-FOR-VICTORY PROTECTS THIS LIFELINE OF THE STEEL INDUSTRY

***Iron ore, limestone, coal . . .*** must be kept flowing in a steady stream to the hungry mouths of midwest blast furnaces. Load, sail, unload. Turn around and do it again. Not an hour to be lost. That's the night-and-day schedule of busy Great Lakes ore boats of the Columbia Transportation Company.

***It's no soft, smooth-water sailing job*** to bring these boats through the fickle weather of the Great Lakes. It takes strong men and brawn and staying power.

***And it's no simple task to feed*** these hardy sailors the good, nourishing, stick-to-the-ribs food they need. Not in these days of food shortages and rationing.

***That's why 24 stewards from the Ore Boats*** asked for a Health-for-Victory Club of their own. One that paid special attention to meat alternates for husky, hard-working sailors. Charlotte Ferris, assistant national director of the Health-for-Victory movement, conducted this club personally. She gave them menus and recipes for meals to keep men healthy. She gave them tips for stretching ration points, cooking hints to save vitamins—all with an eye to meals that would hold the Lake Boats' famed reputation for "swell eats."

***In over 1300 vital war plants*** and other organizations, H-for-V Clubs are helping to keep war workers physically fit through proper food. Capable home economists from local electric utility companies conduct monthly meetings on how to get the most health per ration point. Meal Planning Guides prepared by the nutrition-wise experts of the Westinghouse Home Economics Institute already go into over 450,000 homes monthly. These books contain menus and recipes for every meal in the month. Now these experts have prepared another book, the "HOME CANNING GUIDE," to help you preserve this summer's foods for next winter's meals. You'll find it mighty useful.

NOTE TO WAR PLANT EXECUTIVES: *Would you like to organize a Health-for-Victory activity? Just call on Westinghouse. We'll gladly help you adapt it to your requirements.*

**"No More Steak for Breakfast"**—but the men tackle their H-for-V meals with equal relish. Many a steward's wife is shipping as second cook to lick the man power shortage.

**"Stretch Your Coupons,** use odds and ends of meat for flavoring." Miss Ferris gives a lot of ration tips to the stewards.

**Battening Down the Hatches** to keep the cargo tight and dry. The stiff storms that sweep down the Great Lakes are tough as any in the world.

**"Feed 'Em Well, and Keep 'Em Happy"**—is the motto of the hard-working stewards. H-for-V menus and recipes do yeoman duty, seven days a week.

TUNE IN ON JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, WESTINGHOUSE PROGRAM, NBC, SUNDAY, 2:30 P. M., E. W. T.

**READY! NEW, PRACTICAL "HOME CANNING GUIDE"**

48 pages of tested information on "putting up" foods from Victory Gardens. Step-by-step directions for dehydrating; 4 methods of canning; brining; quick freezing; storing in pits and boxes. See your near-by Westinghouse retailer or send 10c for your copy.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO.
380 Fourth St. Mansfield, Ohio

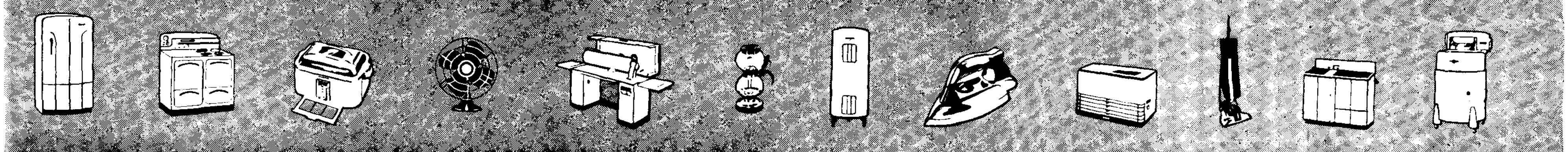
Home Canning Guide
Including
QUICK FREEZING · DEHYDRATING · BRINING
WINTER STORAGE IN CELLARS, PITS AND BOXES
HEALTH FOR VICTORY
10¢

★ ★ **Health-for-Victory Club**

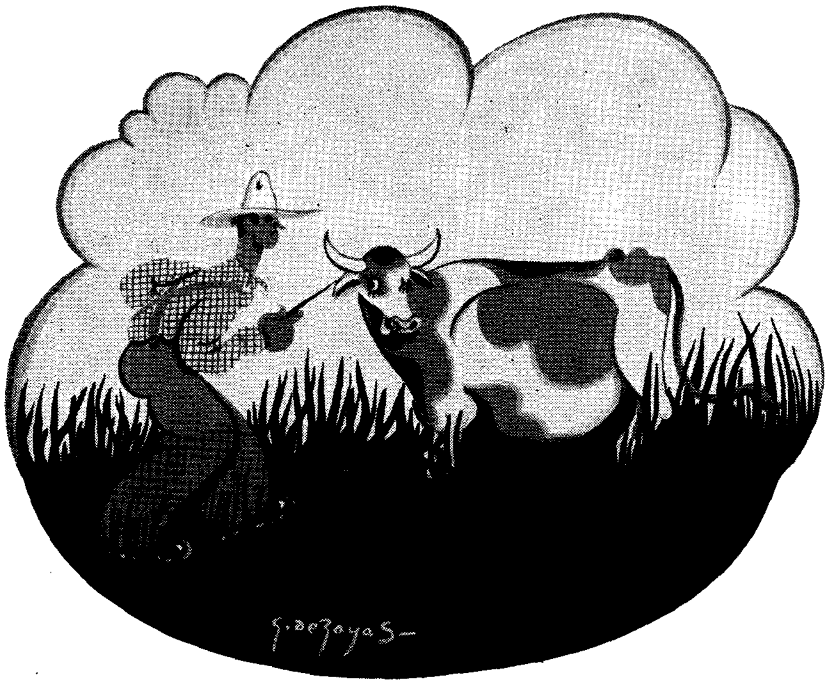
A CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT BY

**Westinghouse**

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE DIVISION ★ ★ ★



12,000 Shots a minute!
NO POWDER
NO FLASH
NO REPORT!
NEW MIRACLE GUN FOUR TIMES FASTER THAN AXIS' LATEST!
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
IT FIRES BY COMPRESSED AIR SUPPLIED FROM A TANK
IF I WEREN'T LOOKING AT IT, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU
I BET IT'S A LOT COOLER TOO, DAD, THAN ORDINARY GUNS
THE YOUNG LADY IS RIGHT—COOLNESS DOES A LOT IN THIS DEVICE
IN THIS ONE, TOO. I NOTICE YOU APPRECIATE HOW COOL, MELLOW, AND MILD PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES
IT'S THAT NO-BITE PROCESS AND THE CRIMP CUT. PRINCE ALBERT IS SO MUCH EASIER ON MY TONGUE, YET THE RICH TASTE IS THERE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME? AND A P.A. 'MAKIN'S' SMOKE NOT ONLY TASTES RIGHT—IT ROLLS RIGHT—FAST AND SMOOTH WITH GOOD CLEAN ENDS
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
70 FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Cattle* sometimes become so bloated in their first stomach, after an overindulgence in certain foods, such as green alfalfa, that the paunch has to be punctured with a trocar so the gas can escape and their lives may be saved. Among the devices invented to control this condition, when chronic, is an aluminum safety valve, which is permanently inserted in the side of the animal.

*A baseball* game played by the blind has only five men on a team—pitcher, catcher and three basemen—and the "ball" is a 3-inch metal ring strung on a waist-high cable running from the catcher's box almost to second base. When the batter strikes the pitcher ring, the basemen, standing in line behind the pitcher, try to grab and shoot it back to the catcher. For instance, if the ring passes the first baseman and the second baseman catches it and returns it to the plate before the runner reaches second, a one-base hit is made. A home run is scored when all three basemen miss it. The diamond is also enclosed by a cable to guide the players to the bases, which are run clockwise.

*The* New Zealand government is now offering its veterans, for their postwar rehabilitation, a variety of business loans, the largest of which will be $17,000 to men wishing to buy a farm. *By Betty Brown, California, Pa.*

*The* Kufra oases in the heart of the Libyan Desert are among the world's most fertile spots. Consisting of five cities with thousands of inhabitants, they contain more than 1,500,000 trees, at least 1,000,000 of which are date palms standing on land valued as high as $5,000 an acre. *By Russell McKenzie, Foxboro, Massachusetts.*

*State* income taxes are not imposed in 15 states, which contain 40 per cent of the population of this country. . . . Throughout 1942, the United States Employment Service made placements at the rate of 200,000 a week.

*Service* flags of companies and organizations should not carry a star for every member in uniform. According to the regulations of the War Department, only one large star should be used and the number of persons in service designated by numerals under it.

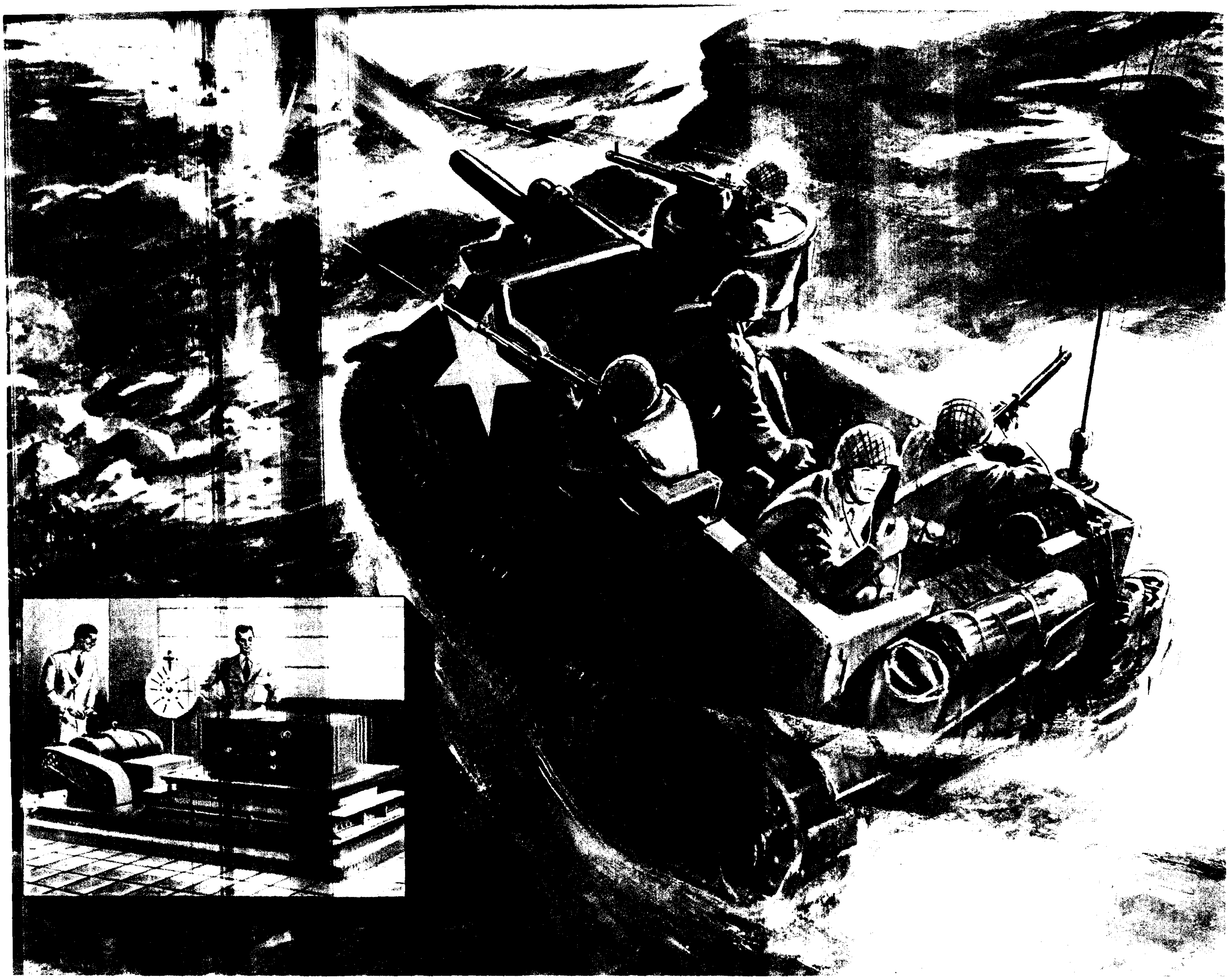
*The* United States has consumed 1,900 million tons of iron and steel since 1854, when the records were first started. Of this amount, 1,400 million tons are believed to be still giving service in their original form in buildings, bridges, engines, machinery, pipes, tools and scores of other articles.

*That* persons vary greatly in their judgment of odors is shown in a survey in which of 3,000 individuals tested for their reactions upon smelling freesias, 19 per cent said that this sweet-scented flower had no odor, 65 per cent said it had a weak or medium odor and 16 per cent said it had a very strong odor. Of those persons who noticed the fragrance, 86 per cent found it pleasant and 14 per cent unpleasant.

*During* last March, the first month of point rationing of canned goods, the sale of peas greatly overshadowed that of any other kind of vegetable or fruit, taking nine per cent of all allowable points.—*By Burton N. Packard, Sebec Lake, Me.*

*Only* 32 minerals form the basic materials of 150 important industrial chemicals. Coal is used in 91 chemicals, sulphur 88, mineral salt 75, limestone 63, sulphide ores 32, brines 24, petroleum 23, natural gas 16, saltpeter 13, potassium minerals 11 and gypsum 10. Of the remaining 21 materials, each of them is used in less than 10 of these chemicals.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



*The G-E vibration test for military radio*

# A tank destroyer is plenty rough on

## One more reason why your post-war G-E electronic radio will be better than ever!

Every time a tank destroyer advances a single foot, tiny radio parts get the jouncing of a lifetime.

*But nothing goes wrong!* General Electric gave that radio even rougher treatment before it ever saw a tank destroyer!

Your radio, and all military radio, is an assembly of *parts* — many fragile and delicate. Hardly a single part can fail without the whole radio failing.

General Electric *insists* that radio for the armed forces undergo the most grueling tests. Parts and materials are ceaselessly inspected before the radio is assembled. *After* assembly, there are vibration tests that simulate the roll and toss of a tank destroyer . . . tests that reproduce the heat and humidity of steaming jungles . . . violence tests that hurt worse than a ton of bricks.

A radio has to be *good,* to stand that punishment!

Your own General Electric radio, after the war, will be finer because of these rigorous wartime standards. Precision methods will be used, high manufacturing standards will be adhered to. And General Electric quality will cost less than ever before!

**FREE:** The fascinating story of electronics and FM radio is told in a full-color, 32-page book. Write for "Electronics — a New Science for a New World," to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

*Tune in Sunday night to the General Electric Mazda Lamp program over N. B. C. See local newspapers for time and station.*

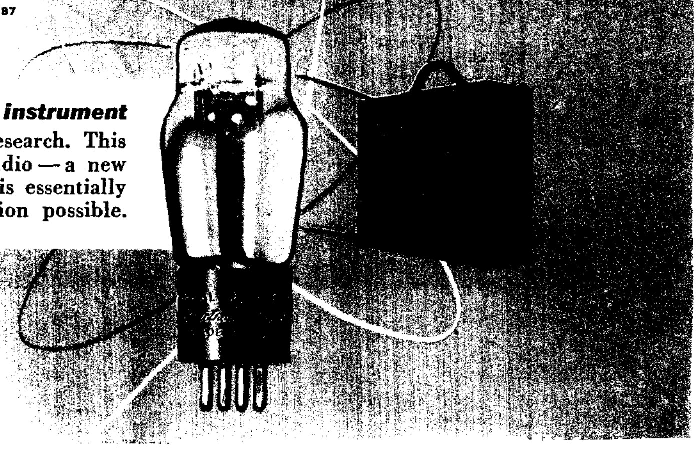
**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

**Leader in radio, television, and electronic research**

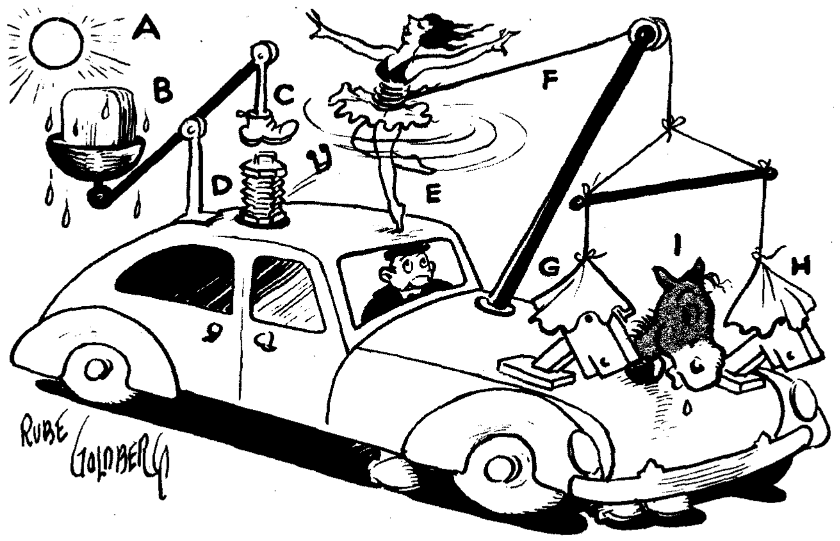
170-87

***Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument***

Radio, like television, is a product of *electronic* research. This electronic tube, used in the General Electric FM radio — a new kind of radio with amazingly lifelike reproduction, is essentially the same as the electronic tubes that make television possible.



"GET MORE SMILEAGE" SAYS RUBE GOLDBERG



SUN (A) MELTS ICE (B)—AS ICE LOSES WEIGHT, SHOE (C) DROPS ON ACCORDION (D)—MUSIC CAUSES MIDGET BALLET DANCER (E) TO WHIRL AND WIND UP STRING (F) WHICH RAISES COVERS FROM WOODEN HORSES (G) AND (H)—OLD RACE HORSE (I), SEEING OTHER HORSES, THINKS HE IS IN A RACE AND STARTS RUNNING, PULLING CAR WITH HIM—IF THERE'S NO SUN, YOU'LL HAVE TO RIDE HORSEBACK.

A B C T

You're bound to get more Smileage
As you up the old gas mileage.
Sound your Z for . . .
PENNZOIL

BET YOU DIDN'T EVEN SUSPECT THIS!

Your oil filter should be getting attention more regularly than ever, now that you're driving less. Many impurities ordinarily driven out of engines, now are accumulating in the oil filters, requiring renewal of the units.

Vital hidden parts of your car need special care today. Learn what they are, what they need. Write for free copy of our 16-page, illustrated book, "How to Keep Your Car Alive." Address Dept. AC, The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pennsylvania.

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

How CAN A Motor Oil Save Gas?

Easy. By keeping your engine clean! Sticking valves result in uneven firing and send unburned fuel out the exhaust. Clogged piston rings fail to seal in power. Gummy deposits on moving parts put a gas-wasting drag on your engine. These troubles are caused by sludge, engine-varnish and carbon.

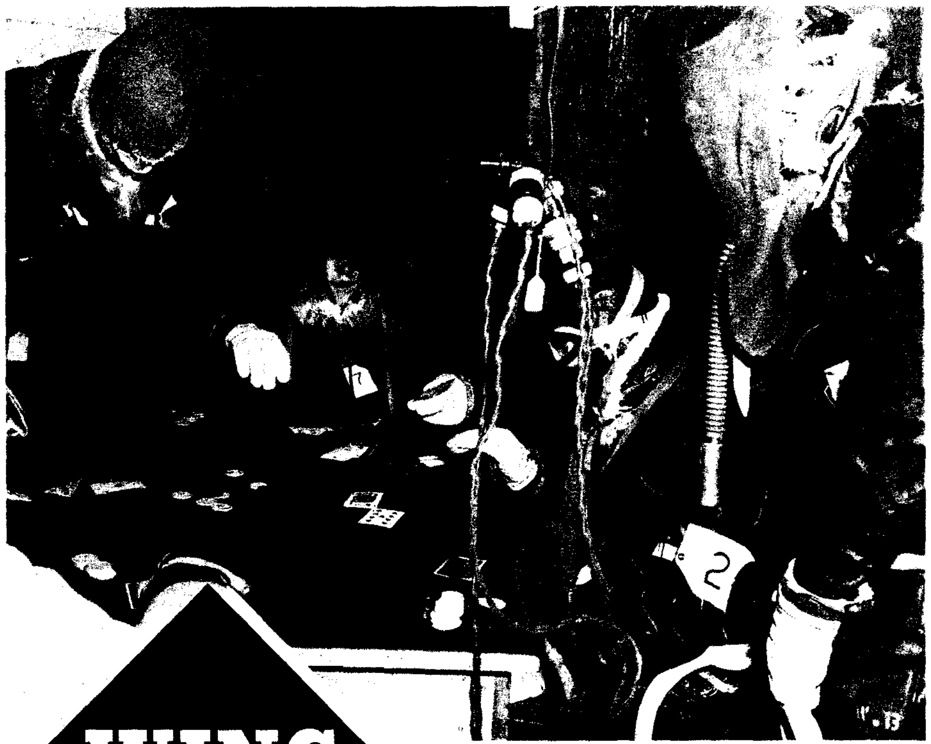
PennZoil is refined especially to resist these formations. You'll find your PennZoil-lubricated engine is easier on gas, will last longer and need fewer repairs.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Safe Lubrication

*Registered trade mark

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

PENNZOIL* GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



The coldest poker game on record is played by Army and civilian engineers while engaged in testing various new types of cold-weather flying clothing at General Electric Company's laboratories

# WING TALK

PERHAPS the most unusual poker game on record was played recently up at the big General Electric plant in Schenectady, N. Y., when engineers (both Army and civilian) were testing high-altitude, cold-weather flying clothing for our airmen. Inside a big cold chamber with the temperature at 70 degrees below zero, the men, dressed in various new types of experimental clothing, passed the time away for eight hours—playing straight stud.

"It was so cold," one of the testers said, "that we could see little crystals forming on the beards of the one-eyed Jacks."

One of the suits under test is an entirely new development and may soon be worn by our flying men in the cold regions. It is a two-piece garment lined with chicken feathers, which give it buoyancy so that it will float in the water, an innovation that may eliminate the need for the old Mae Wests now worn. In addition, the suit has qualities of warmth that will enable it to keep a pilot or crew member warm at temperatures under 70 degrees below zero. The suit weighs about fifteen pounds and affords good freedom of movement.

ONE of our big Liberator bombers, just returned from the Alaskan theater, landed at an Army airfield in the heart of the States. The pilot brought with him an unusual message from an officer at the Arctic outpost to a friend. It read simply: "Send me some goldfish."

The boys here didn't know what to make of it, but they were obliging. Next week another big bomber, this time a Flying Fortress, departed on a scheduled flight for the Arctic field and aboard were ten goldfish in a specially constructed glass bowl.

Westward and northward, the bomber winged its way. Then came bad weather, and the pilot had to seek higher altitudes. The goldfish didn't like it. While every one of the crew was breathing normally through his oxygen mask, the fishes came up gasping for air that wasn't there. A humane mechanic took an oxygen tube, stuck it into the bowl, and the fishes quickly gathered around the open end of the hose to get their share of the precious oxygen. One was too far gone and died.

This was just the beginning. The plane climbed higher and, with altitude, came the cold. The water began to freeze. Again the self-appcinted guardian came to the rescue. He took the fish container and placed it on the electric hot plate that bomber crews sometimes use to make coffee. The fishes lived.

At the Alaskan field, an officer was waiting. "Did you bring the goldfish?"

The mechanic handed him the bowl.

"Swell. There's a guy here who eats 'em raw."

"Not *these* fish, they're famous."

So it is that nine little goldfish, today very much alive, are the official mascots for an American fighting squadron somewhere in the cold Alaskan clime. And nearly every week when a bomber or transport takes off heading that way, someone puts aboard some precious food for the flying fishes!

NOW that it can be told, our fighters are being equipped with a series of cameras and used as photographic reconnaissance planes. Coming in fast at low altitude, the fighters get in and get away before the enemy is any the wiser. A specially developed open lens, strip-film camera makes the missions possible. Here are some incidents that prove how effective the process is:

On one flight during tests, a Lockheed P-38 with camera installations was taking pictures as it passed over some telephone wires at 300 feet, going 370 miles per hour. When the films were developed, the cameramen could count the parallel lines, the pictures were so clear and sharp. Another time, results clearly showed the manufacturer's name on a set of tires on an automobile going 50 m.p.h. in the direction opposite to the speeding plane!

Speaking of pictures: Not so long ago General Arnold told a graduating class at Randolph Field that our airmen had cameras which could shoot pictures from 30,000 feet so clear that they could count the ties on a railroad bed. Recently, photographic experts from a Flying Fortress at "better than 30,000 feet" made just such a picture and *did* count the ties quite easily. . . . DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

# Will you look at this picture with your left eye?

**Then** ***look at it with your right eye.***

Most people find that one eye sees the picture with a little more depth and detail . . . a *little* more richness of tone, than the other.

There is the same difference in the film you use in your camera. One film . . . Ansco Film . . . gives you a slight advantage in richness, depth, and detail, in your pictures.

It is not a great difference, but it *is* a difference.

That is why camera-wise folks who *know* and *look* for this difference . . . always use Ansco photographic materials.

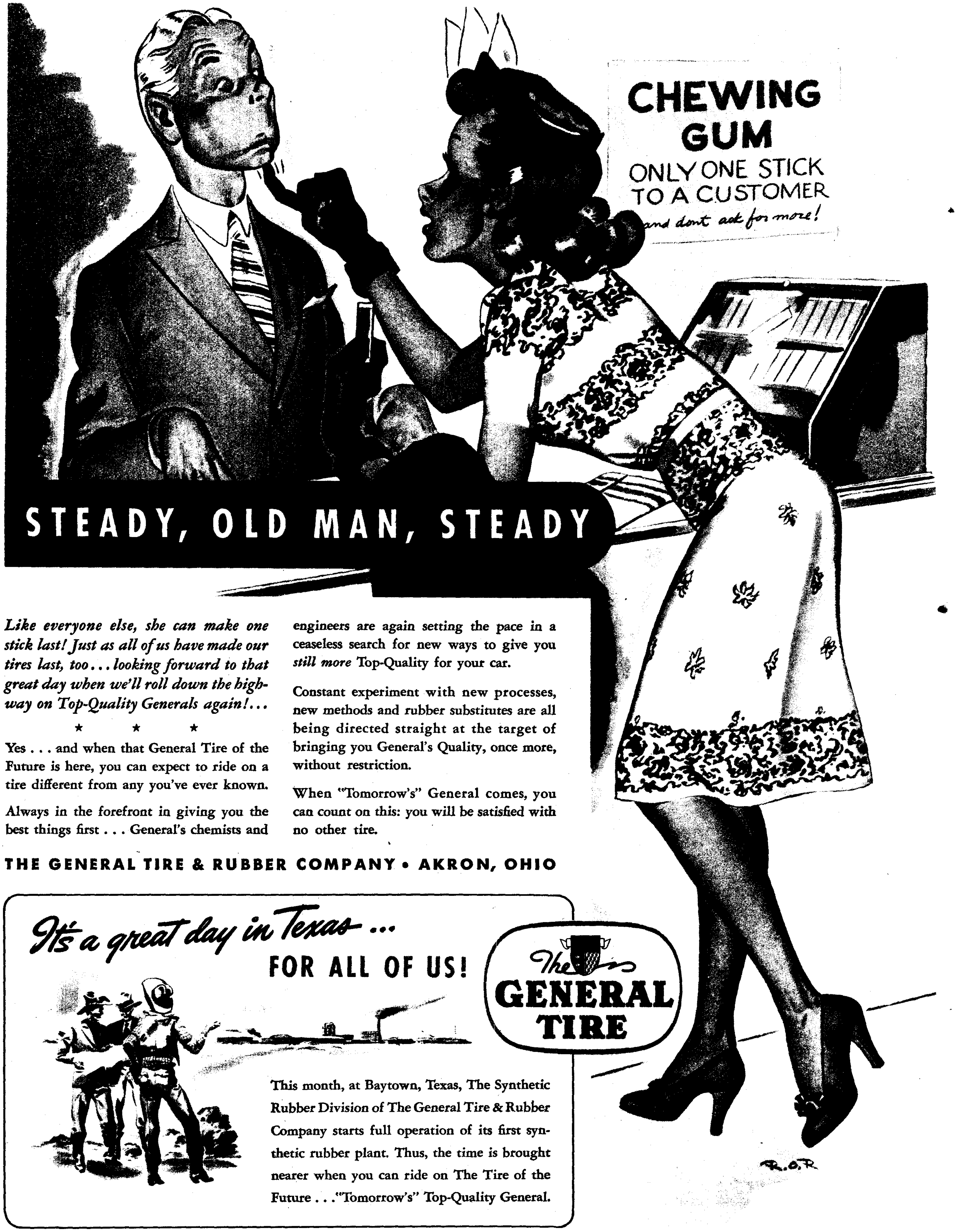
**Little Improvements**

For the last hundred years, we have made a habit of *little* improvements all calculated to keep Ansco a *little* ahead of the best in the field.

These *little* improvements all add up to the thing which is known as quality. A quality which is a *little* better than *top* quality. Ask any professional.

***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.***

**Agfa Ansco** KEEP YOUR EYE ON ANSCO—FIRST WITH THE FINEST


CHEWING GUM
ONLY ONE STICK TO A CUSTOMER
and don't ask for more!
R.O.R.

# STEADY, OLD MAN, STEADY

*Like everyone else, she can make one stick last! Just as all of us have made our tires last, too... looking forward to that great day when we'll roll down the highway on Top-Quality Generals again!...*

* * *

Yes . . . and when that General Tire of the Future is here, you can expect to ride on a tire different from any you've ever known.

Always in the forefront in giving you the best things first . . . General's chemists and engineers are again setting the pace in a ceaseless search for new ways to give you *still more* Top-Quality for your car.

Constant experiment with new processes, new methods and rubber substitutes are all being directed straight at the target of bringing you General's Quality, once more, without restriction.

When "Tomorrow's" General comes, you can count on this: you will be satisfied with no other tire.

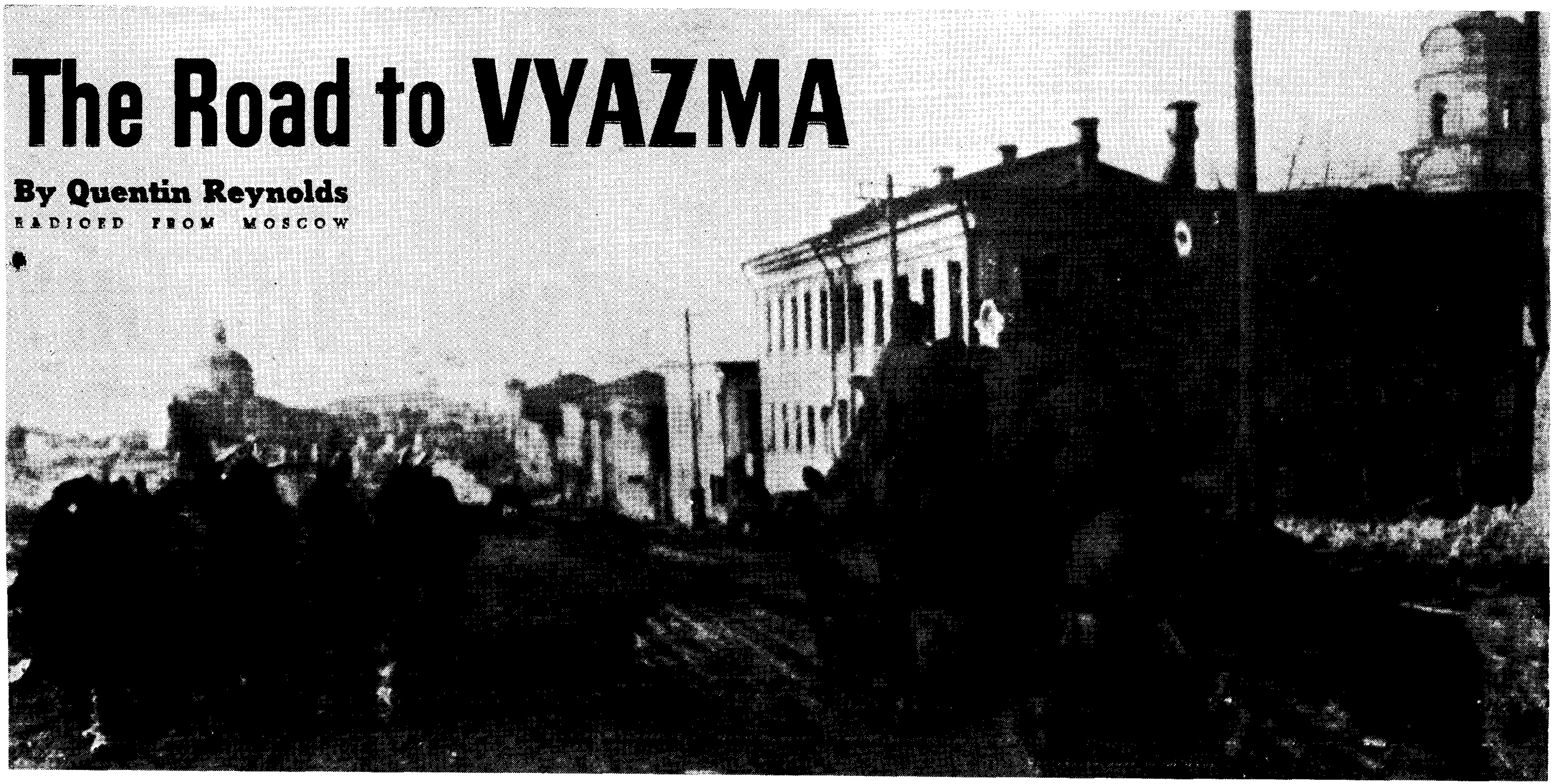
**THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO**

*It's a great day in Texas ...*

**FOR ALL OF US!**

This month, at Baytown, Texas, The Synthetic Rubber Division of The General Tire & Rubber Company starts full operation of its first synthetic rubber plant. Thus, the time is brought nearer when you can ride on The Tire of the Future . . . "Tomorrow's" Top-Quality General.

**The GENERAL TIRE**



# The Road to VYAZMA

### By Quentin Reynolds

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

A handful of Vyazma's 716 people—there were 60,000 before the Germans came—welcome the Red army as it ends their 18-month ordeal. Behind them is their senselessly burned, blasted and gutted city, a time bomb buried under their otherwise intact cathedral

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SOVFOTO

The businesslike women soldiers of the Red army have taken over the job of guarding the road along which the Russians drove the Germans from Vyazma, and it's a good idea to have your credentials in order

**The first U. S. correspondent to re-enter stricken Vyazma tells what eighteen months of Nazi occupation meant to that city and its people. His revelations can leave no doubt in the mind of any American as to who is the first enemy of his country—and of civilization**

IT'S a small hill that slopes up from the road to Vyazma. It's called Poklonnaia—the Hill Where You Bow—and is only fifteen minutes from the center of Moscow. People never give it a second glance, yet the destiny of Europe once was settled here.

It was here that Napoleon stood in the summer of 1812. He had conquered, he thought, all of Russia, and he stood there waiting for the rulers of Moscow to come forth and surrender. But they never came.

Today the hill cries out in defiance against another would-be conqueror. On its slope is emblazoned in whitewashed stones the slogan you see everywhere in Russia: *Pod Voditelstvom Stalina K Pobede*—To Victory With Stalin.

The hill stands as a mute lesson to those who would conquer this vast country. Hitler never got quite as close to Moscow as Napoleon did, but he came mighty near it. His main force did reach Mozhaisk, only sixty-one miles from the Kremlin. That was in October, 1941. One unit even reached the village of Kubinka. That was on the road to Vyazma, too, only thirty miles from Moscow.

The road to Vyazma has been fought over many times. We thought if we drove from Moscow to Vyazma we might learn some of the secrets of the road and thus get a better understanding of this difficult-to-understand country. At the end we came to Vyazma itself. In a way, it was like visiting a grave, because the Germans destroyed the city and all within it before they left. As yet, no correspondent had been allowed to travel this road. We were the first.

The road started out as a fine concrete highway, quite as good as any six-lane boulevard you would find in the United States. We stopped at the village of Kubinka, a small place with a post office and a dozen farmhouses, just off the main road. Our ancient car had broken down and we would have to phone Moscow for another. Kubinka is a village of women, old men and children. A small child, warmly dressed in voluminous folds of tattered clothing, came toward us and sat down. In Russia, you never can tell by their clothes whether children are boys or girls. This was a boy. His name, he said, was Vova, which is a diminutive for Vladimir. He didn't know how old he was.

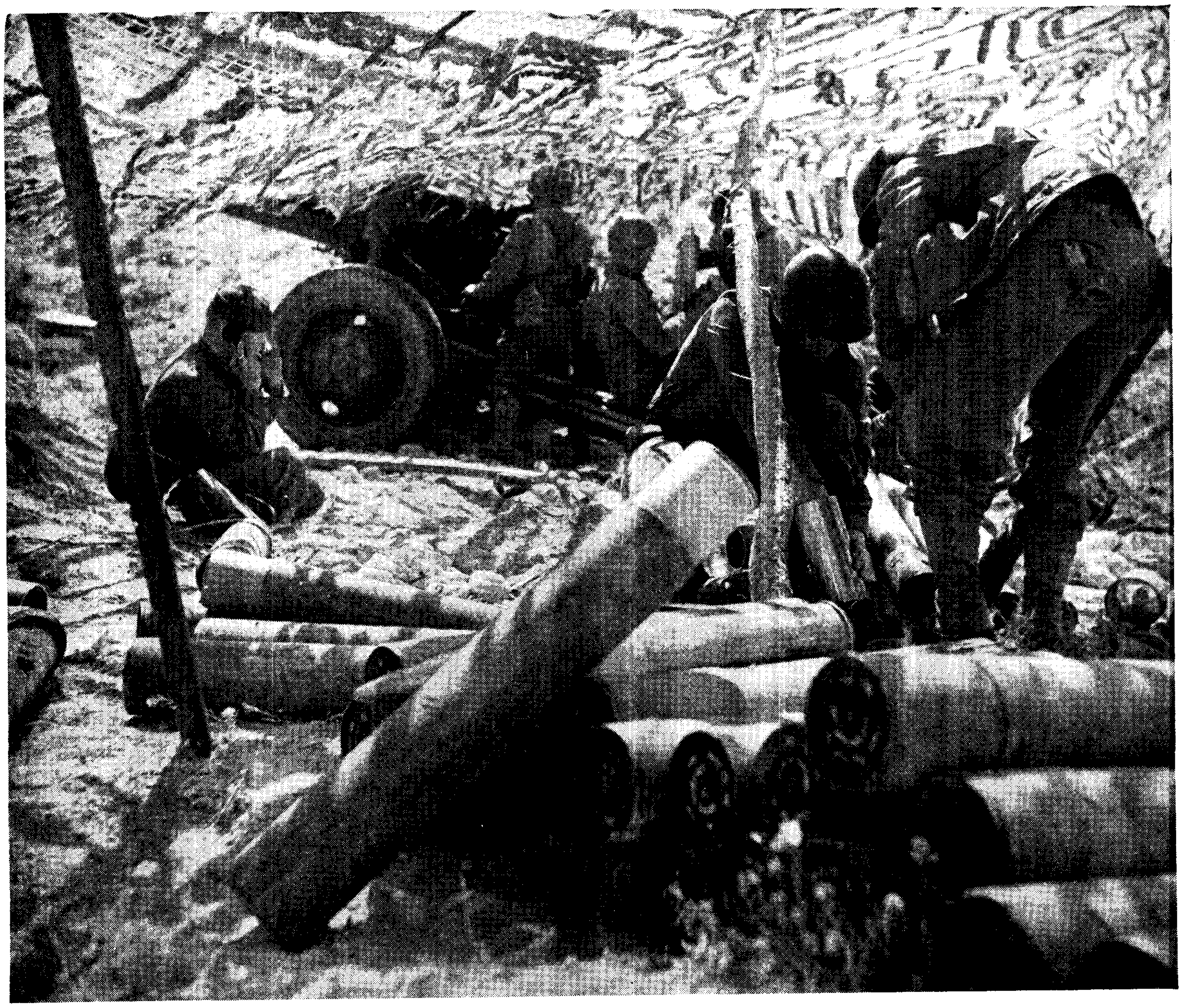
"My father and brothers are in the army, killing Fritzes," he said proudly. "When they come back, they'll tell me how old I am."

He didn't know where his mother was.

Later, we drove on toward Vyazma. Occasionally we would pass through a village badly burned and damaged by bombs. The Germans have been trying to bomb Moscow for a long time, but lately they have been stopped before reaching even the outskirts. When German planes find they can't get through the antiaircraft barrage, they drop their bombs and hurry home. These bombs found many houses on the road to Vyazma. Now, farmers were repairing these houses.

Sixty miles from Moscow we came to Mozhaisk. The Germans captured it in October, 1941, and those of us who were in Moscow then were sure the enemy would be in the Soviet capital within a few days. They had this beautiful broad highway to roll along. There was very little to stop them except Voroshilov's inexperienced army of hastily trained reserves. But these reserves accomplished a military miracle and, except for small units, the (*Continued on page 62*)

The Germans went underground, digging themselves in to fight for every foot of the road, but here the Red army, using one of their dugouts for a first-aid station, tells its own story of what happened



An American big gun, carefully camouflaged, throws death and destruction into the Axis positions near El Guettar. The squatting soldier who is pictured at the left, with headphones, is in communication with the battery's observers. Incidentally, the man shown at the right lost his glove

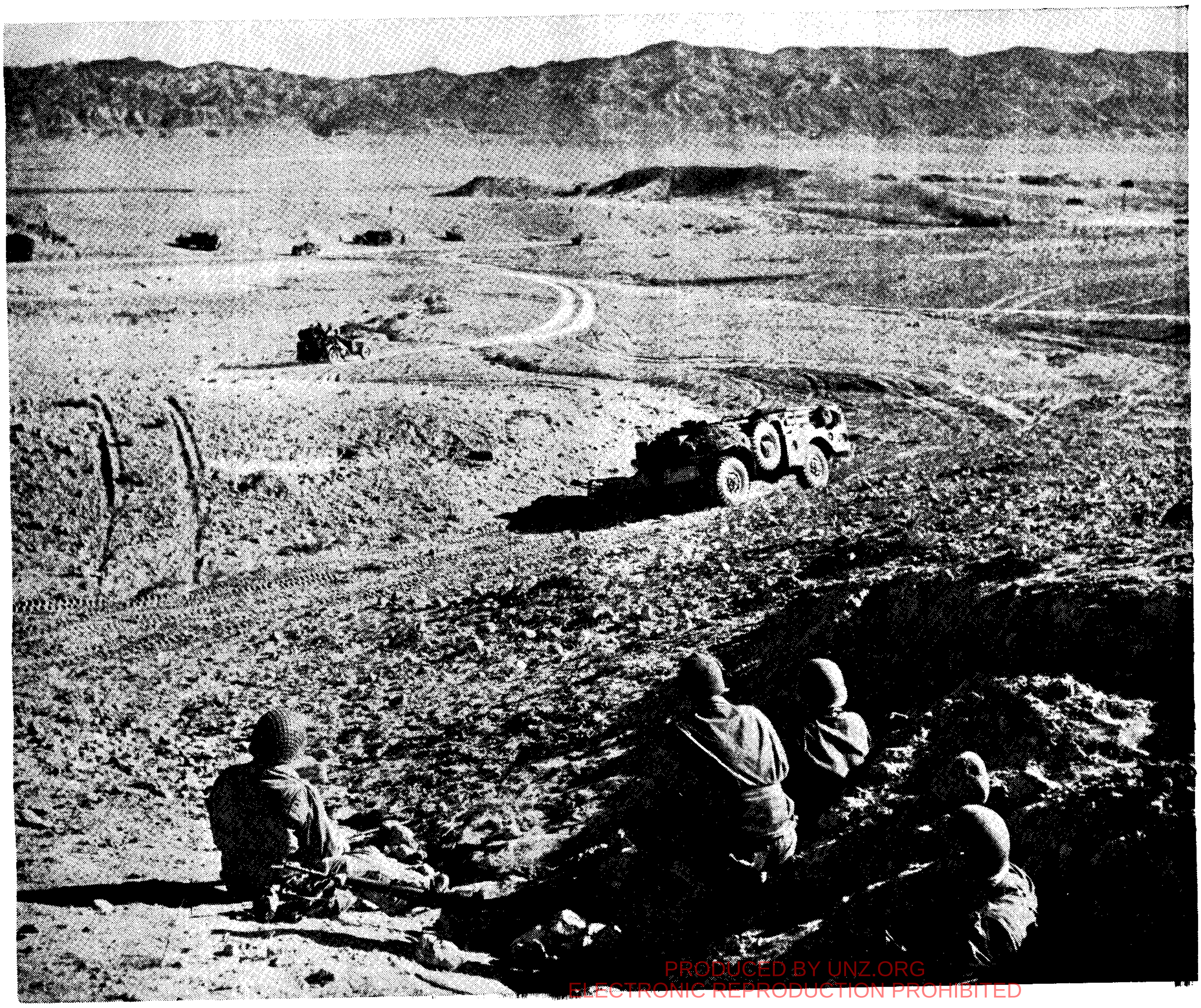
# THE BEGINNING OF VICTORY

## Photographs for Collier's by Robert Capa

ALL these photographs of the American Army in action in Tunisia were taken by Robert Capa during the first three days of the fighting in the El Guettar, Sened and Maknassy sectors in the latter part of March. All are front-line pictures, and many were taken at considerable risk; on one of the three days, Mr. Capa had to seek shelter from German dive bombers thirteen times, and spent several hours crouched with his cameras in slit trenches and dugouts. "I got a lot of dirt in my lenses that day," he wrote, "and was very scared in my stomach."

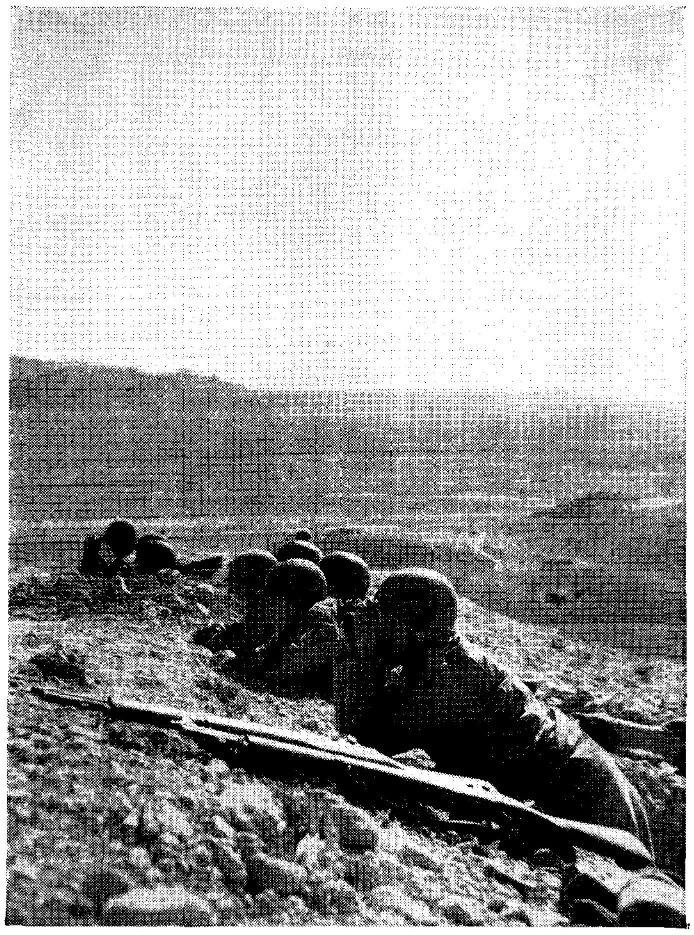
The operations at El Guettar, Maknassy and Sened were carried out by the same American troops which had failed about a month before, to check Rommel' armored forces at Faid Pass and Kasserine Gap. They marked the first importan success of the Americans against the Germans and helped pave the way for the total defeat of the Axis armies and th capture of more than 200,000 prisoner and enormous quantities of material Planned as a two-pronged drive through El Guettar and Sened, the actions began soon after the unopposed occupation b the Americans of the Tunisian town o Gafsa. At El Guettar, the Germans pu up a stubborn fight, but broke after tank battle which was one of the mos spectacular encounters between armored forces in the North African campaign, and in which American equipment, marksmanship and tactics proved superior. Th Italians defending Sened, however, offered little or no resistance; they fled i such haste as the Americans approache that our troops found plates of spaghe and meat balls, still warm, on the tables i the officers' quarters. ★★

●



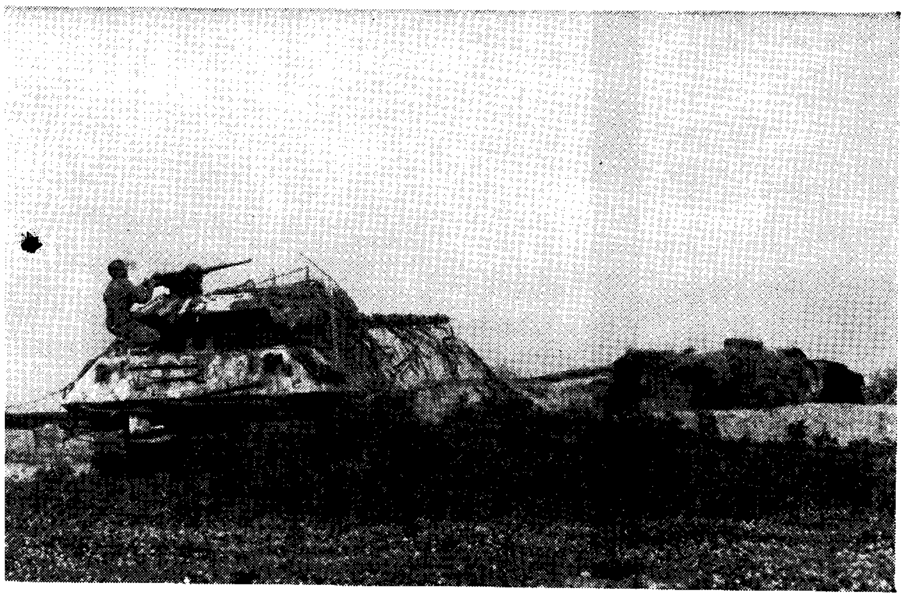
**The picture shown at the left, with th last ridge before El Guettar in the background, was taken during the early stage of the great tank battle which precede capture of the position by America troops. When the fighting was in fu swing, such points of vantage as tha shown in the foreground, where a grou of American soldiers await orders to mov up to the front, were occupied by commanding officers and observation crew**

erican soldiers here shown find shelter in a ra-
from dive bombers and German artillery fire.
y are scattered to minimize losses in case of a hit

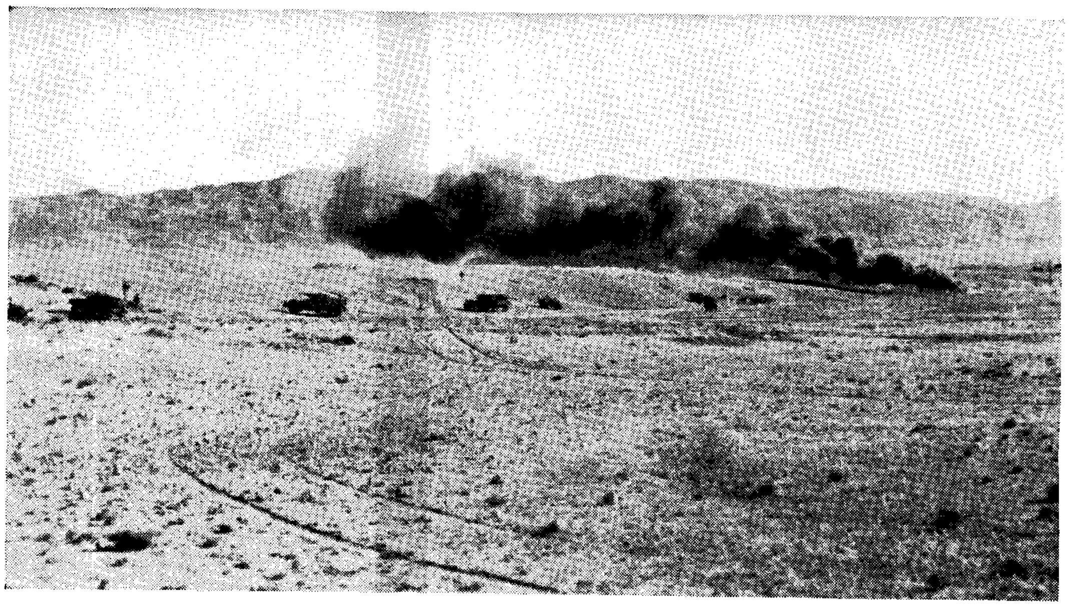


Half a dozen soldiers of an American patrol crouch behind a ridge on the road to Maknassy while their commander scans the desert for signs of the enemy

Disregarding the screaming death dropped by Stukas, an American soldier moves calmly across the battlefield to his command post



soldier pictured above is perched precariously atop a camouflaged Ameri-
tank, shooting at German dive bombers and low-flying strafing planes



The explosions appearing in the distance in this picture were caused by American shells. Italian prisoners described our artillery fire as "accurate and terrible"

the ruins of a German tank, with a mounted 88-mm. gun hit by our
an American half-track loaded with soldiers moves up to the front line

Here is Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, who always turns up in the hottest spots, posing for Collier's photographer in an advanced infantry command post

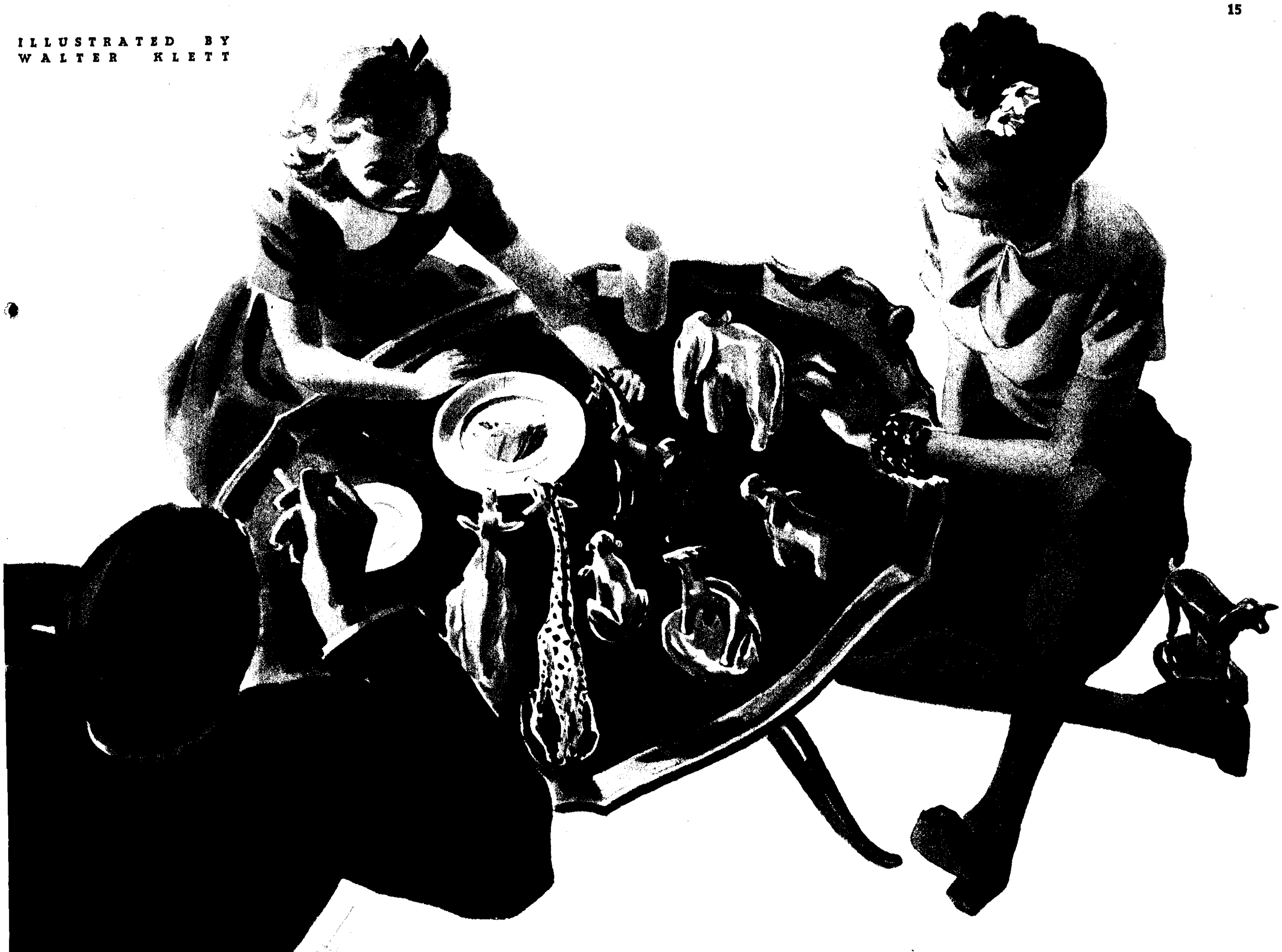
An American gun crew, awaiting orders, kills time with a card game, while one man, with headphones, keeps in touch with the command post. The game they're playing wasn't identified. Could be blackjack

Breakfast on action station. Private Joseph Rusniski of New York is enjoying his can of beans, but he gives most of his attention to his job of watching the sky for early-morning German and Italian raiders

Italian prisoners frequently had to crouch in shallow ravines when their own planes came over. The American soldier with the tommy gun hopes that the plane will fly low enough to give him a fair shot

In the midst of battle, stretcher bearers bring in the wounded. Below, Corporal Michael Petrangola, born in Philadelphia, Pa., of Italian parents, stops for a moment beside the grave of an Italian soldie

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER KLETT



Christie had the most vivid sensation that the situation, the three of them about the coffee table, was familiar. She felt she must have lived through or dreamed this scene before

# The First Hundred Years Are the Hardest

**By Nancy Titus**

**The sensitive story of a girl made vulnerable by loneliness and how she found out that love is not an accident**

IT WAS quite natural for Johnny Ritter to call Christie Denbow when he arrived in New York on his first leave since he had joined the Navy. Johnny had been Pat Denbow's roommate at Dartmouth; he had gone to work with Pat for the same advertising firm after they were graduated; he had been Pat's best man at his and Christie's wedding. And for the five years of the young Denbows' marriage, he had been best friend to both of them; adviser, confessor, and, since the demands on a young bachelor's salary are conspicuously less than those on a husband's, he had often, in the first few years, taken the role of personal finance company.

He called Christie at her office in the late afternoon that spring day. The shrilling bell went through her in a blade of sound. She looked up from the galley proofs she was editing, and her heart leaped as she reached for the telephone with a slim brown hand. It made no difference to her heart that Pat was sixteen hundred miles away in Fort Sill and that the letter that had come from him today lay on her blotter, its Lawton postmark staring up at her like a reminding eye. Pat had always called her every afternoon at four-thirty; her mind might know its facts, but her heart could be fooled.

"Mrs. Denbow speaking." *Hello Pat.... Make my heart right.... Turn back time. ... Be Pat for me.*

"Hello, Christie." For a moment the deep male voice *was* Pat's and her heart had won. "This is Johnny."

"Why, Johnny . . ." Disappointment welled in her; and then, because it could not have been Pat, could not possibly have been Pat, unreasonable tears of gladness leaped to her eyes. All day she had been longing for Pat, and this was Johnny, who was close to him.

"Johnny . . . I can't believe it. You're in Trinidad."

"Don't you think it. I've got a ten-day leave and when it's over I'm going to subchaser school. They're giving me a PC of my own. But I'm here now. I got your letter about Pat's being sent to officer training in field artillery just before I left. The boy's a long way off, isn't he? You must be pretty low."

"I *am* . . . oh, I'm so glad to hear you, Johnny, I could bawl."

HE LAUGHED. "Save it then. How about sharing a bowl of chowder someplace together tonight and weeping into it for old times' sake?"

"It would save my life."

Then she remembered she had Ann Harriet's little girl, Dee, coming for the week end. The Harriets had been part of the set in which she and Pat moved; Dick Harriet the last to leave the circle. He had been drafted the month before, and Ann, wanting to follow him but not wishing to subject a six-year-old child to the uncertain life, had put Dee in boarding school in the city. Christie envied Ann that she could be near Dick. . . . When Pat had enlisted last fall they had agreed Christie must keep on working, for they had the obligation of Pat's invalid father and the upkeep of his home in Tarrytown, the salary of his nurse, to pay. But she thought it hard on a sensitive little girl like Dee to be left behind in a school and had determined to have her for week ends as often as possible. The week before, Dee had been ill and Christie had promised a party for this week end to make up for it. Much as she wanted to see Johnny she could not let Dee down.

"I'd love to, Johnny, but I can't. Dee Harriet is coming home with me tonight. I'm sorry."

"You can't shake me so easily," he

*(Continued on page 75)*

I. M. Laddon is executive vice-president of Consolidated, which is already well under way with the full-size model of the greatest airplane ever projected—the 400-passenger transport

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

# They're Dreaming of Bright Skyways

### BY W. B. COURTNEY

**Here, open for your inspection, are the great planes in which you will travel tomorrow with dreamlike speed and luxury. And here also are the men whose imagination and courage have built them, with faith in America's destiny as air leader of a new and smaller world**

LIEUTENANT FRANK ANGIER was home on leave in Baltimore recently. In his early twenties, an age when college is the farthest most boys have strayed from home, Frank was already bloodied in air battle; his tunic was bright with the ribbons of action and heroism. He went to see old friends at the Martin aeronautical plant, where he used to work.

"Just a week ago today," he remarked, "I was in combat with those ships over New Guinea!"

The stay-at-homes turned to look with a warmer eye at the work they were doing on the B-26, the Marauder.

Lieutenant Colonel Bill Hipps came through New York. It seems only a season or two since he was a star end at West Point. Now he wears a Distinguished Service Cross, won the air-fighting way. Offhandedly, he gave me the regards of Jack Turcott and other war correspondents whom he had seen in Brisbane, Australia, only five or six days before.

George de Zayas and I sat in the roof bar of El Cortez, overlooking war-bloated San Diego. Barrage balloons waddled in the offshore breeze. Dark planes buzzed around the tower windows like bees in an orange grove. Some Consolidated ferry pilots at the next table were exchanging notes on recent dates in New Zealand, Australia, Hawaii, other far places, as casually as a Chicago beau would refer to his Wednesday-night girl in Winnetka.

In Kansas City, a group of Air Transport Command pilots talked of Chungking, New Delhi, Bangalore and Natal—just as trolley men of not so long ago, meeting at the carbarn, might discuss the corner of 13th and Market streets. These pilots mentioned detours of five or six thousand miles, to avoid enemies or bad weather, as matter-of-factly as you would tell of going a mile by a side road to bypass a Sunday traffic jam. A Texan summed up this great pulsing net that Yanks at war have fashioned around the earth—this vast and unprecedented mobility of men and goods, which holds implications that perhaps none of us yet fully appreciate: "You-all say the globe's shrunk? That ain't the word. Brother, it's *shriveled*. It's just a l'il ole withered-up persimmon. Why, Calcutta don't seem no further away to me no more than N'Orleans does from my home town of Houston. And I've been right surprised to find there's nice folks wherever I go."

## New Era of Travel

Truly, it's a new world. And now, in days of bleakness and denial, it is both encouraging and important to remember that this magic-carpet travel will be available to us all when the war is over. For matching the ferry pilots' casual acceptance of the tight new geography are the plans and dreams of the men who build our planes and plot our airlines. These men, mostly young, have tomorrow on their desks.

Indeed, part of it they already have in the air; so that shadows of wings to come may today fall across your lifted eyes from the Mars or the Constellation or the C-74. Down in Texas, in a secret and well-guarded hangar, is the mock-up of a 400-passenger airliner. There are other giant ships, too, some actually flying, about which I cannot yet tell you. But if you should see flashing overhead something that you think is bigger and stranger than anything you have ever seen before—you're right!

The latest and largest American planes are today, of course, exclusively in military use. Since, however, they represent the base from which our coming peacetime airline service will stem, it is timely to look at as much of them as is not secret—and to have thumbnail meetings with their principal builders.

First, then, we go to Maryland to roam in and around the huge Mars; also, to chat with Glenn L. Martin, who is a self-made man in the storybook manner. So, too, it is inspiring to find out, are Hall Hibbard, "Mac" Laddon, Don Douglas and the others we are to visit later. This is the group that has secured America's chance for leadership in the dawning air age. Each in his career proves again the old and tried Americanism: that any boy, from whatever circumstances, with spunk, faith and good ideas, can still be a Henry Ford—or a Henry Kaiser.

Iowa-born, Kansas-raised, Glenn Martin's success was anchored in a loving, believing mother; like that of so many famous American men. She sewed the fabric of his first wings. When, poor and unknown, he worked by night on his plane, she held a kerosene lamp for him. Its glow lighted the mutual faith shining in their faces—faith justified a third of a century

W. EUGENE SMITH

Glenn L. Martin, above, with a model of the huge flying boat Mars with which his company gave aviation a glimpse of tomorrow. The model was built—from news pictures—by the young factory employee

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Donald Douglas, left, heads the company that produced the famed DC series and is already planning for tomorrow with commercial transports that will carry 100 passengers

Hall Hibbard is vice-president and chief engineer at Lockheed, whose contribution to postwar commercial aviation, already flying, is the Constellation, fastest giant landplane

later by the victories Martin planes have helped us to win in Africa and the Southwest Pacific. He became the first pilot ever to take his mother for a flight.

Martin in thirty-five years has built and flown his way to eminence against many handicaps, both financial and physical. Now in sedate middle age, he looks less the airman than the dominie; but even in his skinny, nearsighted youth, he could never have passed the Air Corps pilot tests. He has always had to wear thick-lensed glasses, yet he was one of the most intrepid and skillful of early birdmen, a stuntmate of the fabulous Lincoln Beachey. He was a daredevil who, by the time he was 25 years old, held so many air "firsts" and records that it would require a book to list them. In military aviation he has always been a bomber man; and ten years ago, in recognition of his achievements with that type, he won the Collier Trophy.

Typical of Glenn Martin's aviation heart, the only model of the Mars in his office was made by a youngster who works in his factory and who had only a newspaper drawing of the ship to go by. It faces Martin across the big room as he sits, dreaming, fiddling with his pencil over sketches of planes twice as big, five times as big, as the Mars.

To us, as we approach it on the windy Chesapeake ramp, the flying boat Mars looks big enough, thank you—sleekly paunchy, capacious, with a side hatch through which it can swallow tanks as a moving van swallows pianos.

Her hull is bigger than that of the Mayflower that fetched the hundred-odd Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth. Her square footage equals that of an average 16-room house. Upended, her wingspread would reach twenty stories of a skyscraper. Her performance as a naval transport is secret. In civil use, she might carry 150 passengers; or more than whole streamlined long-distance trains which, having the disadvantage of hauling such public cars as diners, carry fewer passengers than you perhaps know.

The Sante Fe's Superchief (Chicago to Los Angeles), for instance, has accommodations normally for about 103 passengers; the New York Central's Twentieth Century (New York to Chicago) will carry approximately 125. Supercharged and air-conditioned, the Mars' flight deck, or the cockpit alone, is as big as the 21-passenger ships on present airlines. Her captain has a cabin and a shower bath to himself.

Any plane's range is, of course, determined by the size of her cargo; under certain conditions, the Mars could, burning one entire tank-car load of gasoline, fly nonstop from Baltimore to the Nile Delta

*(Continued on page 70)*

Gloria Callen, 18, comes from Nyack, N. Y., but makes backstroke records almost anywhere. She was sports writers' 1942 choice for outstanding woman athlete

# ALL-AMERICA MERMAIDS

## BY C. L. SAWIN

**Because there are no international contests just now, the nation's eighteen All-America Mermaids of 1943 are putting on swimming exhibitions for our fighting men, instead—except for those who have now joined the service themselves**

NINE swimming experts named by the Amateur Athletic Union have chosen eighteen of the nation's fastest, best-performing girls as the All-America Mermaids of 1943.

One of Oregon's contributions is Nancy Merki of Portland, who spent eight years of childhood helpless with infantile paralysis. Now she has a score of American records to her credit. Also from Portland is Nancy's teammate, Suzanne Zimmerman, star of the 100-meter dash, and a whirlwind backstroker.

Five of the girls are from Indiana, four each from New York and Oregon, three from Ohio, and one apiece from Florida and Texas. Each is a champion in her specialty. Six of the eighteen were chosen on the basis of team performance.

These team swimmers are Katherine Breen, Bernice Looney and Patricia Hannely of the Firestone Club of Akron, Ohio; Brenda Helser and Joyce MacCrae of the Multnomah Club of Portland, Oregon; and Mary Ann Walts of Indianapolis.

The other dozen girls were chosen for their individual ability.

Formation of the team is largely to keep alive the idea of new international contests when the war ends. An American team was to have gone to Buenos Aires last November for the Pan-American Games, but that meet was canceled. It is unlikely that there'll be any foreign meets for some time. But when peace comes, there *will* be a top-notch American team ready to swim against the world. In the meantime, they'll provide entertainment for our fighting men.

Among the dozen chosen for individual ability is Margaret ("Stump") Reinholdt of Lakeland, Florida; she's a high-platform diver and has carried off honors in national competition for seven years. Anne Ross, 19-year-old Barnard College sophomore, represents the St. George Dragon Club of Brooklyn in high and low springboard diving. She's been at it since the age of twelve and is now considered the best in her class.

The Women's Swimming Association of New York, which is the country's oldest active aquatic organization for women, has three representatives on the All-America team. There's Marilyn Sahner, the indoor 100-yard sprint champion. She is eighteen, a high-school senior in Great Neck, Long Island, and nicknamed "Sugar." Helene Rains is winner of the indoor breast stroke and individual medley. She's in the Waacs now, training at Fort Des Moines and without much time for swimming. Gloria Callen comes from Nyack, N. Y., and broke fifteen backstroke marks in 1942. She's also an expert free-styler, and before switching to the backstroke, won championships in those events. A poll of sports writers chose her as the outstanding woman athlete of 1942.

The four Hoosier girls are Ann Hardin, Patty Aspinall, Betty Bemis and Joan Fogle. Joan is only fourteen and last year she set a new senior American medley mark. Ann started winning long-distance races in 1939, and repeated in '40, '41 and '42. Betty holds 400- and 800-meter trophies and is called the No. 1 free-styler of the country. For the duration, she will confine her activities, both in and out of the water, to the Waves. Patty is a flying breast-stroke champion, swims the faster but more tiring "butterfly" (overhand breast stroke) the full distance.

The Texas member of the All-America team is Jane Dillard, of Austin, holder of the 100-meter breast-stroke championship.

The only handicap to swift swimming these days is a lack of silk for suits—competition suits weigh only three ounces. Heavy wool practice suits may have to be worn and may slow up the mermaids' time a little. ★★★

### 1943 ALL-AMERICA TEAM SELECTION

| Name | Merit | Club | City | State |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Suzanne Zimmerman | Individual | Multnomah | Portland | Oregon |
| Nancy Merki * | " | Multnomah | Portland | Oregon |
| Jane Dillard | " | No Club | Austin | Texas |
| Marilyn Sahner | " | W. S. A. | New York | New York |
| Helene Rains | " | W. S. A. | New York | New York |
| Gloria Callen * | " | W. S. A. | New York | New York |
| Anne Ross * | " | Dragon Club | Brooklyn | New York |
| Margaret Reinholdt | " | No Club | Lakeland | Florida |
| Ann Hardin * | " | Riviera | Indianapolis | Indiana |
| Patty Aspinall * | " | Riviera | Indianapolis | Indiana |
| Betty Bemis * | " | Riviera | Indianapolis | Indiana |
| Joan Fogle | " | Riviera | Indianapolis | Indiana |
| Brenda Helser * | Relay | Multnomah | Portland | Oregon |
| Joyce MacCrae | " | Multnomah | Portland | Oregon |
| Katherine Breen | Distance Team | Firestone | Akron | Ohio |
| Bernice Looney | " " | Firestone | Akron | Ohio |
| Patricia Hannely | " " | Firestone | Akron | Ohio |
| Mary Ann Walts | Relay | Riviera | Indianapolis | Indiana |

* Were chosen on last year's team.

### THE SELECTING COMMITTEE

Mrs. Rose Burke, chairman, Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. Grace DeBoest, Portland, Oregon
Mrs. Edna Cole Cizek, Atlantic Beach, N. Y.
Mrs. Ada Taylor Sackett, Atlantic City, N. J.
Mrs. E. J. Allison, San Antonio, Texas
Mrs. Mariechen Jackson, Honolulu, T. H.
Mr. Herbert Holm, Boston, Mass.
Miss Margaret Russell, Baltimore, Md.

Marilyn Sahner is indoor 100-yard sprint champion and held down anchor position when her team won the medley relay last year. She's 18 and called "Sugar"

Life today among the Waacs at Fort Des Moines doesn't allow Helene Rains much time for the type of training that won her the indoor breast stroke and the individual medley last season

Fourteen-year-old swimming prodigy, Joan Fogle, was winning kiddie races at 10; last year set new senior American medley mark

With the aid of swimming, young Nancy Merki licked the infantile paralysis that made her childhood helpless. She now holds records

Margaret Reinholdt, oldest member of the team at 24, was chosen for her sensational dives from the high board. Long a national competitor, she's now facing plunge into matrimony

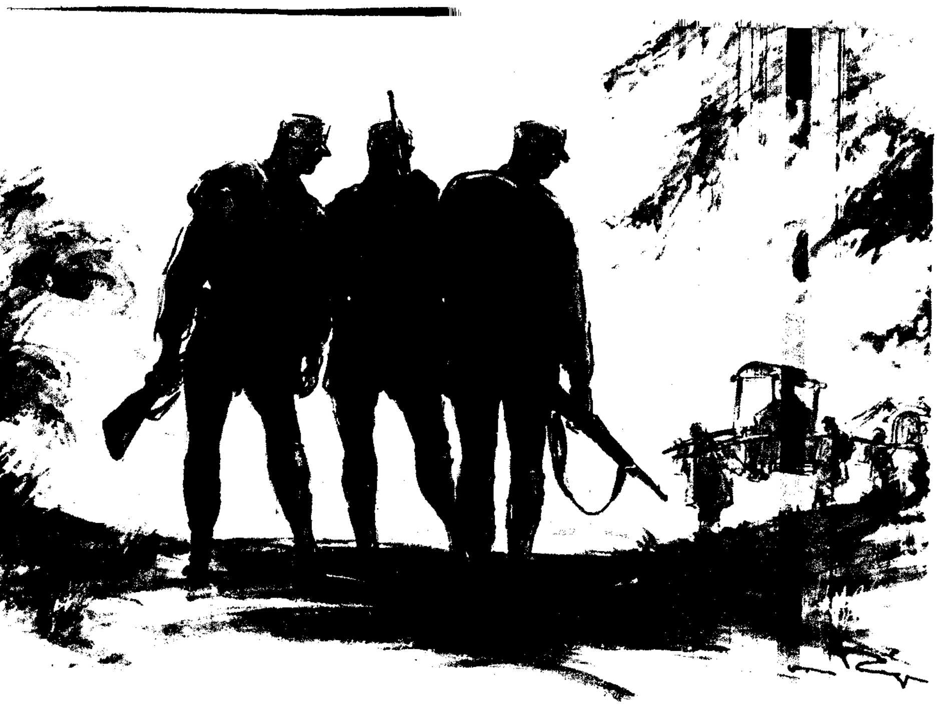
Hoosier Ann Hardin won the long-distance title the first year she competed—1939; has hung on to it ever since. She's only 19 now

# Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

### By Captain Ted W. Lawson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

**Reunion in Kweilin, high-lighted by comedy, heroism and tragedy as the boys from Shangri-la compare notes**



**Three soldiers appeared from nowhere as we were carried out of the village**

V

WE MADE quite a party. The Fitzgeralds, their children, their No. 1 boy and young Dr. C—— were with Doc, McClure, Davenport, Clever and myself. Dr. C—— had decided to go on to Chungking to offer his services to the Chinese army as a doctor. He asked us if we would recommend him to our "important friends" and seemed grateful when we told him that of course we would. I asked him about his young wife. He said that when the Japanese came she could go to her people in the hills.

It was just a month since the Tokyo raid.

We crossed the pontoon bridge which the Japanese plane had bombed and entered a trackless, wildly beautiful land. There were paths now and then; sometimes none. We went along all that day. Clever's coolies spilled him out of his chair but none of his bandaged cuts reopened when he hit the ground. I kept my fingers crossed.

Late that night we got to S——. We were carried into a kind of patio of what must have been a teahouse, then McClure and I went to the Fitzgeralds' house. Doc came there and dressed my leg.

We had dinner, and then while Mrs. Fitzgerald was looking out for the children, Mr. Fitzgerald sat down to talk to us.

"I'm worried," he said. "Not about myself. If they come in on us in a hurry I could get to the woods and hide out. But I can't very well take Mrs. Fitzgerald and the children.

"The servant problem is peculiar," he went on. "When there is a threat of a Japanese attack the servants demand more money and they keep raising their demands as the Japanese get closer until they won't work for love or money. Mrs. Fitzgerald and the children need them very much."

McClure and I suggested that he send his wife and the children along with us when we left in the morning. Mr. Fitzgerald thought it over for a while, then made up his mind. "No, I think not," he said. "We'll take a chance on getting out on time. The Japs have never been in here. I don't think the village has any military value, even though it's on a river. I guess we'll get along all right. See you in Chungking, maybe."

It was tough that night, trying to sleep. When I finally did doze off I was promptly awakened by the sound of a gong in the street and the voice of a Chinese calling out something I couldn't understand.

Mrs. Fitzgerald came in early the next morning with a breakfast of English muffins and tea.

"Did the noise wake you up last night?" she asked cheerfully.

I said it did and asked what it was.

She laughed. "Oh, it was just our town crier. He was telling the people to leave the village because the Japanese are getting closer."

I said I hoped she'd leave with the children, and with us.

"Heavens, no! When you've lived here as long as we have, you realize that there is always time. The Chinese give you plenty of warning."

They stayed behind when we took off that morning for the village of W——. "See you in Chungking," Mrs. Fitzgerald said, as she tucked us in. I sensed with a rotten, empty feeling that this would be the last time I'd ever see them.

It was.

Now it seemed to me that I could feel the very breath of the Japanese on my neck. Three Chinese soldiers appeared from nowhere as we were carried out of the village and marched at the side of our chairs. They sniffed the air of the thickets and wooded paths for Japanese patrols. The coolies who carried us must have been fully aware of the danger, too. They jogged along at what must have been a faster than normal clip, but under the circumstances it seemed excruciatingly slow. It made a fellow want to keep looking back.

The coolies carrying the other fellows made a game of this urgency. McClure's carriers shuffled past us on a narrow path and each of them bumped the old man who was carrying the front of my chair, and giggled when he staggered and nearly fell. Clever's carriers slapped at the old man as they went by. Soon we had fallen a half-mile, then a good mile, behind.

There was a sturdy young coolie carrying the rear poles of my chair. He kept calling up to the old man in front to hurry. I could feel the young one straining and pushing against the poles. He wasn't any more anxious to get away from there than I was.

The old man up front, with a face and stooped shoulders as old as China itself, was rapidly failing. Twice he was violently sick on the dirt of the path. On the second of these times the Chinese soldier who had remained by my chair when the others went on kicked the old man as he lay there vomiting. The old man got up and carried me a little farther, while the boy on the back end strained and urged him along.

Finally the old man fell once again and just lay there, panting. The Chinese soldier stood over him for an instant, looking down. Then he cocked his rifle and pressed the muzzle against the back of the old man's head. I couldn't believe it. It seemed like an age before I could make my mashed mouth yell something.

The soldier stopped and looked around at me, apparently unable to understand why I should be interested. The old man looked at me, too. I didn't know what to do then. I couldn't say anything to them, so I took out the silver watch somebody had given me in L——, a queer key-winder, and waved it back and forth on its chain and beckoned to the old man.

### Bribe into Action

He got up and came forward with his hand out, pitiably. But I was afraid that if I gave it to him then, he might just run off with it. If he did that, the soldier would kill him, and I'd be stuck there on the trail far behind the others. So when he reached for the watch I made a negative motion with my head, pulled back the watch and pointed up the path. I was trying to make him understand that I'd give it to him when we reached our destination.

I guess it was a cruel thing to do, but I just had to get away. He didn't understand. I took out a piece of scrap paper, burned a couple of matches and tried to make a quick sketch of a coolie running. The impatient soldier walked away during the middle of all this, but the coolie finally understood. He picked up his burden and we started ahead very slowly.

I worried along for an hour or so, feeling terribly helpless, but then the soldier reappeared with a fresh, younger coolie. The soldier slapped the old man, and the poor old guy slunk off across a field with his head down, like a beaten animal. I called to him but he never turned. He never got paid.

Doc White had to stay in my room at W—— all that night. He didn't have to tell me that my stump had become infected.

The Japs might be close but we couldn't resist that breakfast the Chinese fixed for us early the next morning. We started off with partly hard-boiled doves' eggs dipped in peanut oil and rolled in brown sugar.

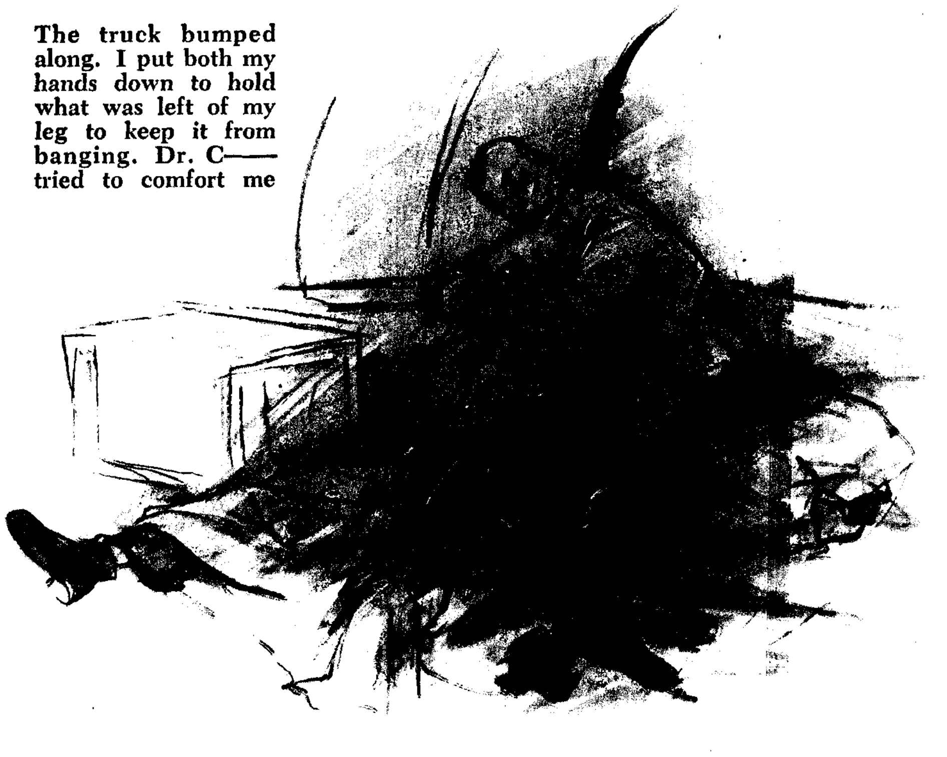
"Rocky Mountain oysters," Davenport said as he bit into the first of the ten each of us was served. And Dr. C——, of all people, laughed.

After that came boiled chicken and boiled chicken eggs, some sort of poached chicken eggs with a strange sauce over them and boiled water. That was the morning McClure finally gave up on chopsticks. He rummaged through his stuff until he found a silver fork which the silversmith at L—— had pounded out for us.

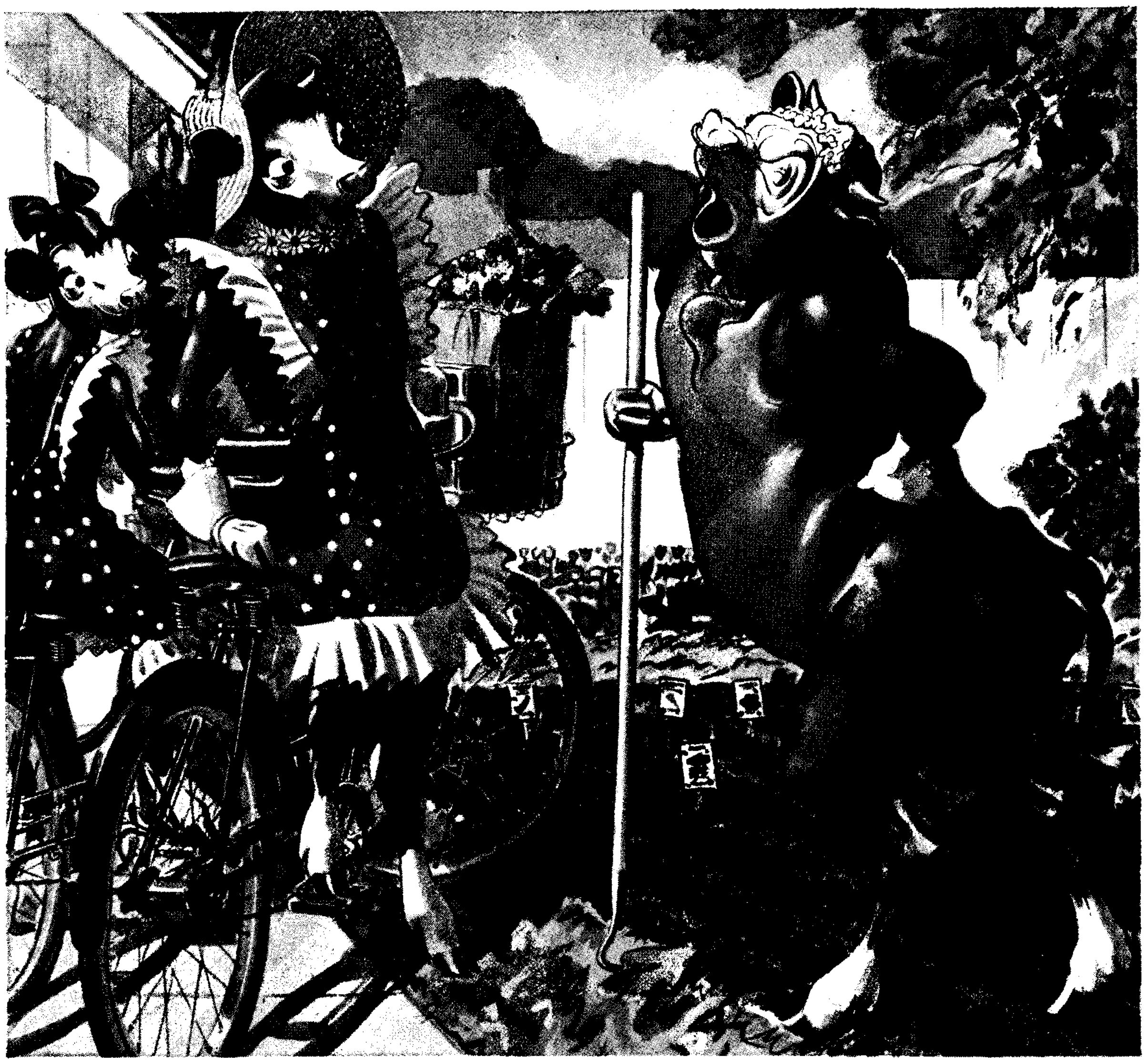
We started out for the village of N——, which sits on the top of a neighboring mountain. It was the cruelest kind of climbing. To the fear of capture was now

*(Continued on page 46)*

**The chute cords seemed to hold. Scott said, "To hell with it," drank the whisky and then went to sleep, dangling there**



**The truck bumped along. I put both my hands down to hold what was left of my leg to keep it from banging. Dr. C—— tried to comfort me**



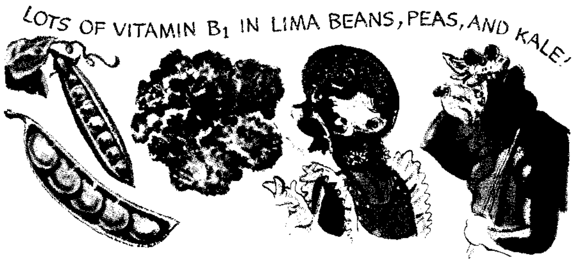
# *"But think what it's doing for your waistline,"* chuckled Elsie

"WAISTLINE be hanged!" roared Elmer, the bull. "You and your precious Victory Garden . . . bah! My back is killing me! I quit!"

"But you can't quit now," pleaded Elsie, the Borden Cow. "The country wants *everyone* who possibly can to raise vegetables this year. For when it comes to nourishment, vegetables are almost in a class with my creamy, wholesome *Borden's milk* and all the wonderful foods made from it."

"That's no reason for me to hoe this confounded garden," bellowed Elmer. "Why don't you tell people to eat milk, and cheese, and that kind of stuff, and stop harping on these blasted vegetables?"

"Elmer," sighed Elsie, "you know as well as I do that one quart of milk in every four now goes to our armed forces and our allies. That means shortages of *Borden's Fine Cheeses, Borden's Ice Cream, Borden's Evaporated Milk,* and *Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.* But folks still need the marvelous food values that are in dairy products, and they can get most of them from vegetables grown in Victory Gardens."


LOTS OF VITAMIN B1 IN LIMA BEANS, PEAS, AND KALE!

"Fiddle-faddle," snapped Elmer. "Beans are beans and milk is milk. They have nothing in common."

"That just proves you don't know beans," quipped Elsie. "Vitamin $B_1$ (thiamin) is one of the most valuable food elements in milk. And lima beans are a grand source of Vitamin $B_1$. So are peas and kale."

"A fat lot of good that does," snorted Elmer. "No matter what I plant in this garden, nothing seems to grow but dandelions."

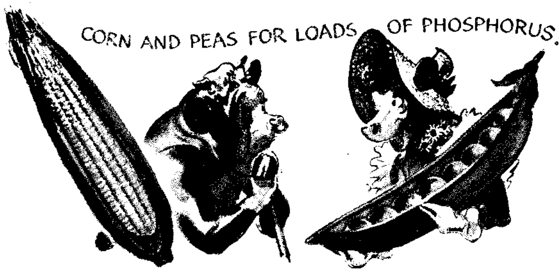
PLANT CARROTS AND TOMATOES FOR VITAMIN A!

"Isn't that lucky," beamed Elsie. "Like dairy products, dandelion greens are a wonderful source of Vitamin A. But I do hope we have good luck with our carrots and tomatoes. They contain lots of Vitamin A, too."

FOR CALCIUM – CHARD, CABBAGE, AND TURNIP GREENS!

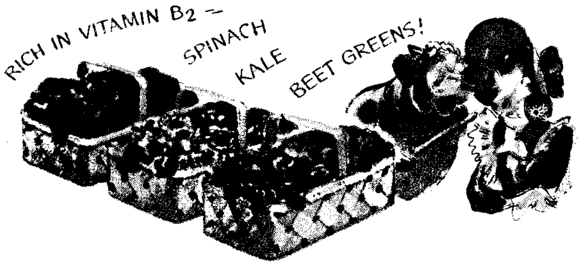
"Vitamin A or Vitamin Z," grunted Elmer, "the fact remains that my back is just one long ache. I'm not going to do a thing but lie down and stretch out."

"I'm glad you mentioned stretching out," smiled Elsie. "That's another good reason for planting a Victory Garden—it helps people stretch out the calcium and phosphorus so amply supplied by milk in normal times. For calcium, they can plant chard, cabbage, and turnip greens. And for phosphorus—corn and peas."

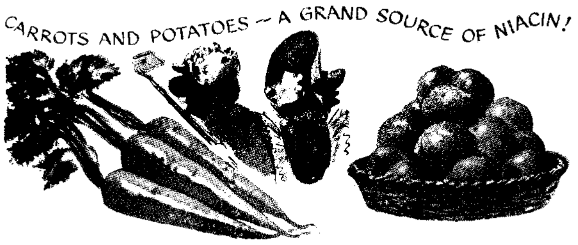

CORN AND PEAS FOR LOADS OF PHOSPHORUS!

"What," sneered Elmer, "no whipped cream?"

"Goodness," laughed Elsie, "you can't have everything! But you can have Vitamin $B_2$ (riboflavin) and the vitamin niacin, two other good things found in dairy products. Spinach, kale, and beet greens are all rich in Vitamin G, while carrots and potatoes are a source of niacin."



"Well, what do you know!" interrupted Elmer with a crafty gleam in his eyes. "Gosh, if vegetables are that good, I guess folks won't need milk at all."

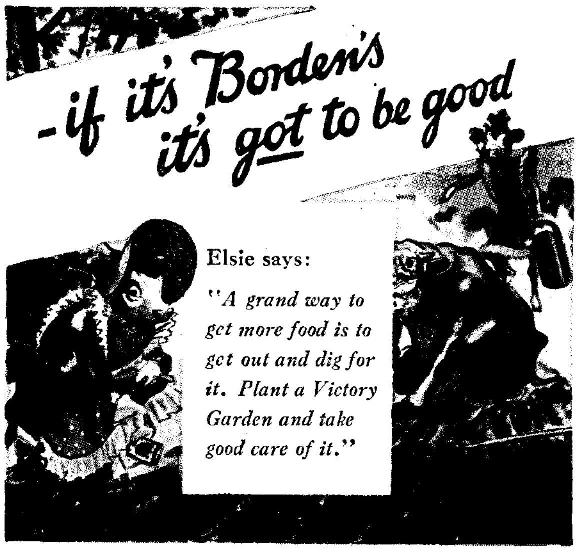

CARROTS AND POTATOES – A GRAND SOURCE OF NIACIN!

"Good heavens. Elmer, you don't know what you're saying," gasped Elsie. "Milk is man's most nearly perfect food. It contains *all* the good things I've just mentioned and is Nature's closest approach to a balanced diet. Not only that, but most vegetables are skimpy on first-class protein, and milk is a splendid source of particularly fine proteins. What's more . . ."

"What's more," finished Elmer, trying to hide his delight at seeing Elsie a trifle upset, "milk has one advantage no vegetable ever grown could boast."

"What's that?" asked Elsie eagerly.

"You don't have to plant it," grinned Elmer, rubbing his back.


-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

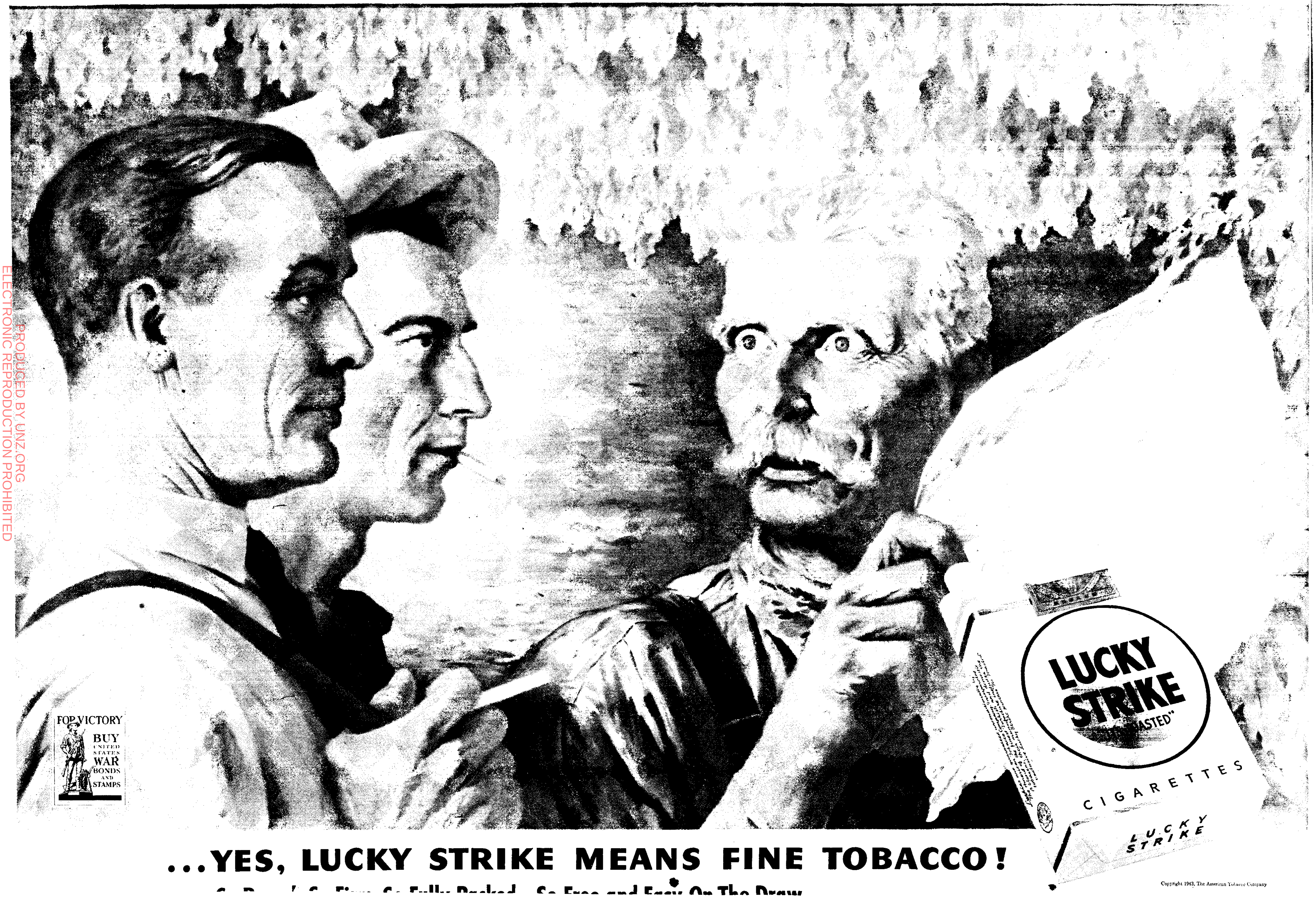
**Elsie says:**

*"A grand way to get more food is to get out and dig for it. Plant a Victory Garden and take good care of it."*

© The Borden Company

# LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

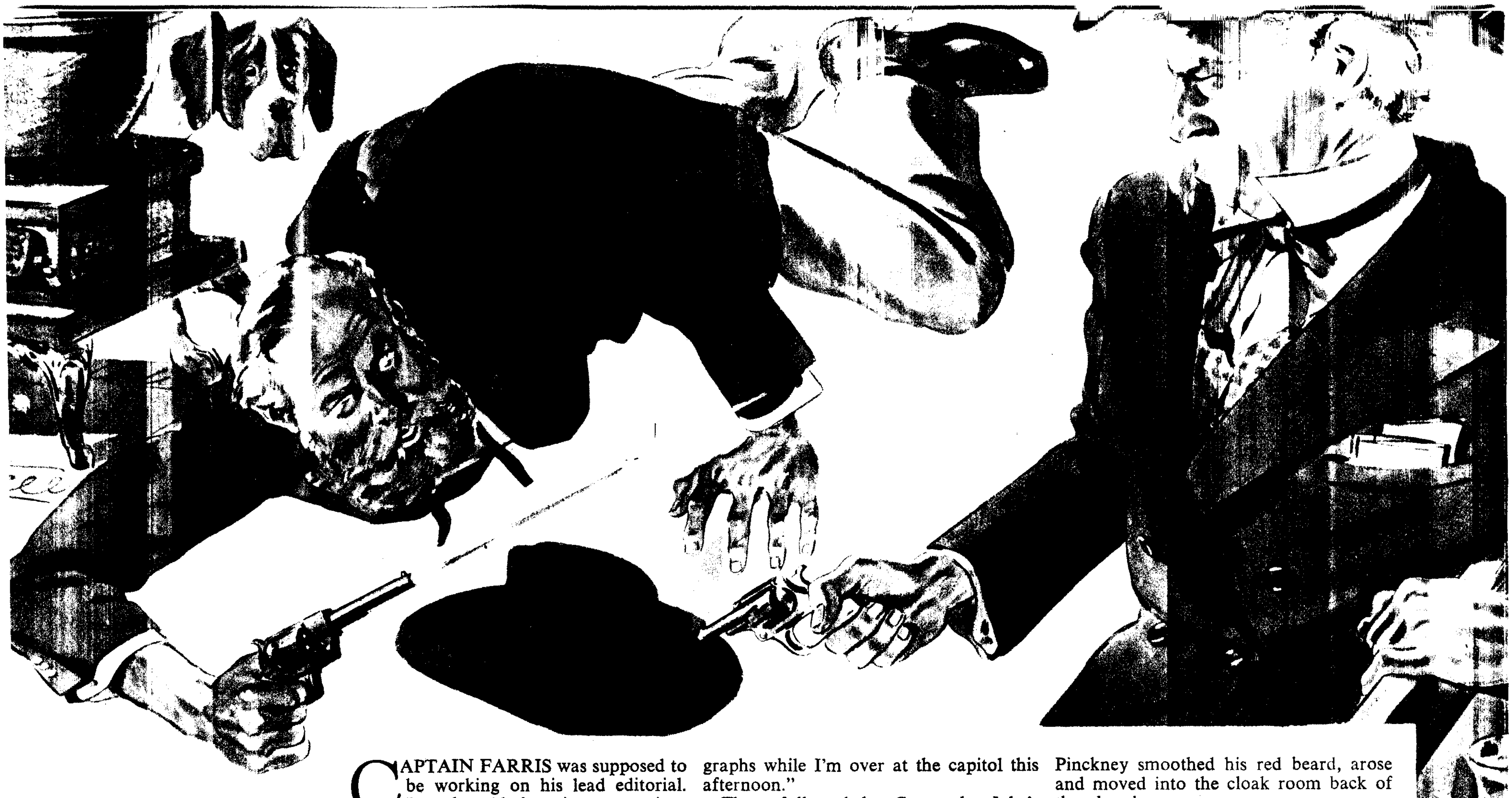
"Tobacco Talk." Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
LUCKY
STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY
STRIKE

## ...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed – So Free and Easy On The Draw

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company



As he fell, Senator Pinckney tugged a six-shooter from his belt. His first bullet hit the captain's ear, the second went through his neck

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

# THE Insult

### BY FRANK X. TOLBERT

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

CAPTAIN FARRIS was supposed to be working on his lead editorial. But when Al, the printer, came into the editor's office, Farris was stroking Comanche Jake's Ghost on the head.

Comanche Jake's Ghost was a bird dog, an elderly pointer. Once he had been a good hunting dog. Now his nose was no good and he spent most of his time trailing the captain or sleeping in the newspaper office.

"I sure need that editorial if we're going to get out on time this week, sir," said Al.

"I was just getting started when the Ghost interrupted me," said Farris, with a laugh. He drew a long breath that set his drooping mustaches to flopping. Then he started writing with a black crayon pencil:

"It has been almost 30 years since the close of the fratricidal war of the sixties. And yet there still are men who keep the cankering sores of war rubbed raw because this provides them with a partisan purpose in which they serve some sordid special interest by preying upon the passions of the past.

"Some weeks ago, this editor commented on the malicious designs of that notorious group in the state legislature, led by Senator Pinckney, who are hiding more villainous motives behind their campaign to outlaw horse racing in this fair state. Now comes Senator Pinckney out on the hallowed floor of our senate and shoots off his mouth, vituperating this editor in an unscrupulous way. This dastard hellhound of the syndicated interests charges that the editor slandered Jefferson Davis. I deny this, *in toto.* Jeff Davis was my father's friend and my greatest idol."

The captain paused and breathed softly through his mustaches. He stroked the Ghost's head; then he continued to write:

"Pinckney may well be called a human jackal who digs up the fetid filth of the past and feasts on the foulness he finds. But to call this aggregation of insolence, this consummate image of depravity, who moves about the sacred chambers of our legislative halls with moral putrefaction oozing from his hide, a child of the devil would be to wrong the devil."

The editor finished writing and handed the copy to the printer without reading it.

"Here's your editorial, Al," he said. "Set it in 12-point bold. It isn't very strong. But maybe I can think of a few closing paragraphs while I'm over at the capitol this afternoon."

Then, followed by Comanche Jake's Ghost, he left the office and walked toward the state capitol. Five minutes later he sat down in the senate gallery.

Senator Pinckney, a huge, red-bearded man, was standing with legs widespread, his boot heels anchored in the red plush of the rug. He was roaring at the ceiling:

"I have pledged my life to the utter extermination of that legalized infamy known as horse racing, which has grown rich on the wreckage of happy homes and the tears and tribulations of innocent women and children. And now this man, Farris, supposedly the agent, emissary and secret sleuth for this conscienceless, criminal racing business, has turned loose such venom against me in his paper that I cannot maintain my self-respect and remain silent under his slander.

"I do not understand this man Farris, if man he be. He may be some pusillanimous puppet for the racing interests, a sewer through which the infamous business sluices its untruths. He may be a skunk which in the lottery of life got two legs instead of four, or a buzzard which pukes up the carrion on which it feeds.

"What do we know about this man Farris' life before he invaded the capital of this great state? It may be supposed that he, like the toadstool, simply exuded as a foul and fungus growth from some den of infamy and darkness, and was commissioned by the racing interests to turn the slime pits of his lecherous personality upon my distinguished colleagues and myself."

The senator's voice lowered and he stroked his red beard, as he continued:

"I am now fifty-two years of age. My life has been subjected to the common frailties of humanity, and I shall not offer myself as a bright example. But I resent, refute, deny and defy every charge made by this character assassin, Farris, in his paper's venomous attacks. Moreover, I will, inspired by love of home and fireside, go on helping to exterminate this criminal business, and such men as Farris cannot stop me while I live."

Senator Pinckney spat out a jet of tobacco and sat down amidst a ripple of applause. Two page boys jumped wildly and placed a spittoon at nearer range to the senator's chair. After a few minutes, Pinckney smoothed his red beard, arose and moved into the cloak room back of the chamber.

The captain was waiting.

The two men nodded, silently. They walked through a dark hall and clanked down iron steps to the street. Comanche Jake's Ghost was waiting at the bottom of the steps. The old bird dog followed the men down Congress Avenue.

"That was a nice speech, Pink," said Farris.

"Thank you," replied Pinckney. And then he said: "Is that Gonzales mare of yours in foal this spring?"

"Yes," said Farris, "to a Kentucky sire. I've got a steel-dust saddle horse out at the ranch that I'm going to bring in for you."

They turned into the Buckhorn Saloon. "The drinks are on me, you bought all the beer for our fishing trip," said the senator, and he ordered whisky.

Captain Farris had the bartender bring Comanche Jake's Ghost a pail of cool water.

TWO hours later, in the bourbon-spiked air of the Buckhorn, Captain Farris drew back from the bar, pulled a small revolver from his vest and shot Senator Pinckney in the chest where the red beard parted. As he fell, the senator tugged a six-shooter from his belt. He fired from the floor, his first bullet hitting Farris on the burr of the ear and the second bullet going through the captain's neck.

When the sheriff arrived, Senator Pinckney was dead. Captain Farris was sitting on the floor, propped up against the bar, and he was stroking Comanche Jake's Ghost on the head.

"What happened, Herman?" said the sheriff to the bartender. "Them guys was old friends."

"I don't know, rightly," said Herman. "They was busy drinking and planning a fishing trip. And the senator stumbled and fell over Comanche Jake's Ghost here. And that made the senator kind of mad and he said the Ghost wasn't going on the fishing trip, if he had his say about it. And then the senator started cussing the Ghost. And the fight started."

"I'm sorry it happened, Sheriff," said Captain Farris, just before he died. "But Pink had no business calling the Ghost those hard names."

**Judy picked up the phone and dialed the number Max Gold had given her. She got an answer, but that was all**

# Sound [illegible] Revelry

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAR[illegible] COOPER

*The Story Thus Far:*

JONATHAN TATE, a wealthy New Yorker, is shot to death in his Fifth Avenue apartment. Quite by chance, two dancing teachers (Steve Harrison, who tells the story and Judy Morgan, with whom he is in love) and Babs Willard, a well-known glamor girl, see a man and a woman who are, almost certainly, involved in the murder.

A short time after Tate's death, Babs Willard is killed, shot to death. Whereupon, three members of the homicide squad—Lieutenant Max Gold, Andy Sullivan and George Ballard—go into action. . . . Judy had known Tate, given him dancing lessons. But his will astounds her—he leaves everything he owns to her, including the "Torrid Zone," a popular night club.

Among the Torrid Zone's patrons are a young man named Gregg Martin; his father, Arthur Gordon Martin; and a beautiful blonde—Claire Livingston—whom Steve recognizes as the woman he and Judy and Babs had seen on the evening of Tate's murder. Later, she introduces Steve to the man who was with her that night —Bob Norden. Again and again, Steve urges Gold to take some action; but Gold will do nothing. And Judy insists, to Steve's amazement, that she has never before seen either Miss Livingston or Norden!

Late one evening, someone tries to kill Judy in her apartment. Steve, who happens to be with her at the time, saves her life. But the would-be killer (who works in the dark) makes his getaway, unseen. A short time later, Mabel Grant—a woman with whom Judy has been having numerous mysterious interviews—is murdered.

Steve is (at least he *thinks* he is) the first to find the body. He finds it in an upper-floor suite at the Torrid Zone, shortly after he has seen Judy hurrying away from the place. Hoping to protect Judy, he hides the corpse in a closet. But someone spirits it away, in a box utilized in a "disappearing act" by a magician employed by the club.

Mabel Grant had been living with a man: Ollie Grant. Grant (who does not know that Mabel has been murdered) is worried when she fails to show up. He calls on Steve, tells him that Mabel had been the wife of Jonathan Tate, and that, following a Mexican divorce, she had come to New York and, working through Arthur Gordon Martin, had been trying to extort money from her ex-husband. . . .

Alone, in Judy's suite at the Torrid Zone, Steve accidentally knocks a picture from a wall. On the hook, from which the picture had hung, he sees a key—flat, narrow, wrapped in wire. Curious, he takes the key down. He studies it with interest.

## VIII

THE stem of the key was wrapped with picture wire. Evidently somebody had wrapped the wire around the key so that even if anyone were looking for a key, they could peep behind that frame and never know it was a key. The way it must have looked before the wire broke would have been a metal gadget with a hole in it. The hook had fitted into the hole, and the key had supported the picture.

I unwrapped the piece of picture wire which was still wound around the stem of the key. I put the bit of wire into my side pocket.

There was something printed on the round, flat end of the key. 57STMC and right underneath it was the figure 129.

If I hadn't found it under such odd circumstances, it wouldn't have been hard to figure out. It looked like a plain, ordinary locker key. But I was figuring things the hard way and so I didn't reach the conclusion at the beginning. What I mean is, there wasn't anything fancy or unusual about the key, except the place I'd found it.

I even thought I might figure out the stuff that was stamped on the round part. The 57ST could stand for 57th Street. The 129 could be the number of an apartment or a box or a locker. The MC had me stumped, which didn't make it unique.

I started out of the room. At the door I turned and tipped my hat to the three ladies who looked like strip-teasers back for an encore. I walked around the corner to Judy's favorite bowling alley. I wasn't really looking for her, but if she happened to be there, why, that was just so much gravy.

I had so many things to think about that I hardly knew where to start. I had to make a choice, so I selected the key. That made as little sense as anything else I'd run into, so I figured it was right up my alley.

Then I began to remember things. I remembered Emil, the headwaiter, whom I didn't like. I remembered Louie, the bus boy; and William, the assistant bartender. At one time or another, I had found all three of them snooping around Judy's third-floor apartment.

When a man snoops, he snoops with a purpose. He's usually looking for something. It was possible that any or all of them were looking for the key I had in my pocket. I wasn't making bets on it, but the idea seemed reasonable. But admitting that it was the key they wanted, I was as far away as ever from the answer. All I could think of at the moment was that the person who had hidden it that way had a neat *(Continued on page 81)*

# How many war buildings can a ship carry?

**American troops** are landing overseas almost every week! They must have living quarters, mess halls, hospitals.

And every foot of shipping space is precious.

That's why the new task-force buildings developed by United States Steel are creating such a sensation in military and shipping circles.

These steel task-force buildings are so designed that they are carried in a ship's hold in bundled, nested sections. They take up much less space than "knocked down" buildings of other kinds.

A 20-by-50-foot building, complete with insulation, flooring, windows, doors and foundations, and containing 10,300 cubic feet of living space, can be packed in only 240 cubic feet of shipping space! And it can be erected and ready to use in just a few hours!

This is just one new development called forth by the war. From United States Steel laboratories are coming many others: a new, fast way to make bullet-core steel; ideas for speeding up the building of naval vessels; steel runways for landing fields.

**After the war . . . they're *yours!***

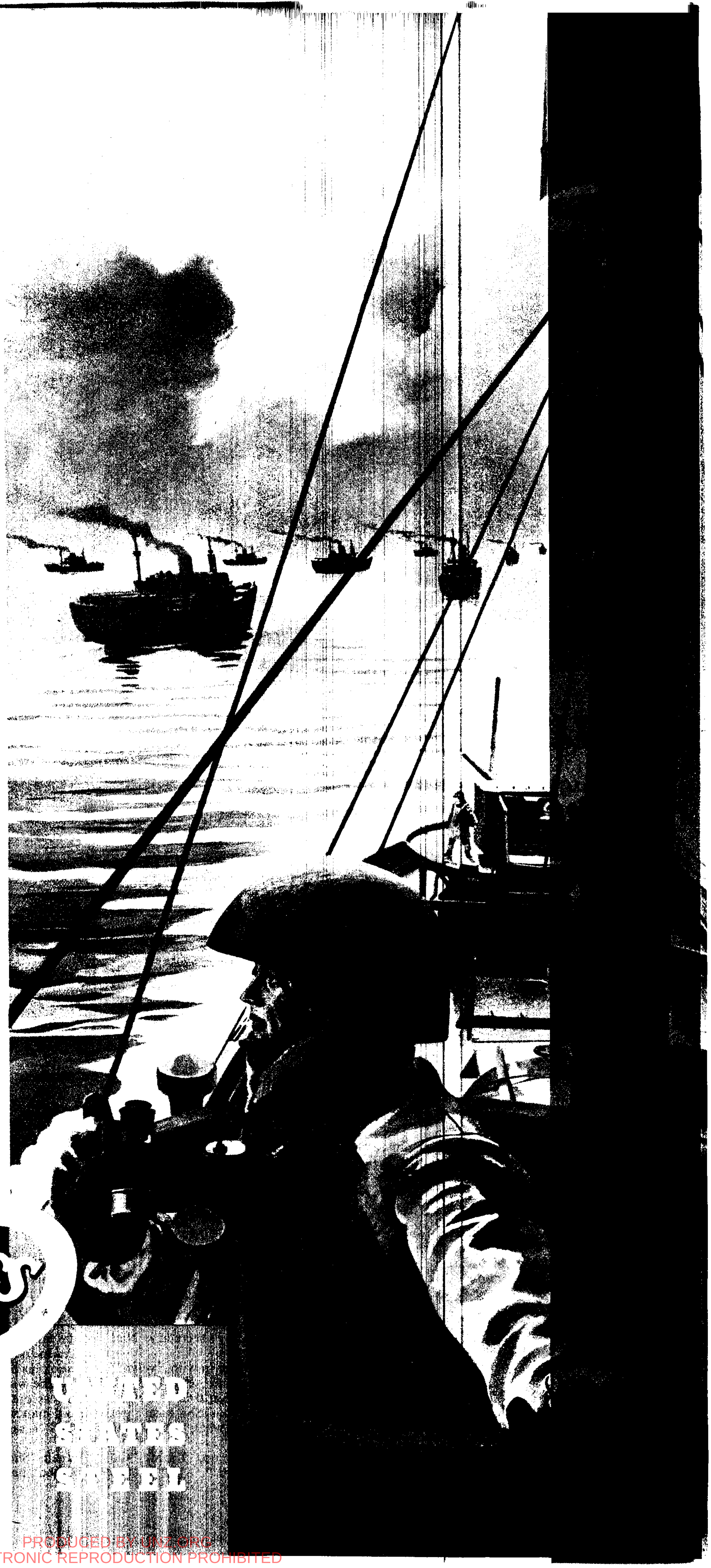
The new, better steels born of war will be *yours* when peace returns. Hundreds of new products, and old products in new design—all from steels bearing the U·S·S Label.

**NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA**

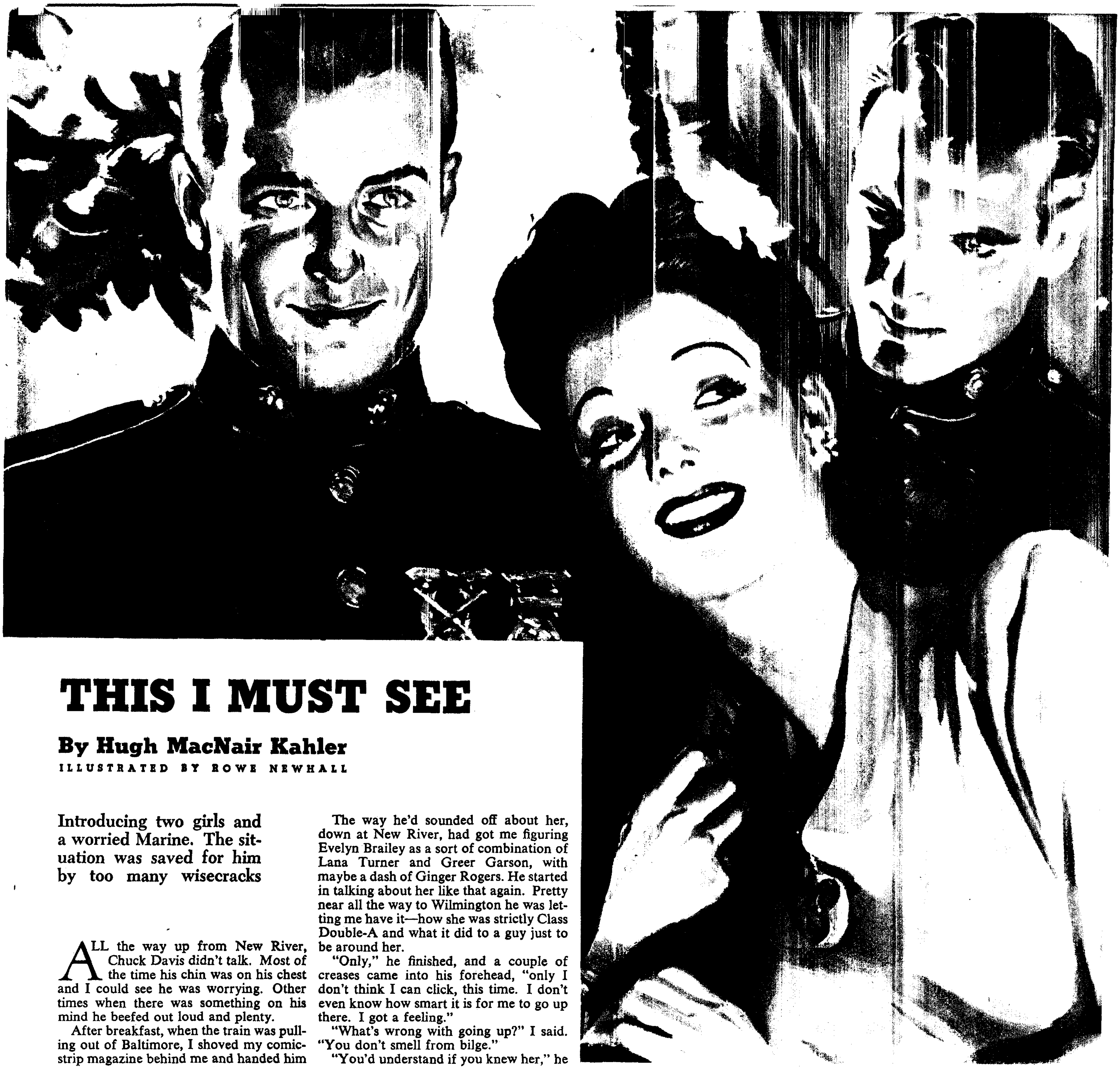
**BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY**

The money you loan builds America's war strength: Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.

USS STEELS



AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · BOYLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY



**As soon as Chuck came in, Evelyn grabbed him by the arm and hung on. "Look," she said. "A Marine! A big he-one! And he's all mine!"**

# THIS I MUST SEE

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWE NEWHALL

**Introducing two girls and a worried Marine. The situation was saved for him by too many wisecracks**

ALL the way up from New River, Chuck Davis didn't talk. Most of the time his chin was on his chest and I could see he was worrying. Other times when there was something on his mind he beefed out loud and plenty.

After breakfast, when the train was pulling out of Baltimore, I shoved my comic-strip magazine behind me and handed him a how-about-telling-papa look.

"What's it with you, Sarge?" I said. "Teething?"

It took him quite a while to answer, and when he did, his voice didn't sound right.

"I'm scared, Pete," he said. "I'm scared things'll go wrong."

"Sergeant Davis," I said, "has a five-day furlough, with a honey of a gal waiting for him in New York, and he's scared things'll go wrong." I looked him over. "Sergeant Davis," I said, "you give one to laugh. But loud. Ha, ha! Like that."

"Do we skip the comedy?" Chuck said. "I'm worried."

"Over just what?" I said.

"I've got to put on an act for Evelyn," he said, "and I don't know if I can get by with it. I been out of practice too long."

"If I had an idea what kind of an act you got to put on," I said, "maybe I could feel as low as you. As it is, I'm high about the whole thing. I crave an eyeful of this Evelyn."

The way he'd sounded off about her, down at New River, had got me figuring Evelyn Brailey as a sort of combination of Lana Turner and Greer Garson, with maybe a dash of Ginger Rogers. He started in talking about her like that again. Pretty near all the way to Wilmington he was letting me have it—how she was strictly Class Double-A and what it did to a guy just to be around her.

"Only," he finished, and a couple of creases came into his forehead, "only I don't think I can click, this time. I don't even know how smart it is for me to go up there. I got a feeling."

"What's wrong with going up?" I said. "You don't smell from bilge."

"You'd understand if you knew her," he said. "She's—she's out of my class, every way there is. Her old man's a top-flight lawyer, and she's Bryn Mawr and she plays around with a smooth, smart crowd of wisecrackers that figure anything outside of Park Avenue is the Corn Belt. You can see where I'd place in that kind of company. At first I thought it was crazy for me to try and crash in, but Millie kept telling me—"

"Hold it," I said. "Hold everything. Maybe I wasn't looking when she walked in, but this here Millie—how does she get into the conversation?"

"She's old man Brailey's secretary. Nice kid."

"And how does she tie in with Evelyn?"

"Who said she ties in?" For a second he sounded like himself at drill—sore at a rookie for being dumb. "She hasn't got anything to do with what I'm talking about."

"Sorry I brought her up," I said. "Go on from where you were."

"Where was I?"

"Somewheres on Park Avenue," I said.

"Yeah." He stared at the window. "Honest, Pete, sometimes I wonder where I ever got the crust to figure I could crash in on that mob. Me, my old man had a two-by-four farm, upstate. I shoved through college and law school on my nerve. Had to lay off two winters, and go lumberjacking for the dough to see me through. I was still plenty rough in the neck the day I walked into old man Brailey's office. I had a letter from the dean of the law school, but when the old man looked me over, his mouth pulled tight and he shook his head. Evelyn was there, standing by the window, and after one look at her I was out on my feet. I hardly knew the old man was there, or Millie—"

"Oh," I said. "Millie was there, too, huh?"

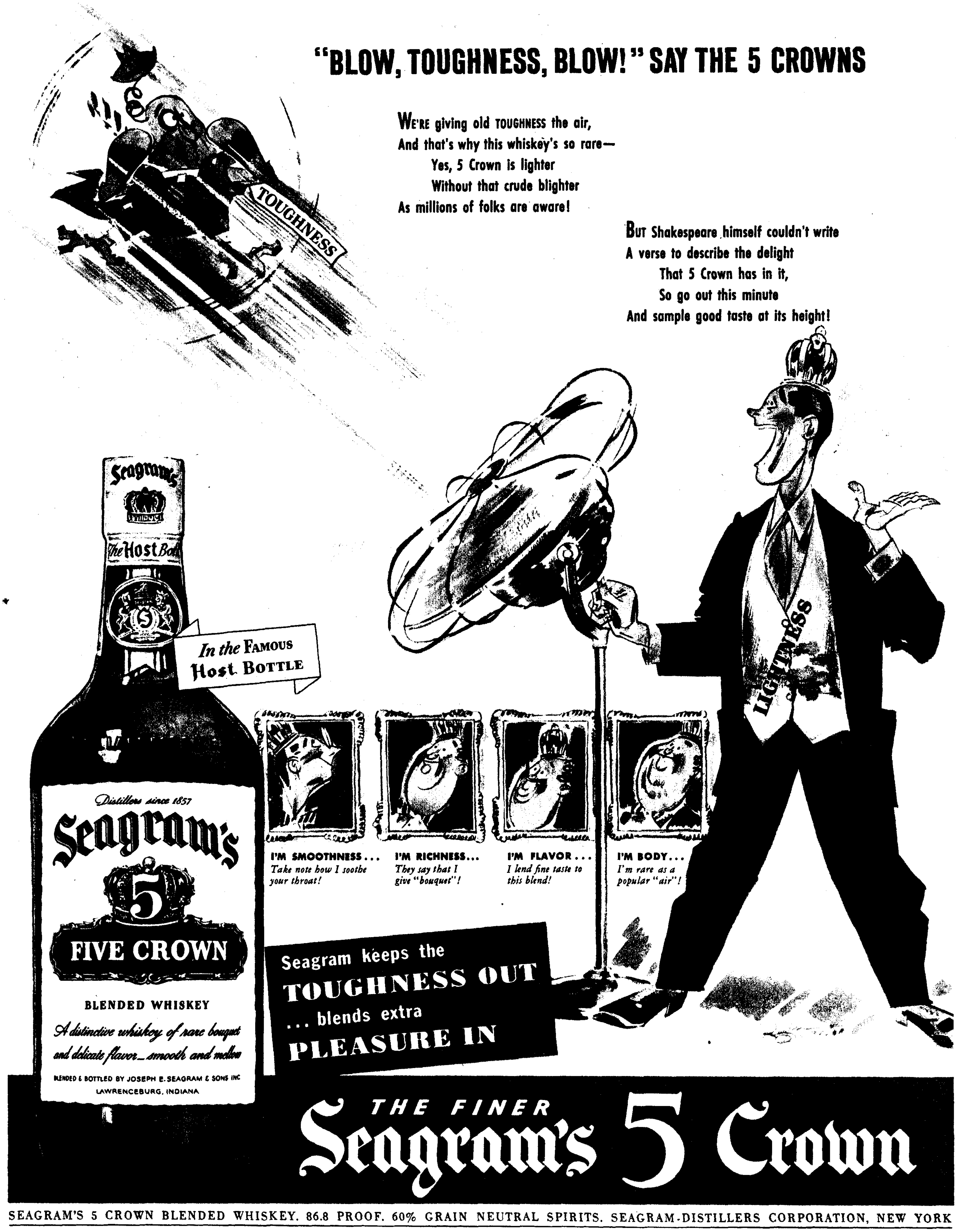
"Yeah. She'd been taking dictation. I remember her sitting by the old man's desk. He did all the talking and it wasn't much. All he said was, 'Sorry. Can't use you.' And I was out."

"But I thought you—"

"Yeah. I'm coming to that. Evelyn must have felt sorry for me, or something. Millie told me about it afterward. Evelyn went to bat for me with the old man. She must have worked on him fast and plenty, because the next morning the dean sent me word to go back. Like in the movies. Girl plugs for boy. Boy gets job."

I could see it was hard work for him to wisecrack about it. Underneath he wasn't kidding.

*(Continued on page 65)*



# "BLOW, TOUGHNESS, BLOW!" SAY THE 5 CROWNS

We're giving old TOUGHNESS the air,
And that's why this whiskey's so rare—
Yes, 5 Crown is lighter
Without that crude blighter
As millions of folks are aware!

But Shakespeare himself couldn't write
A verse to describe the delight
That 5 Crown has in it,
So go out this minute
And sample good taste at its height!

*In the* FAMOUS
Host BOTTLE

**I'M SMOOTHNESS . . .** *Take note how I soothe your throat!*

**I'M RICHNESS . . .** *They say that I give "bouquet"!*

**I'M FLAVOR . . .** *I lend fine taste to this blend!*

**I'M BODY . . .** *I'm rare as a popular "air"!*

*Distillers since 1857*
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
*A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow*
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

Seagram keeps the
**TOUGHNESS OUT**
. . . blends extra
**PLEASURE IN**

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

EUROPEAN

These German youths have been nurtured by a highly militaristic caste, which, say Messrs. Hoover and Gibson, believes that war is "the path of glory." The first thing to do is to break up this caste and totally disarm the nations under its sway

# NEW APPROACHES TO LASTING PEACE

## BY HERBERT HOOVER AND HUGH GIBSON

**"We cannot have both revenge and peace." Two distinguished authors continue their discussion of our postwar problems**

### III

THE making of lasting peace consists of two clearly defined parts:

1. The political, economic, military and other settlements that secure political order and economic progress in the world.
2. The superstructure or "world institution" for the preservation of peace to be built upon these foundations.

We propose in this article to discuss the first part. We suggest some new approaches to it.

In our last article we indicated a multitude of problems in the political, economic and military fields which must be settled between nations, entirely apart from creating the structure of a "world institution" to preserve peace. The solutions of these problems will be the foundations upon which this superstructure must stand. And in these settlements reside the possibilities of underlying and dynamic causes of future wars.

We must constantly realize that the causes of modern wars arise only secondarily from wicked dictators or perverse peoples. They arise primarily from deep-seated and destructive dynamic forces. And it is in the political, military and economic settlements between nations where their destructive action must first be allayed or stilled. To do that effectively is more important to lasting peace than any superstructure of a "world institution" to preserve peace. For unless the foundations are properly laid, the superstructure will fail. It is here that the world has failed before.

These destructive dynamic forces may be grouped as ideologies, economic pressures, imperialism, extreme nationalism, militarism and the complexes of fear, hate and revenge.

It has been maintained that we should not try to grapple with these forces, but should immediately create the "world institution" and leave to it all the solutions. We will, in our next article, set out the reasons why such a program cannot succeed.

We may say here that the failure at Versailles to cope with these forces was precisely what undermined the foundations of the League of Nations. To repeat the same course will destroy any "world institution."

We may well examine in some detail the world's experience from Versailles in dealing with these destructive forces. And we can formulate some definite recommendations.

Ideological Forces—It was recognized at Versailles that representative government afforded the best hope of preserving peace. It is the only form of government that is not at war with the rights of man. Governments controlled by the people have not always been free from aggressive action, but there are greater brakes upon war in that form of government than in oligarchies or dictatorships. Out of the first World War and its settlements, representative governments sprang up in all Europe outside of Russia.

So long as these representative forms of government lasted in Germany, Austria and Italy, and the smaller eastern states, the face of Europe was turned toward peace. The European revolt from liberalism, which laid the train for this present war, was in part due to the attitude of the Allies and in part to the dynamic forces which had not been curbed. Hitler was a product, not a cause.

It should not be the policy of nations to interfere in the domestic life of other nations. But the transition stage from war to peace in the enemy states offers a very practical problem.

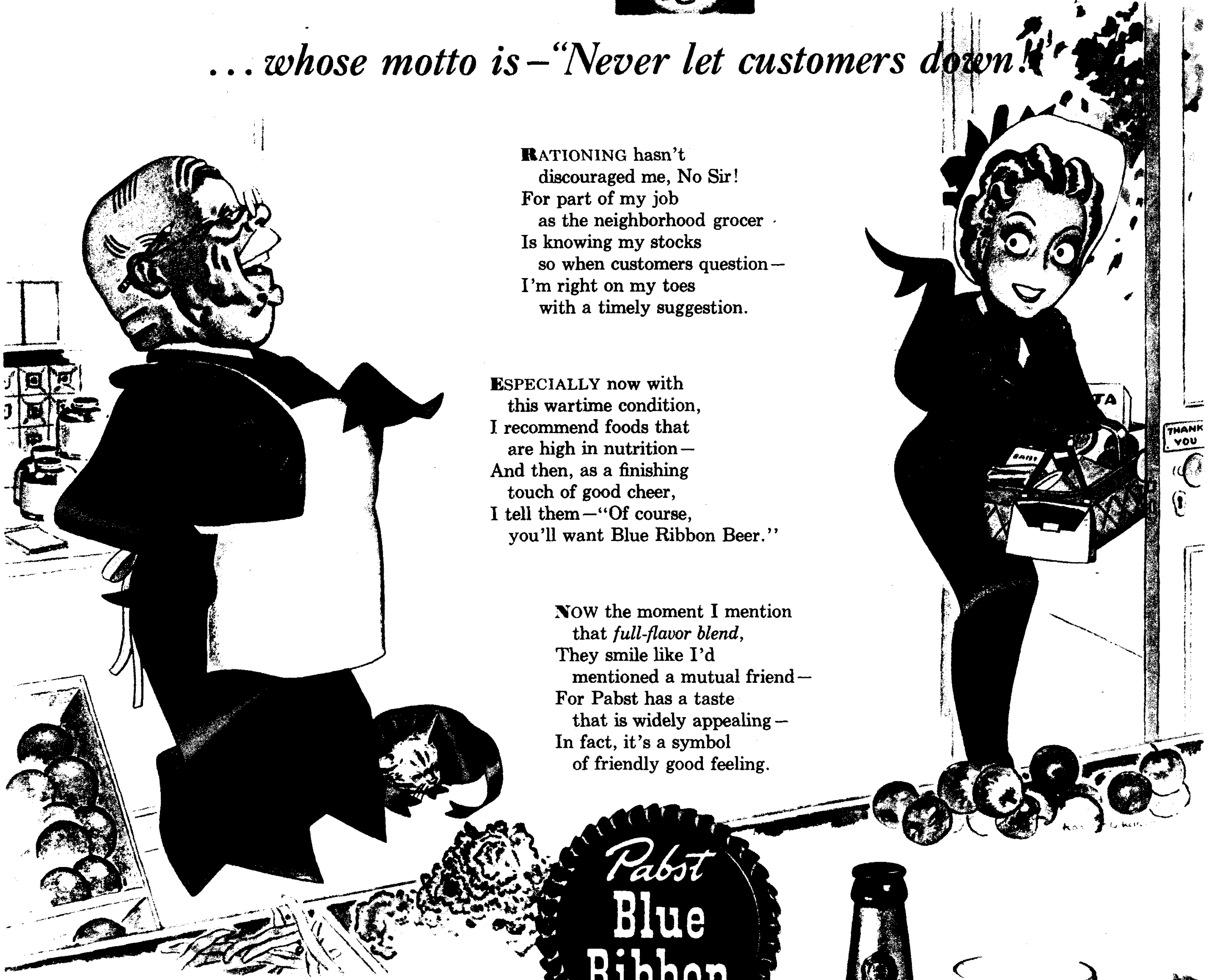
We have suggested under the "conditional peace"—"the immediate call of freely chosen representative constitutional assemblies or parliamentary bodies in all liberated and enemy countries." This is absolutely necessary for enemy areas in any event, in order that dictatorship shall be replaced by some sort of authorized and stable government with which to deal.

Representative government does not necessarily imply our American "unalienable" personal liberties. We do not assume that personal liberty can be imposed by machine guns. But it cannot begin to grow unless the people control the government.

*(Continued on page 79)*

# This is the Grocer of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

## ... whose motto is—"Never let customers down!"



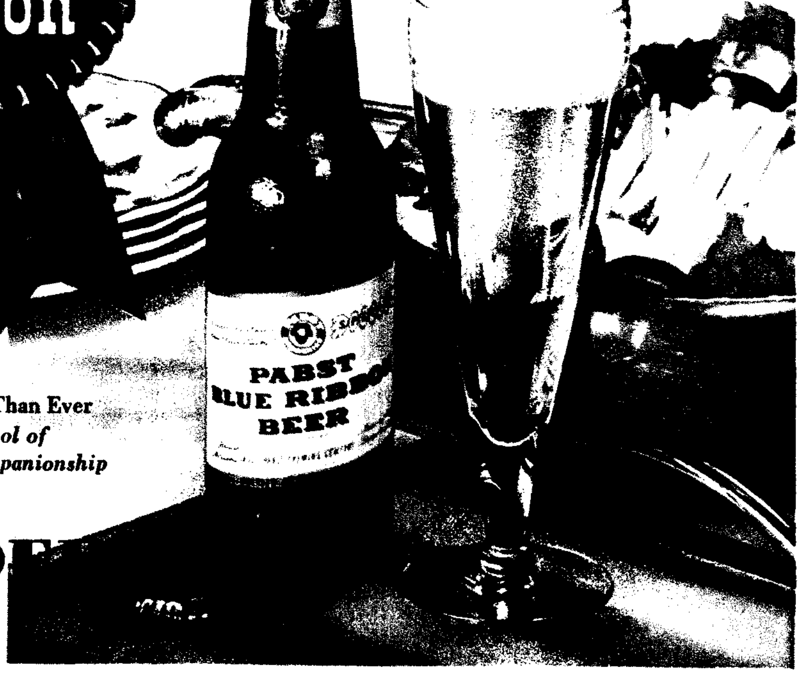
RATIONING hasn't
discouraged me, No Sir!
For part of my job
as the neighborhood grocer
Is knowing my stocks
so when customers question—
I'm right on my toes
with a timely suggestion.

ESPECIALLY now with
this wartime condition,
I recommend foods that
are high in nutrition—
And then, as a finishing
touch of good cheer,
I tell them—"Of course,
you'll want Blue Ribbon Beer."

NOW the moment I mention
that *full-flavor blend,*
They smile like I'd
mentioned a mutual friend—
For Pabst has a taste
that is widely appealing—
In fact, it's a symbol
of friendly good feeling.

KNOWING which foods to buy—and why—is a problem these days in Blue Ribbon Town, U.S.A. (your town—everybody's town). But there's one item on the grocery list that leaves no room for doubt—Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.

Pabst Blue Ribbon, the largest selling beer in the homes of America, is now more than ever, the symbol of friendly companionship. Softer and kindlier tasting, Pabst is made by an unusual process called "full-flavor blending" which brings you all the taste tones of a well-rounded, "complete" beer.



Now More Than Ever
*A Symbol of*
*Friendly Companionship*

## 33 FINE BREWS BLEND
## *into One Great Beer*

Copr. 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TUNE IN THE LAUGH SHOW OF THE WEEK. GROUCHO MARX as your host of "BLUE RIBBON TOWN!" Every Saturday Night . . . Coast-to-Coast CBS NETWORK

# YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

## By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Tom challenged Linda, then spent the entire time inquiring why she never gave him a tumble. "I'd spend more time in my office if they'd left you there," he said

*The Story Thus Far:*

EN ROUTE to Maine from New York City, Anthony ("Tony") Dennison, a young lawyer, stops over at the little town of Benfield, where he becomes the house guest of the Wheatons—Timothy Wheaton (a college classmate of his father), his wife and his daughter, Linda.

Linda, he soon learns, is a lovely girl. He learns, furthermore, that she is soon to marry Rix Anderson, the son of a local banker. . . . Living in Benfield is a girl—Peg Reynolds—whom Linda regards as her best friend. Peg, an orphan, is startlingly beautiful; *and* she is anything but the dear, loyal person Linda thinks she is. . . .

Tony goes on to Maine; and, two weeks before Linda's wedding day, he sends her a gift—a gift that serves to remind her of the New Yorker, who she had hoped would fall in love with Peg.

The wedding day draws closer. One week before it arrives, Linda—who works in her father's law office—leaves her desk and goes home. As she is taking off her things, the telephone rings. She answers it, and Rix's mother —"Mother Anderson"—asks her if her father and mother are there. Linda—frightened by the tone of Mrs. Anderson's voice—says that her parents are both out.

"I had hoped," Mrs. Anderson says, "that Mary or Timothy . . ." She breaks off. "Is there any place I can reach your mother?"

Linda's heart is constricted with unreasoning terror. "I don't think so," she says, taking a deep breath. "Has something happened to Rix?"

There is a silence. Then Mrs. Anderson says, "Linda . . . I'm coming over. . . . I'll be there as soon as I can. . . ." And she hangs up.

A few minutes later, she arrives. She is breathless, excited—and sad. Putting her arms around Linda—who, although she is not aware of it, is crying—she says, "I'd rather die than tell you this . . . that a son . . . that my son . . ."

After which, in broken sentences, she tells Linda that Rix and Peg have gone to New York; that they are to be married there. "I don't believe it," Linda says in a loud, bewildered voice. "It is true," says Mrs. Anderson. Then, as she gropes her way toward a chair, "It is true," she says again.

### II

LONG afterward Linda realized that for a considerable time she was too stunned, too incredibly shattered, to touch the match of decent anger to the untidy rubbish of her emotions and let them burn up in a clear hot flame, cleansing and solacing. The nightmare quality of the days and nights following Rix's elopement with Peg Reynolds persisted, but it was as if she dreamed this fantastic thing through a veil, as if she could not clearly see the figures struggling against the background of the dream. She was predominantly conscious of a sense of complete emptiness . . . No, not complete. For there was a core of hard, implacable suffering, but everything else was hollow and uninhabited.

It was she who had consoled Rix's mother, instead of the other way about. Alice Anderson had received a shock from which she would never quite recover. She was wholly honest, a woman of high standards and personal integrity. Rix was her only child. She loved him beyond anything in the world. If there had been times when she admitted his weaknesses to herself, his too-easy charm, which permitted him to slide over difficult situations as oil over water, she measured this against his many endearing characteristics—amiability, humor, and a definite gay tenderness and sympathy.

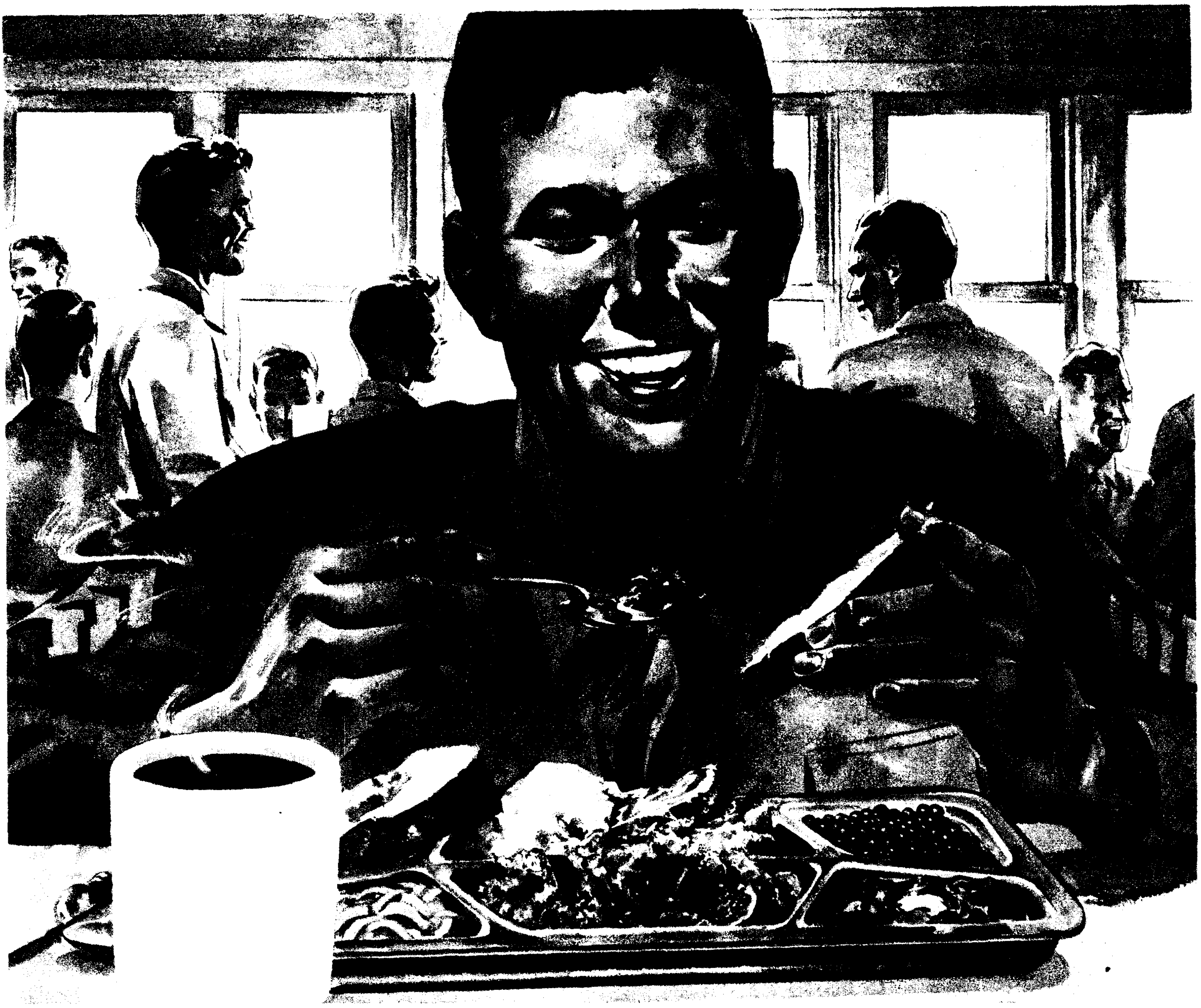
She could not understand the dishonesty, basic in his repudiation of Linda, as she had always been convinced that his was a compassionate heart and that he would not willingly hurt any other human being. But it was now borne in upon her that his long habit of sliding away from the unpleasant had here asserted itself. He had been utterly incapable of coming to Linda and of saying, "I thought I loved you. I find that I do not. . . . I am in love with Peg Reynolds and she with me. And so I must ask you to release me from a promise which, if I kept, would bring only unhappiness, not alone to me and to Peg but to you."

Whatever compulsion had drawn him and bound him to Peg, it was more potent than the familiar conventions, the standards of his household, the rule of thumb by which his parents lived. It was quite natural that Mrs. Anderson, although she did not seek to excuse him to Linda or to Linda's parents, or even to his own father, believed, in the privacy of her heart, that the whole affair was Peg's fault . . . that she was the stronger, that she had used the unfair weapons which lie in every beautiful woman's hand.

Whether Mrs. Anderson was right or wrong made no difference.

Rix's father walked with an additional stoop. Never a particularly genial man, he was just, honorable, a little austere. He said simply that he would have nothing to do with his son or the woman he married. He was through. If ever a crown prince, an heir apparent, had abdicated a throne, Rix had done so. His great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his father had built up their position through hard work, vigilance and an unrelenting sense of honor. This, Rix had destroyed in one cruel, unconsidered action. Rix had, Mr. Anderson reminded *(Continued on page 34)*

★★ HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE ★★



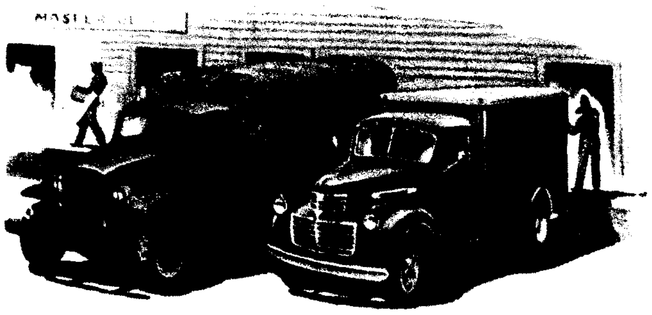
# Huskier, Healthier, Happier

Today's American soldier is nearly an inch taller and ten pounds heavier than his older brother of World War I. He is the best fed, best clothed, best equipped fighting man on earth.

On the War Front, motor trucks are absolutely indispensable to an Army on the move . . . are the main means of transport for food, fuel and fighting equipment. On the Home Front, 40% of all our motor trucks are used to carry farm and food products . . . 69% of the war material shipped out of 741 plants surveyed was moved by truck.

America's millions of trucks . . . at home and in the Army . . . are giving all they've got to keep our soldiers Huskier, Healthier, Happier!

**INVEST IN VICTORY... BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**



Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: *"Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time."* Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.

Pledged
U.S. TRUCK
CONSERVATION CORPS

## GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK & COACH

DIVISION OF YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

*Home of GMC Trucks and Yellow Coaches • • • Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces*

**1. See down there?** That's the Smith house. Mr. and Mrs. are sleeping like baby doves. At night they don't give a hoot about taxes 'n' rationing 'n' such. But over here are—

**2. The Joneses.** Jones is in the kitchen again on a scavenger hunt. Can't sleep, poor guy, and it's making him a wreck . . . Hey, Jones, training to be an owl?

**3. "Who me?** Oh, if I could only get some sleep! I'm as jittery as a witch with a Hallowe'en hangover.". . . Y'see he's one of those people kept awake by caffein.

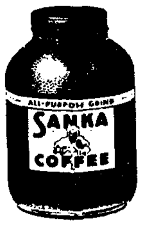
**4. Listen, Jonesy.** Even the caffein in one cup of coffee can get ahold of your nerves and jangle 'em, mangle 'em, and rob you of sleep. One of these days—

**5. Sit down** to a cup of Sanka Coffee, the delicious coffee that's 97% caffein-free! It's real coffee . . . all coffee . . . and it *can't* get on your nerves. Only the caffein is removed.

SANKA COFFEE
BUY U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS

**6. Ask your wife** to get Sanka Coffee with the next ration coupon. Sanka is fine coffee that can't keep you awake —it's easy on the palate and easy on the nerves.

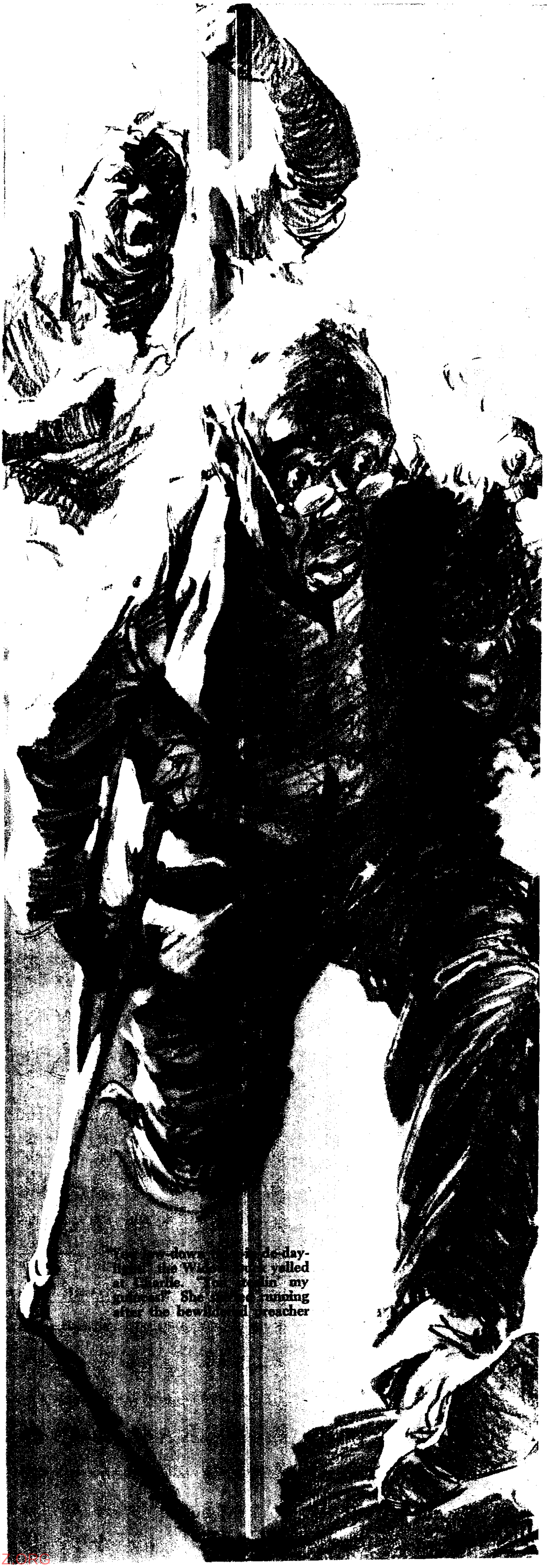
## SANKA COFFEE



**NOTE:** Your grocer probably has the new "all-purpose" grind Sanka, swell no matter what kind of coffee-maker you have! And it's *vacuum-packed!*

**SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!**

**TUNE IN** . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.



"[illegible]-down [illegible]-de-day-light," the W[illegible] yelled at [illegible]. "You [illegible]in' my gizzard!" She [illegible] running after the bewildered preacher

# ONE-LEGGED ANGELS CAN'T FLY

## BY ROARK BRADFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

**It's really a theological question, but on Little Bee Bend plantation they take their theology very hard. Feeling ran high over B'r Charlie's rather specialized problem**

B'R CHARLIE had more troubles than any one man should be expected to shoulder. Sometimes they came suddenly, violently and in bunches, as when a former wife and four children turned up in the midst of a revival meeting; but mainly, his troubles were of the steady, constant variety.

One of his regular burdens was being the blacksmith of Little Bee Bend plantation with a roaring, roistering, sinful foreman always demanding a little better than the old one-legged blacksmith-preacher could do. Keeping Old Ship of Zion Church pastored was another job with certain drawbacks, what with the Widow Duck and Uncle Henry acting as senior usher and senior deacon, respectively.

"De main troubles wid B'r Charlie," estimated Giles, the foreman, "he jest ain't smart in his mind."

"What's wrong wid B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck observed, "is he jest ain't holy in his heart."

"B'r Charlie is jest mixed up," Uncle Henry said. "When de man shot his laig off for stealin' chickens, he was a sinner and his shot-off laig is a sinner laig. Den Charlie up and got redeemed and tuck to preachin' wid his good laig. Now he got one sinner laig and one holy laig and he's in a swivit. He can't git right wid Glory nor neither wid ole Satan."

Many and fearsome were the tales B'r Charlie had told of how he came to lose that leg. It had happened so long ago and he had given so many versions of the incident, he was not certain himself if he remembered exactly how it had come about. As nearly as he could recall, it had been the result of an undignified exit from a henhouse one dark night. The business of he shotgun, he believed, had been added o make it sound less clumsy.

Today, as he worked, he was thinking about it.

"But liftin' chickens is jest as sinful," he told himself, "as de one I tole about gittin' hit shot in a gamblin' game at de evee camp." He hammered a few desulory licks on a plow. "Reckon hit ain't no good to try to fool de Lawd about dat, no way you looks at hit."

When the day's work was done, B'r Charlie crutched over to the Widow Duck's cabin. "I been studyin' in my mind," he began eagerly.

"In yo' which?"

B'r Charlie shrunk. "I been prayin' and goin' on," he amended.

"Dat's better," the Widow Duck said. "I reckon you kin pray 'bout as level as any one-laigged hippercrit preacher I ever eed. But, Charlie, you ain't got de thaings o study in yo' mind wid. On account er you ain't got de sense God give a goose." The Widow Duck spoke with considerable certainty, and B'r Charlie, who had heard her express pretty much the same opinion before, let it pass.

"I been prayin' and goin' about my yuther laig."

"What's wrong wid yo' yuther laig?"

"Hit's a sinner laig. Hyar is me, as holy as all git-out and my yuther laig is layin' off somewhars in a po' lonesome graveyard, a sinner down to de toes. Cause I was a sinner when—"

"Don't start lyin' agin about how you lost dat laig, Charlie," the Widow Duck warned. "I done hyared too many lies about dat business, already. You's doin' all right wid yo' crutch, ain't you?"

"Well, hit's like dis. A crutch—"

"Yeah, I know," broke in the old woman. "A crutch won't he'p you whar you is ailin' most. Cause ain't nobody been able to make a crutch dat'll he'p out a limpin' brain. But be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

B'r Charlie tried again. "But efn I was to haul off and die, how'm I'm gonter look in Glory, flyin' 'round wid one laig?"

The Widow Duck created a mental picture and shook with laughter. "Maybe de Lawd fixed hit like dat for His sweet pleasure. I reckon de Lawd likes to laugh as good as de next one. Hit don't say in my Book, but I bet de Lawd gits powerful tired er settin' 'round Glory doin' miracles and makin' hit rain and fixin' up sparrer wings and all. He might like to see somethin' funny, once in a while."

B'R CHARLIE had come to his senior usher seeking comfort and was getting ridicule. "I begs for bread and you th'ows a stone at me," he complained bitterly. "De Book say, 'Repent, believe and seek ye comfort, and shall de hippercrit and de sinner th'ow de fust stone.' Amen, Sister Duck. Dat's de Holy Word and you's jest a'chunkin' stones er 'buse and scawn. Hit ain't holy to ack like dat."

The Widow Duck grew serious. "Look, Pastor," she said, "you kotched me a hour late and a dollar shawt, dat time. I wa'n't aimin' to ack on-holy and I confesseth my sins befo' mankind." She began to laugh again. "But you bein' a one-laigged angel sort er tickled me, and I bet hit'd tickle de Lawd, too." Controlling her amusement she said solemnly, "But ain't nothin' like dat fixin' to take place ontwell you dies off, and you ain't even sick."

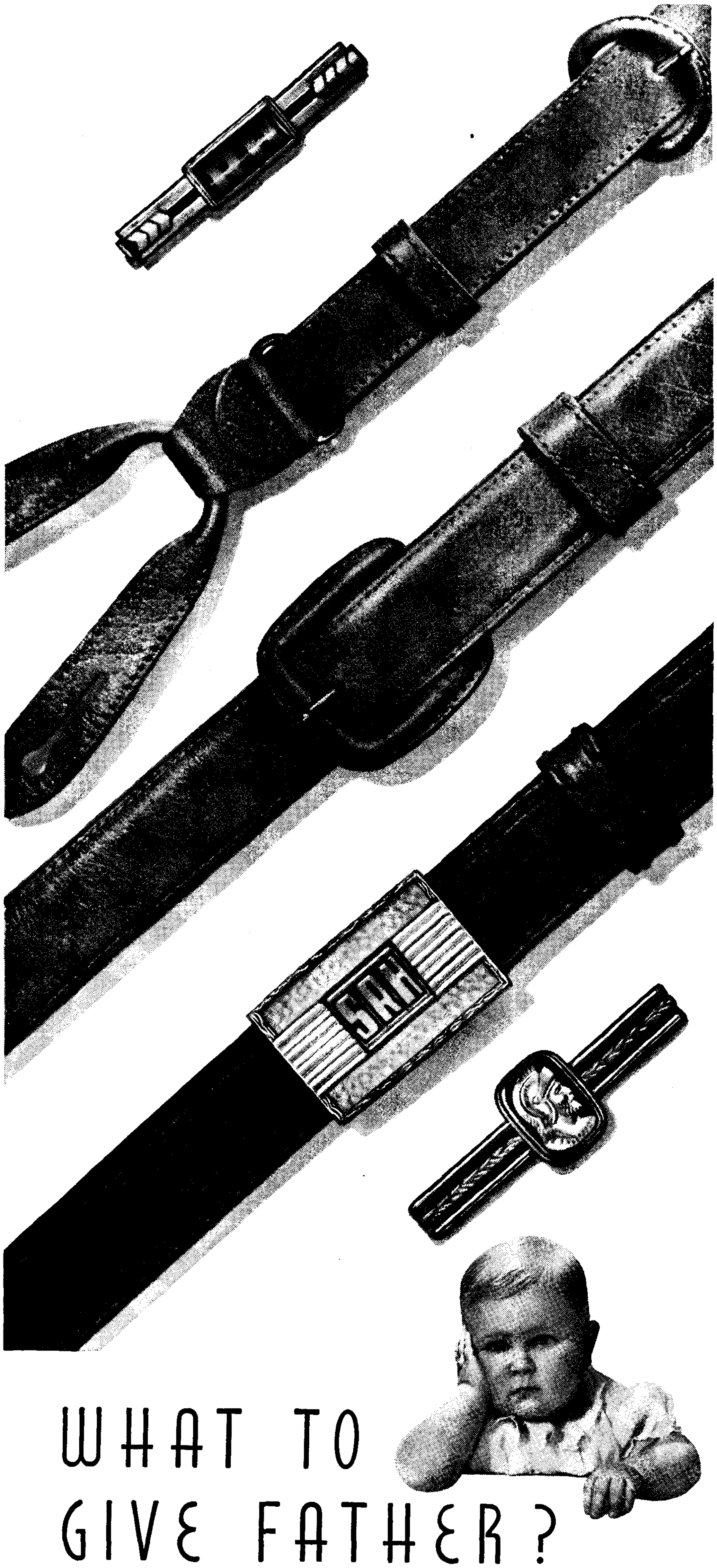
B'r Charlie knew it for a fact and he felt foolish for showing so much concern. "Giles is gittin' mighty tight wid me," he said in defense. "He claim he gonter beat my haid off efn I git behind."

"In de fust place," the Widow Duck consoled him, "efn you level down, you won't git behind. And in de next place, Giles ain't never kilt nobody off, yit, and he ain't fixin' to. He do a heap er big talkin'."

"Hit might be a fack," the preacher-blacksmith admitted, "but hit ain't no comfort."

"Efn you wants comfort, fool," the Widow Duck suggested, "go to de Book.

(Continued on page 57)



Quite a problem, child! Solve it as so many grown-ups do...choose a gift by Hickok. Dad knows what Hickok means...in quality, good looks, loyal service.

Brace and Belt above, $1.50 each. Others from $1 up... Initial Buckle and Belt set, handsomely boxed, $3. Other sets, $2 up... Initial Tie Bar $1. Cameo Tie Bar $2. Other Hickok Jewelry $1 to $50.

*In the spirit of 1943..."all out for Victory"... we are serving our Country first, and our customers to the best of our ability.*

HICKOK
Where war work comes first
*Belts • Braces • Jewelry*

HARD TO GET

*But Easy to Care for*

**Remove Carbon—Reduce Friction with RING-FREE Motor Oil**

Here is why hard-to-replace motor parts—pistons, rings, valves — work better and last longer when lubricated with Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil. RING-FREE actually removes carbon while the motor runs. Thus vital parts stay cleaner. But more than that, its superior lubricating qualities enable RING-FREE to reduce friction fast — to deliver to the drive-shaft more of the horsepower ordinarily wasted in overcoming motor friction. In 1094 certified road tests, with owner-driven cars, 10% increases in gasoline mileage were not uncommon after crankcases had been drained and refilled with Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil (average saving, 1.3 miles per gallon!). That's proof of friction reduction. When you reduce friction you reduce wear—make motors run better and last longer.

*Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil combines these vital qualities:*

1. Removes Carbon.
2. Reduces Friction Fast.
3. Saves Gasoline.
4. Great Film Strength.
5. High Heat Resistance.
6. Long Cling to Metal.
7. Fast Penetration.
8. Non-Corrosive.
9. Less Affected by Dilution.
10. High Sludge Resistance.

*Try Macmillan RING-FREE at our risk. Read the unconditional guarantee.*

**Macmillan Petroleum Corp.**
50 W. 50th St., New York • 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL
REDUCES WEAR BY REDUCING FRICTION
ONE U. S. QUART NET
.8327 IMPERIAL QUART NET
.946 LITER NET

GUARANTEE

*Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that Ring-Free is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.*

Copyright 1943 Macmillan Petroleum Corp.

## You Can't Escape

Continued from page 30

his wife, a small income of his own, enough to feed him and Peg, and to keep a roof over their heads. He was not brilliant but he was clever enough, he would be able to get work. She need not fear that they would starve. But as far as his father was concerned, his hands were washed clean of the boy.

Linda's own parents broke her heart, if it was capable of breaking again . . . and indeed it was, day in, day out. Mary Wheaton was utterly bewildered. On that cold, blowing evening when she had returned to her home to find Linda, white and very quiet, and Alice Anderson distracted and in tears, something very close to her sense of security had been threatened. They had had such a good life, she and Tim and their daughter . . . a life which would go on, its continuity unbroken, in Linda and her husband and children. Now everything was changed, and unstable.

LINDA had a great many friends. Most of them sincerely loved her. They were very kind. The few closest to her—but not as close as Peg had become . . . and some of them remembered that . . . spoke to her openly enough, and she listened and thanked them. They called her up, asked her to parties, asked her to do this and that. And the men she knew, those who were still in town, drifted back, the telephone rang . . . Would she go to the square dance at the Town Hall, would she go to the movies, would she take in the basketball game?

She would and she did, setting her chin, controlling her hands, laughing when it was expected of her, trying to listen, making by some miracle the right answers.

She told her father, "I'd like to go back to the office but of course I couldn't, now Eva's there, and she's satisfactory . . ."

"Not as satisfactory as you were . . ."

"But she'll learn; and it wouldn't be fair."

"No, it wouldn't be." He hesitated, that evening, sitting by the study fire and asked, "How about looking for another job?"

Linda shrugged and shook her head. She was still pretty white. Rix—and Peg—had been gone a month. She had lost weight. Her little bones showed.

"Not here." She leaned forward, looking into the flames. "I—I can't stand it here," she admitted.

"Nonsense," said Tim Wheaton, and felt like weeping.

"I've tried, terribly hard. Everyone—knows. Oh, it isn't that, it isn't that sort of pride. I can't explain. Everyone's sorry for me. But some of them look at me as if—as if they were asking themselves what was wrong with me. Why couldn't I hold what I had? What did I lack that Rix . . . ?"

He interrupted: "I see. . . . Don't tear yourself to pieces like this, Linda."

She said after a moment as if she hadn't heard, "I've got to get away. There's nothing for me here."

There you had it. Twenty-two years of love and devotion, twenty-two years of caring for her. They didn't count. There was nothing for her here because she had fallen in love with a boy and he'd run off and married someone else. Well, take it, that's what parents are for, I suppose; take it and like it or, if you don't like it, keep your mouth shut.

He asked, "What do you want to do?"

"I don't know. I think, go away by myself, and work. In New York . . . I remember Tony Dennison said he could get me a job with his firm. . . . I had a letter from him . . ." she broke off.

Tony hadn't said anything about a job in the letter. He had written because she had returned the silver bowl. She remembered the silver bowl because it had come when they were trimming the tree and Peg had helped her open it, and Rix had sat on the top of the stepladder and refused to come down to gloat over it and had been absurd about cleaning silver.

All the wedding presents had been returned . . . with little notes. They hadn't been easy to write. Because everyone knew why. Tony Dennison hadn't known why. The letter to him had been somewhat simpler. Just that you weren't going to marry Rix, after all. He might be one of the very few who would think . . . "The engagement . . . broken by mutual consent . . ."

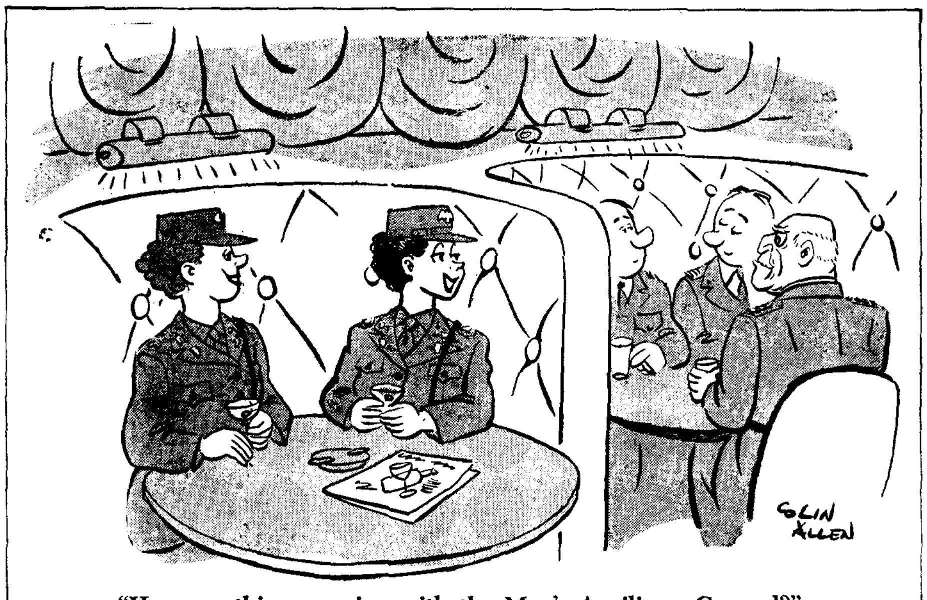
Her father said, "All right if that's the way you want it. We'll miss you, Linda. But New York isn't very far away, even if I get there only now and then. And perhaps you're wise."

He asked after a minute, "Shall I write Tony Dennison?"

"No," she said. "I'll call him after I get there, if I don't lose my nerve. I've my own money as a backlog," she reminded her father.

It wasn't much. Her grandmother had left it to her. It was in a savings account. Her father and mother had never had to ask her to draw on it, for clothing or education. It was all hers.

LINDA left for New York late in February. She had arranged to live in a clubhouse for young businesswomen. It wasn't what she wanted . . . but it had to do. In the first place the comparatively



COLLIER'S "How are things coming with the Men's Auxiliary, General?" COLIN ALLEN

# MIRACLES OF SHIP REPAIR...

# aided by Kodak's Recordak System

OUR NAVY "came back" after Pearl Harbor to fight the bitterest series of engagements in Naval history. Ships critically wounded have had to fight again—and again. The Nation's life has depended on miracles of repair...

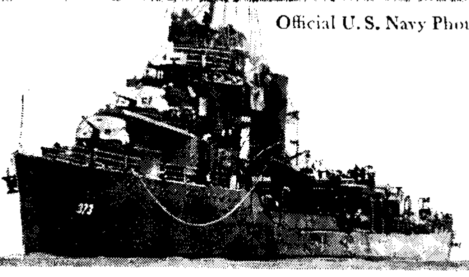
A set of blueprints for a destroyer covers a quarter of an acre, and may be filed in Washington—yet quick reference to these plans and specifications on the spot is essential to a workmanlike repair job.

After the hell of Pearl Harbor, the Navy isn't waiting for tons of blueprints to be shipped. Little rolls of 35-mm. microfilm can cut priceless weeks from the time required to send a battered ship back into action.

Through Kodak's *Micro-File Recordak System,* the photographic method behind V···–Mail, the Navy condenses, on microfilm, the bulky original plans. These can be flown halfway around the world within hours ... or are already on hand at distant repair bases ... may even be on a "mother ship," for repairs at sea.

This is only one of many instances where Recordak is increasing the effectiveness of America's war effort.

Official U. S. Navy Photographs



*Above*—FANTASTIC PATTERNS of flame and smoke at the moment the magazine exploded on the bombed destroyer Shaw at Pearl Harbor. The end of the Shaw?

*Right*—THIS IS THE SAME SHAW. She was floated ... repaired in San Francisco ... showing what repair can do!

### *"Ration banking," war maps*

Recordak was originated to duplicate, on microfilm, every check cleared through a bank—safeguarding depositors and simplifying banking. It was revolutionary, but no one could have foreseen its manifold destiny.

Your ration coupons have become as essential as money. They are turned in by your dealer to his bank. The larger banks—90% of them—have Recordak machines, which photograph the record of their ration transactions with dealers and wholesalers.

YOUR FOOD RATIONING PROBLEMS? Think of the bookkeeping job that your dealer, his bank, wholesalers, and the Government must do to keep *their* records straight! At the bank Recordak does much of this work—tirelessly, without a chance of error.

*Our fighting forces,* in new offensives, carry Recordak duplicates of available maps and photographs of the region.

*In Selective Service,* Recordak made error-proof copies of each of the 9,000 numbers—critical in the lives of 17,000,000 young Americans—as they were drawn.

*In our war industries,* engineering drawings and shop orders that could occupy acres are reduced by Recordak to "capsule" size.

*Your Social Security records* and your War Bond purchases are microfilmed by Recordak.

*The U. S. Census*—going back to 1790—is now in this condensed, time-proof form. The accessibility of these records has enabled the Government to issue "Certificates of Citizenship" to thousands without birth certificates—put them into war-production jobs.

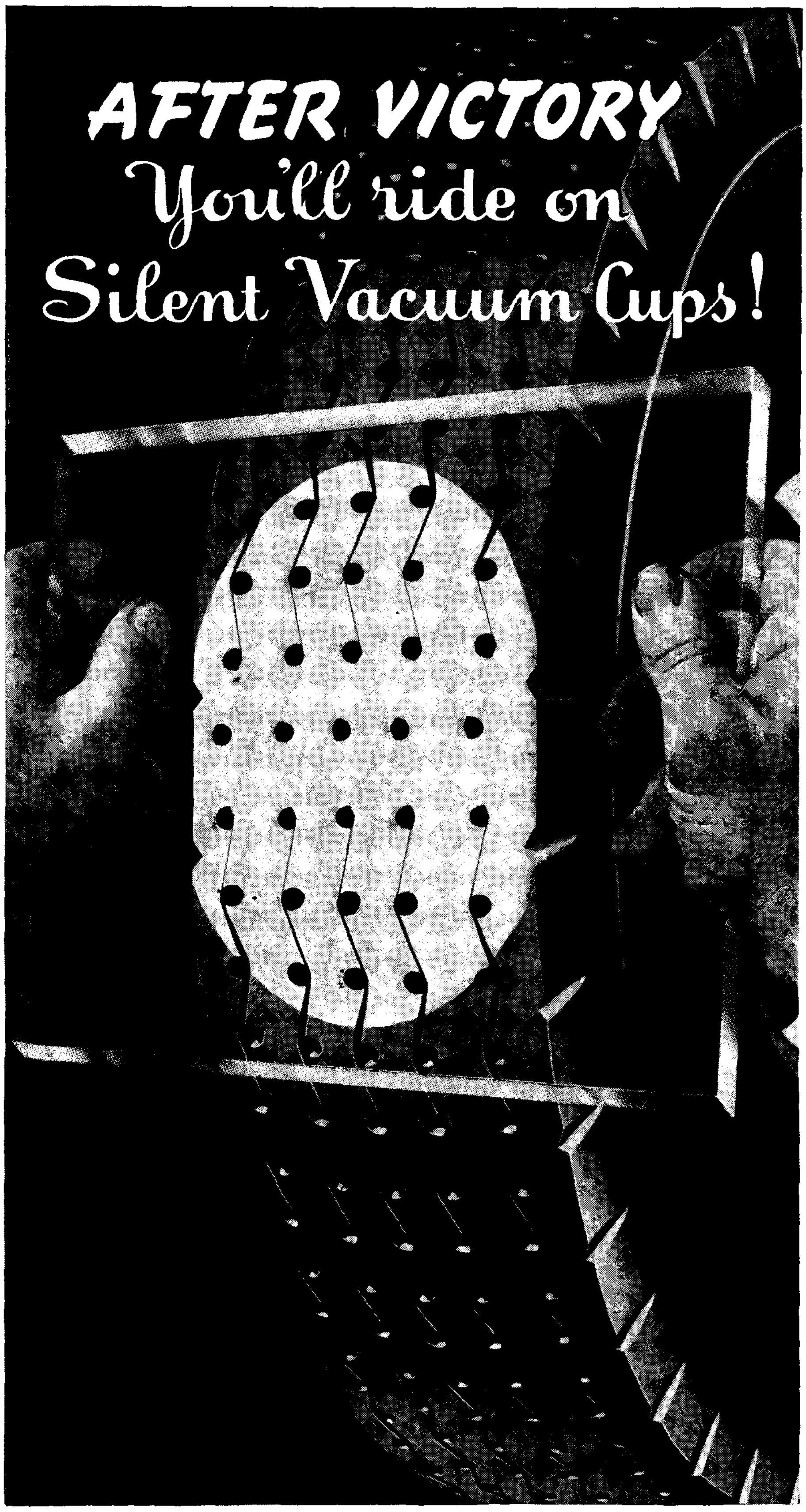
### *Forestalling the "Blitz"*

In those fateful days of 1939, when the war clouds were bursting over Europe, Recordak machines were at work day and night, duplicating the priceless manuscripts and volumes of the British Museum, and the records of the great British banking houses and insurance companies. These miniature duplicates were stowed away beyond the reach of bomb and fire—they're not among the missing.

• • •

In its greatest crisis, civilization has found a way to condense and perpetuate its culture—its "heart" as well as its "hard business head." You realize this as you read the V···–Mail letter of your boy—his own writing, flown to you on a thumbnail bit of film halfway around the world ... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**Serving human progress through Photography**



THE Pennsylvania Rubber Company always will be known for applying the vacuum principle in the tire field.

The quietest, easiest-running tire is a smooth tread tire—but, of course, a smooth tire is terribly dangerous. Most tire treads are "compromise" designs—the more ridges and cleats for *safety*, the more noise; the fewer ridges and cleats for *silence*, the less protection against skidding.

The new Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup Tire is the first really different tire in a generation. It upsets the entire current principle of tread design. When the car is rolling, you have the effect of a smooth tire. Now look through the glass. See how vacuum cups are formed to assure positive anti-skid protection by holding the car in its tracks safely and surely.

A plus value of this revolutionary tire design is that it greatly increases the mileage obtained from every pound of material in the tire.

When Victory permits, your Pennsylvania dealer will have for you the safest and greatest tire the world has ever known—the new Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup Tire. Get to know him now. Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

Silent Vacuum Cup Tires

modest rental was all she could afford and in the second her decision appeared to comfort her mother. At least she would be with other people, girls her own age, and would moreover have a friend close by, as the sister of one of her classmates, whom she knew slightly, was manager of the club. . . . "Of course," she wrote Linda, "we have a housemother who is a precious antique and should be kept under glass. She's supposed to take over when one of the inmates of this institution has a cold in the head, a difficulty at home or a dud love affair. I keep the books and operate on the practical side. I'll be awfully glad to see you, Linda. You knew Sally was married? I miss her a lot."

On the way to New York, Linda thought that at least neither Sally nor her older sister, Cynthia, would know about Rix. She and Sally had never been very close and Linda had met Cynthia Warren only when she had come up to college to see the younger girl.

THE Andersons had been at the Wheaton house the night before, to say goodby and to refrain from saying the things which were so obviously on their minds and hearts. But Alice Anderson had managed to draw Linda aside. She said, too completely Rix's mother just then to spare Linda:

"Linda . . . if you should see Rix . . ."

"I don't expect to see him, Aunt Alice."

"I know . . . but sometimes things just happen. . . . He writes, and I answer, although his father isn't happy about it. He —they—have an apartment and he's taken some sort of job in a brokerage house . . ." She stopped. No, she couldn't say, "See him, write me how he really is, how he looks, if he is happy." She shook her head and tried to smile. "Forgive me," she said, with unusual humility.

Well, Linda was on her way—her way out . . . taking the road which led away from memory, from the knowledge of other people's knowledge, from pity and discussion and speculation. She would be free of all that, free to make her own life. It wasn't the life she had wanted or planned but it would have to do and it would be the best life she could make.

She reached New York in the bitter black dusk of the cold winter night. The cold was damp and went through your clothes and ate into your very marrow; it was not like the dry, exhilarating cold of Benfield. She gave her bags into the care of a redcap and taxied to the club, which was uptown, on the West Side. Cynthia was there, expecting her, and it was, after all, pleasant to be made welcome.

The club was a big, red and white brick structure, and Cynthia a lean, tailored young woman of thirty with a plain, humorous face. She greeted Linda warmly. She said, "And your cell's waiting for you. Dinner's over, by the way, but I've wangled coffee and sandwiches."

On their way to Linda's room various heads, blond, red, brunet, popped out of doors and hailed Cynthia. "One big happy family," Cynthia explained, unlocking Linda's door. "The friendships that spring up! And the hates . . . and the feuds. It's wonderful!"

The room was all right. It had two windows and was bright with bearable chintz. There was a good reading lamp, a small desk, a bureau, an excellent mirror. The tiny bathroom was adequate. "This is one of the best chairs in the house," said Cynthia, sitting down by the window. "And the closet isn't too discouraging. You can unpack your trunk when it comes, and store it in the basement. Have you a job yet?"

"No, but I hope I'll have one soon," said Linda, with a confidence which at the moment she did not feel. . . .

Later that evening Linda unpacked her night things, wrote a note to her mother and went to bed. She lay in darkness and wished herself at home. But she wouldn't go back. Not until she had proved to herself that she could make herself over; not until she ceased to mind the trivial, hurting things . . . eyes which remembered, the pity of indignation in friendly voices.

The next morning Linda looked up Anthony Dennison's firm and telephoned him. She was a little while getting through to him. When she did he was delighted.

"Linda Wheaton," he said, "what are you doing in town?"

She said, "If you must know, I'm job hunting. . . . I haven't any right to inflict myself upon you but—"

He said, "Get yourself down here . . . wait a minute . . . make it about twelve-thirty, will you? We'll have a talk and then I'll feed you. . . . It will be swell seeing you. . . ."

Tony Dennison was just as Linda remembered him, sitting across the desk in the office he shared with two young lawyers, both of whom were absent when Linda arrived. He said heartily, "You look fine. How are your dad and your mother . . . ?"

"They're well," she said.

He said, "My mother's here with me now. . . . I told you, didn't I, that I expected her? She runs my apartment, and my life, for me. You must have dinner with us soon." He leaned back in his chair and his eyes sobered. He said, "I was sorry to learn from your letter that your engagement had been broken, but then I wrote you that."

That's what he thought. Wonderful to be with someone who thought that. Cynthia too. Linda said evenly, "It's all right, Mr. Dennison . . . best thing all around."

"Must we be formal?" he inquired, an eyebrow raised. He added, "You might have kept the silver bowl. . . . It was for you, you know."

She said, "I couldn't, naturally," and smiled to soften that. She added, "I wonder if . . . do you think there's a chance for me here . . . ?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said cautiously. "We'll talk about things over a luncheon table. Afterward, I want you to meet the woman who handles our stenographic and secretarial personnel—Miss Covert. She's something of a tartar but you'd get on with her."

AT LUNCHEON Linda told him where she was living. She added that if she got the job she contemplated a night course in law.

"You?" said Tony, staring at her . . . "But . . ." He shook his head. He added sadly, "Good Lord, you've changed."

"Perhaps," said Linda.

"You don't really want to be a lawyer, do you?" he persisted. "I can't imagine . . . that is . . ."

"Not particularly," she said. "I mean I haven't any special desire to pass bar examinations and go into practice. But the more I learn the more chance I'll have in, for instance, your office."

He was still shaking his head. He said, "Well, more power to you, but you've picked a pretty stiff schedule for yourself. Better see how things go at the office first."

"If I get the job."

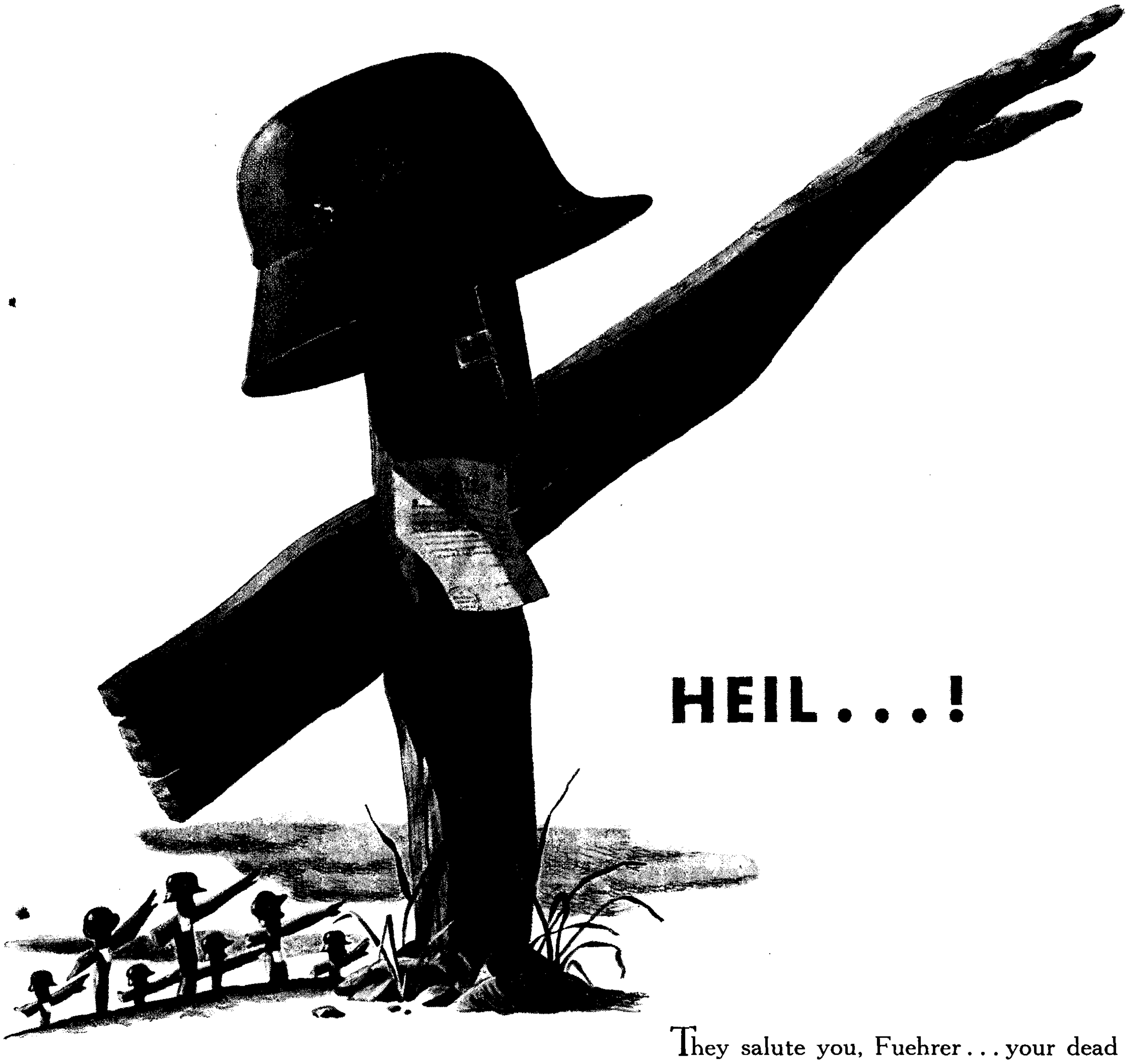
"Oh, you'll get it," he prophesied, blithely. "We need bright gals. I've already spoken to Miss Covert. But I wanted to keep you dangling for a little. We'll go back there after lunch and make the fatal arrangements."

They were walking back to the office when he said, too casually, "By the way, funny thing, I ran into Rix Anderson the other day. . . . A gal I knew threw a party, and he was there and—and—"

"Peg," said Linda as quietly as she could.

"Sure," said Tony, with evident relief . . . "She—they were looking very well," he added inanely.

"That's good," Linda told him. She



# HEIL . . . !

They salute you, Fuehrer . . . your dead warriors.

They died . . . for what? Not Victory, for today the legions of decency are growing ever stronger.

Here in America, millions of peace-loving citizens are willingly skimping on food . . . going without gasoline . . . working and investing their savings to defeat you.

Our vast industrial plants are pouring out munitions in ever greater quantity.

From The Texas Company's refineries alone are coming millions of gallons of powerful 100-octane aviation gasoline . . . toluene for making "block-busting" bombs and shells . . . vast quantities of other war fuels and lubricants.

Our armies have just begun to show their real strength. Our civilians are setting new records of production. To put an end to your militarism and murder. To restore the right to *live* in peace and freedom.

**THE TEXAS COMPANY**

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF & SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE & TEXACO MOTOR OILS

TEXACO

REG.T.M.

# JUST RUN THROUGH THESE PATTERNS FOR DAD!

★ Maybe your Pop is a finicky fellow when it comes to tie patterns and tie quality.

Well, a sure way to get him what he wants is to run through the Arrow collection of fine ties, and pick out his favorites!

For Arrow makes more *smart* tie patterns than you can wave a shillelagh at!

These Arrows will measure up to Pop's best—regardless of what he's been paying for ties!

Arrow Ties are all (1) long-lasting, (2) wrinkle-resisting, (3) make a honey of a knot every time and — remember this — (4) tops in quality and style. $1, $1.50. *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.*

## ARROW TIES $1 AND $1.50

*As outstanding as Arrow Shirts*

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

thought, ashamed and desolate: So, after all, he knows.

She said, aloud, sturdily, "I didn't explain, in my note. I didn't think it would matter, or that you'd ever know. But if you have seen them . . . then you do, of course. I mean, someone must have told you—your hostess perhaps. She'd say, 'This is Rix and Peg Anderson . . . they're bride and groom . . .' "

Tony was considerably embarrassed. Linda did not look at him but she could sense it in his voice, as if his voice blushed. He said, clearing his throat,"Sure, something of the sort."

"I don't suppose it matters," said Linda after a moment, "but it wouldn't be difficult to go a step further and discover just *when* they were married—which was a week before . . ."

She stopped and swallowed. Tony thought: Poor kid! What the devil's wrong with Rix Anderson? . . . As if this youngster isn't worth six of that beautiful—

How would he feel, he wondered, if his girl ditched him shortly before a contemplated marriage? Not that Nelda Heron was his girl yet. . . . But because he had suddenly fallen in love, not so long ago, he felt very tender toward Linda Wheaton whose man had fallen out of love with her.

"Don't let it throw you," he advised uneasily. "I—"

She said, "If I wanted to, I could tell you that I broke it off and that Rix turned around and married Peg out of pique. But you wouldn't believe that, would you, after seeing them together? And I won't let it throw me, Tony. You'll see. You get me the job and watch my smoke. . . . That's all I want. A job and a chance to work at it, with everything in me. . . . And if you dare feel sorry for me—"

He said, gently, "I'm a lot sorrier for Anderson, who didn't know his luck."

◆

THE Wall Street offices of Ralston, Hammond, Evans & Powell looked out over water and up into sky. The building which housed them soared fantastically high into heaven. And the atmosphere which surrounded them was upper-income bracket, and therefore often equally blue.

These were offices with dignity, a certain restrained charm and a soothing quality. When the elevator discharged you in the corridor and you were faced with the closed doors, glittering with names, you might know a moment's hesitation, but once you had entered the reception room, hesitation fled. You had come, you knew, to the right place and the right people for consolation, reparation, advice. . . .

Linda Wheaton looked at the calendar on her desk. It informed her that the month was now May and the date well along. She had entered the firm's employ on the Monday following her introduction to Miss Covert and had served a sort of roving apprenticeship as the firm had long employed the now familiar Washington method of maintaining a stenographic pool. The partners and the junior partners—whose several names did not appear in gold letters on the outer door—had their own secretaries, tried and true. But there were half a hundred young lawyers, neither senior nor junior partners, who toiled within the firm and they needed secretarial services.

Late in March, Mr. Powell's secretary became ill. Linda was therefore sent to the Powell office, an impressive dugout, merging all the better aspects of a costly mausoleum, Grand Central Station and the Public Library, as a substitute during Miss Peters' first absence, which endured a week. Andrew Powell she found just as her father had described him, small, dapper, charming and exceptionally clever.

She had performed her duties satisfactorily for some days, until, upon a rare occasion when Mr. Powell was not in consultation or busy on the long-distance telephone, he bethought himself to ask her graciously about herself. She told him, with some reservations, which did not include the suppression of her father's name. Linda had wisely decided that to force herself upon the attention of her father's classmate would not be cricket . . . but if the proper opportunity arose, she saw no reason why the information need be withheld.

Mr. Powell was enchanted. He observed Linda with more than the usual mechanically pleasant masculine reaction to her undeniable attraction and when Miss Peters returned to her job he arranged matters so that Linda could be installed as secretary to one Mr. Thomas Yorke, a junior partner, in the trial division of the firm—a personable young gentleman with all the instincts—when not too occupied—of the well-bred wolf.

Linda was no Little Red Ridinghood. She conducted herself with propriety but not priggishness. Tony, who knew Mr. Yorke too well, emitted an occasional warning. She was seeing something of Tony. He had fulfilled his promise to present her to his mother. Linda had dined at the Dennison apartment a number of times, and Tony took her to lunch now and then when he was free. . . . "Do you think it proper?" she had inquired and he had replied, "As I am not even a junior partner no one can accuse me—or you—of office politics. Besides, we're old friends."

They both experienced their promotions, so to speak, at about the same time. First, Miss Peters resigned, on a pension, and Mr. Powell commandeered Linda's services. She was perfectly qualified. She had worked for her father long enough to be versed in at least the broader outlines of such a job, and likewise had served an apprenticeship in the firm, with a fling in the Powell office itself.

THEN, a week or so later, Tony Dennison was made a junior partner. This event had been in the offing for some time and thus did not come as a surprise, but called, nevertheless, for a celebration. Tony was, as it happened, the youngest man in the firm's employ to receive such an honor—which, on the material side, meant an excellent salary, augmented at the end of the firm's fiscal year by the partnership cut. The percentages achieved by so junior a partner were not stupendous by any means yet represented a considerable additional sum. In order to achieve his new position Tony had had to prove himself, first of all, a good lawyer and, secondly, one capable of bringing paying clients into the firm. This he had done: three of the newer, excellent accounts being due to his efforts.

In modest recognition of his own success, Tony gave a dinner . . . and Linda attended. Mr. Yorke was also there, and a number of other young men, most of them connected with the firm. Tony's charming, fragile mother was hostess and there were a number of pretty girls, among them Miss Nelda Heron, whose father, Walford Heron, of the Heron Manufacturing Company, was Tony's latest triumphant personal client, the final wedge to junior partnership.

Nelda, Linda perceived, was blond, beautiful and played the field. She also perceived that the new junior partner was almost embarrassingly smitten. With the new detachment with which she now observed other people's emotions, she wished him well and hoped he would not get hurt. She was, moreover, rather glad of this situation. For if you yourself have forsworn love and lovers, you can regard the spectacle of a man in love with someone else with friendly interest and no envy. It makes a nice basis for friendship.

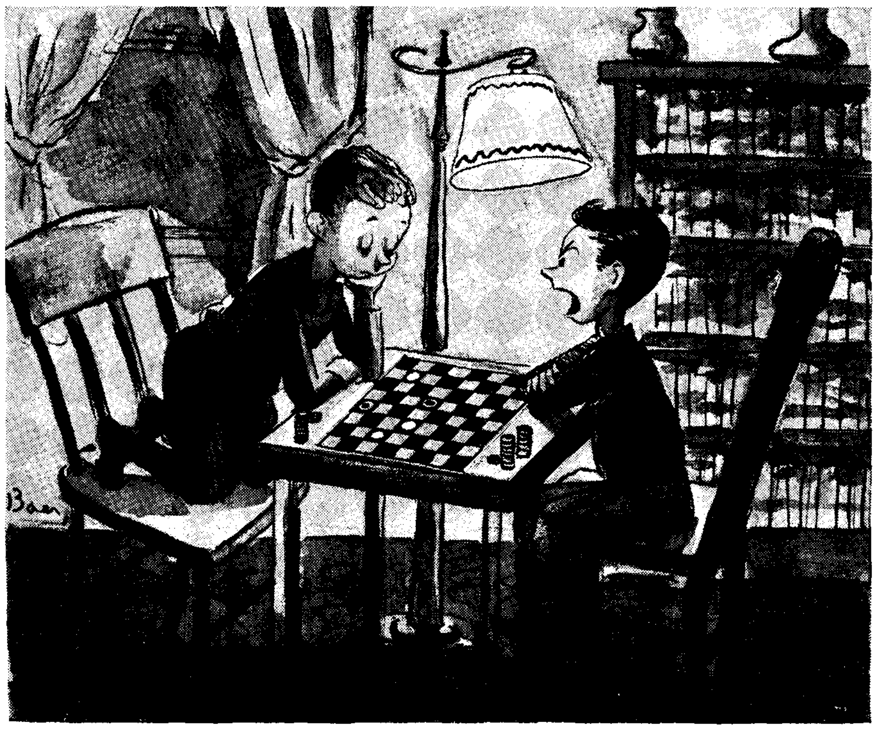
On this May morning, after looking at the calendar, Linda went into Mr. Powell's office with the opened mail. He was not present, having departed for Washington. A number of the letters she could attend to, herself. The rest must await his return.

She was back in her own anteroom, having just completed the last of her telephone calls, when Tony burst in. He said, "Hi, where's his nibs?" and Linda told him.

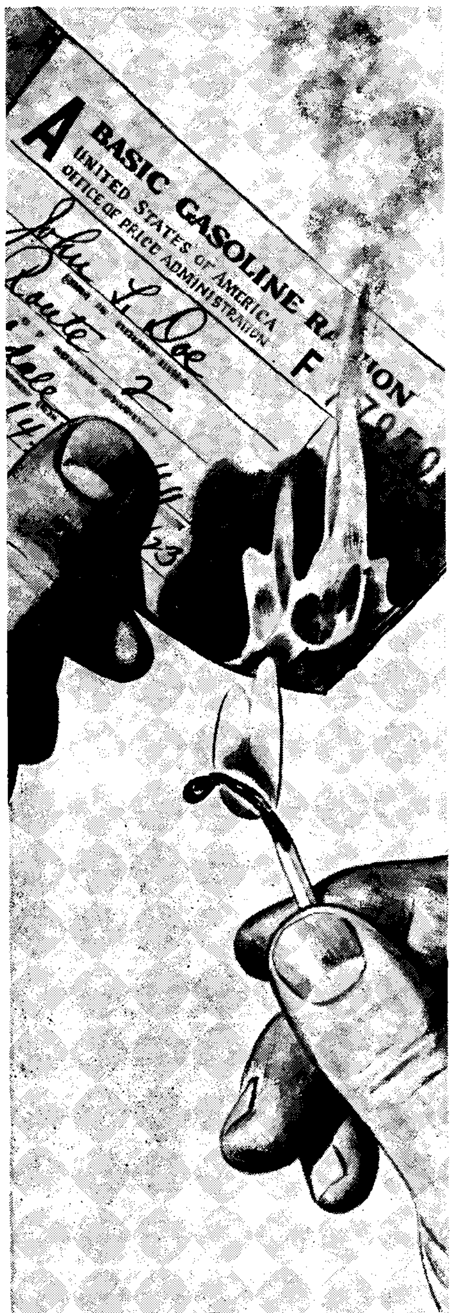
Tony raised his eyebrows. He said, "I've heard rumors . . . Well, if he goes to Washington and you go with him what shall I do . . . ? I find the mere thought unendurable. Have you heard from your mother . . . ? And that reminds me, how'd you like to spend a week end in the country?"

"Are you propositioning me?" asked Linda.

Tony looked at her and reflected a little sadly that it was not the sort of thing which Linda Wheaton would have said back last October. He regarded the very well-cut black dress, the autumn-leaf hair—short, sculptured to her small head—the subdued but effective lipstick and reflected further that she had changed in a number of ways. She had become standardized: in speech, in dress, in general appearance,



COLLIER'S "Come on, now—no thinking!" HOWARD BAER



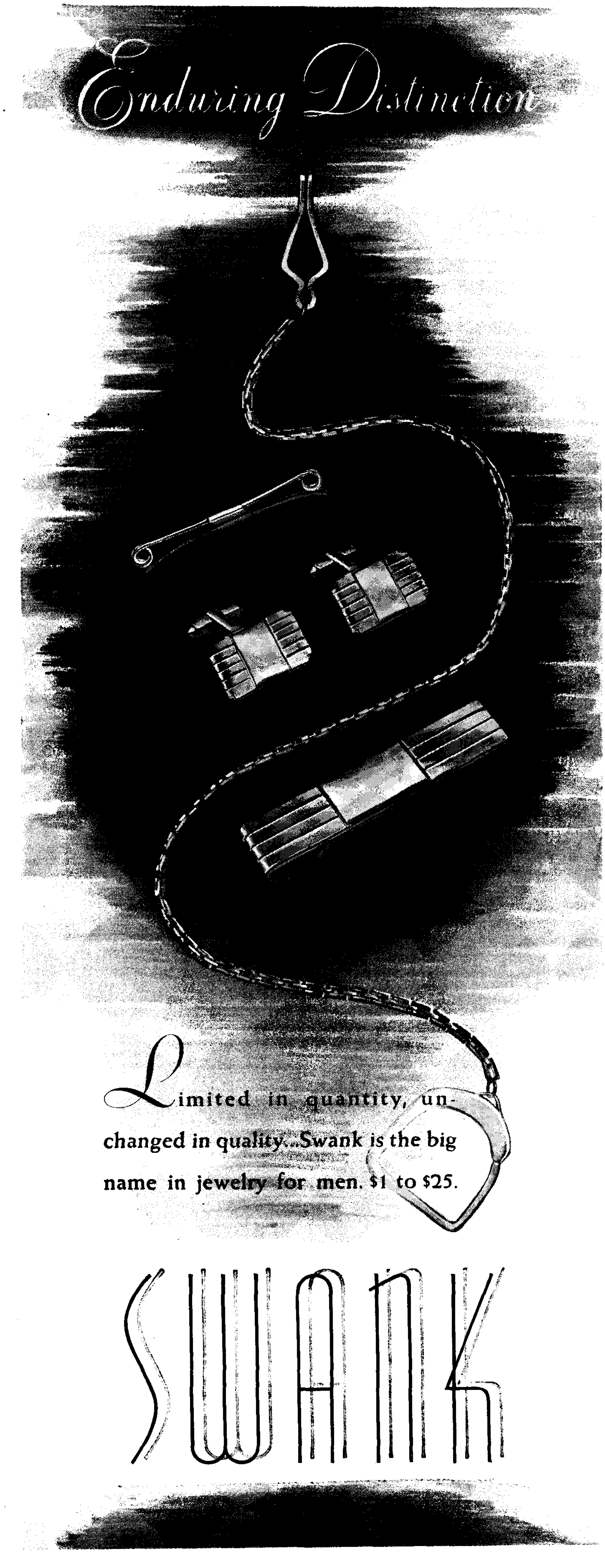
**You'll burn up less gas . . .**

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

**when you use the Classified more**

No need to drive around, hunting for the tradespeople you want. Look in the Classified section of the telephone book for that beauty shop, upholsterer, used refrigerator shop. Then go straight there.

Next time, use the Classified—in your home, your place of business or at any telephone pay station. It's the easy way.



Enduring Distinction

Limited in quantity, unchanged in quality...Swank is the big name in jewelry for men. $1 to $25.

SWANK

in—reactions. Last October she had interested and charmed him through her effortless vitality, her warmth, and the inner happiness which glowed through her as flame through crystal. Now the vitality was leashed to her job, there was little warmth, and if she was happy, she made no parade of it. He asked suddenly, gravely:

"Linda, are you happy?"

"The grasshopper mind," said Linda severely. Relenting, she smiled at him, her eyes very blue and direct. "Of course. Far happier than I deserve."

Tony frowned. He walked over to the window and regarded the flawless view. Over his shoulder he said, "And about that week end . . . ?"

"You haven't told me anything about it."

"Nelda will. She'll telephone you tonight, at the club. She's pretty tired with all these charity affairs, relief work and what not, so she's pulling out of town on Friday afternoon, late. She wants you and me to drive up with her, and Thomas Yorke. To their place in Connecticut—"

Linda, considering, said, "I don't know. I'd feel a little out of place, I think."

Tony glared at her. He said, "Back in Benfield, you weren't a snob," and she gaped at him in astonishment.

He added, more gently, "Don't be a goon, Linda. Nelda likes you, she took a great fancy to you the night of my dinner." He grinned a little and added, "Pocket your stern and rockbound pride for once and come along on this week-end shindig. I don't really believe Tom's particularly serious about Nelda—or anyone else. I noticed you diverted him very nicely the night of the dinner. So take him on, Linda, there's a good girl, and give me a clear field for once. . . ."

"Well," she said, sighing, "I'll consider it. The country would be fun."

"Horses if you want to ride, all that sort of thing," he said vaguely. "Swimming pool. It's heated . . . so, if the weather's good. . . . Anyway, she'll call you tonight. And—*won't* you go?"

Linda smiled.

"All right, Tony," she said, "I'll do it."

TONY called for Linda on Friday evening. Nelda's plans had altered several times during the week, and Linda thought, as each change was daily reported to her: You'd think that a girl who looks as she does would have a tidy mind! However, the final arrangements were that Nelda, and a young married couple who were to chaperon the week end, would go up ahead, on Friday morning. "Because if not," Nelda told Linda tragically over the telephone, "I'll be roped into that awful cocktail party Friday afternoon. . . . It's a war-relief affair and sometimes I think if I see another refugee decked out in diamonds—I suppose cocktails are their form of relief—I'll scream!"

Linda, therefore, left the office at her usual time, went to the club to change her clothes and do her last-minute pressing and packing. Cynthia Warren, wandering up to her floor on her managerial rounds, knocked, came in, and sat on the bed watching her.

"How," asked Linda, distracted, "do people dress for week ends in Connecticut when they say, don't dress, bring old clothes and in the next breath tell you that any simple long frock will do?"

She surveyed her suitcase: Slacks with which she could wear the sweater she had on under her tweed suit. The suit jacket was all right over the slacks. Her oxfords would do country duty. A crepe wool dress; a shirtwaist dinner dress, long-skirted and sleeved. Slippers, a change of shoes, her housecoat. She sat back on her heels and surveyed lingerie and stockings.

She said, frowning, "They ride and all that. I don't, so I don't have to worry about riding clothes—which I don't possess—as for swimming—"

"Who ever heard of swimming in May in this climate?" inquired Cynthia.

"Their pool's heated," said Linda absently. "Besides, it's always hot around Decoration Day."

Cynthia thought: She certainly has a lot of clothes. She reflected further that the lingerie Linda was packing had evidently not been taken out of the tissue wrappings before. There was a lot of it in the bureau drawers, which now stood open. These were the sort of things of which the average girl had a few, for evening, for best, when she came to New York job hunting. But these looked . . . these were, she saw, monogrammed. . . . She thought, suddenly: They must be trousseau. So it had gone that far. I wonder what happened and why. She said nothing, as in the weeks Linda had lived at the club, Cynthia had learned that she was not prone to bestow confidences. A curious thing, because, when Cynthia had first met her, during Linda's senior year, she had seemed such an open, direct little person.

LINDA got up, closed the suitcase, closed the bureau drawers. "Well," she said, "they'll have to do. I've put in a couple of thin blouses."

"What's she like?" asked Cynthia, suddenly.

"Who . . . ? Oh, Nelda Heron? Very beautiful," said Linda critically, "in a lean way which just escapes being haggard. It's diet, I suppose, or glands, or something. I think she was meant to be on the Juno type, her mother is—a very impressive woman, handsome, with lots of façade, if you know what I mean. But Nelda's like a squirt of vichy. She has beautiful hair, which she's never cut—that is, it's shoulder length, and there are interesting hollows under her cheekbones. Tony said she was Glamor Girl Number One the year of her debut. That was some time ago, I suppose, she's about twenty now, maybe twenty-one. I don't know. But they come out early here, don't they?"

"Very early. Cradle to Stork Club. The other way around would be more appropriate, I think," said Cynthia, laughing.

Linda looked in the mirror, remade her mouth, ran a comb through her hair. "Now that I'm going," she said, "I wish I weren't."

Silly, she reflected, they'll all be strangers except Tony and Tom. No one knows about me except Tony, and I don't mind him knowing—much.

Tony arrived in a small car, and they drove out of the city along the green parkways and turned off the Merritt at Norwalk to have dinner at the Inn on the Silvermine River. "We'll take the back roads from now on," said Tony. "It's slower, but more fun. I told Nelda that it would be foolish to plan dinner at Heroncrest."

"What!"

"Absurd, isn't it?" he agreed blandly. "But that's what they call it. . . . I didn't know if I'd be held up at the last minute. As you know—or should, if a few months with our sainted firm has taught you anything."

WITH sunset it had turned cool and was not quite warm enough to eat outdoors, and in one of the big fireplaces, logs snapped pleasantly. They had a cocktail in the small lounge, and Linda admired the figure of the demure woman standing at the bar . . . in direct defiance of the old Connecticut laws. She was life size, and the bartender had placed something which looked like an authentic drink close to her hand. The big rooms were hung with the unlikely portraits of bygone generations, cadaverous children and grim family groups. A thousand relics of other years decorated walls and rafters: ancient inn signs, wooden pestles, innumerable bits of hardware, the outlived usefulness of which was hard to fathom.

Between cocktail and dinner they went out on an unroofed porch, the trees growing up around it, and looked at the little river below them, widening into placidity, the trees leaning down from either bank. The stars shone down in the magical dusk, which was not quite night, and swans floated on the surface, as effortless as dreaming, close to the edge of the little dam over which the river fell with a soft rushing of waters to the rocks below.

"It's lovely," said Linda, "and so peaceful. . . ."

Tony said, "It's a funny thing. I knew Mr. Heron, of course. . . . I met him early last summer at Piping Rock. I was out there with some friends. . . . That's how the whole business started, and very good too. Later although I was at his house innumerable times I still hadn't met Nelda. She was usually off somewhere. Then one Sunday, oh, shortly after I was in Benfield, he drove me up here for luncheon. She was in the car. Afterward we went on to Heroncrest for the afternoon. The place is never closed, there are always caretakers there, but the reinforcements, so to speak, had all been moved back to town, by then."

LINDA thought: He'll always love it here because this is where he first knew her. She wondered just when he had fallen in love with Nelda. . . . She thought, miserably, that there was no special place with which she associated Rix Anderson, except all of Benfield. Not that they hadn't had their favorite haunts for lunching and dancing and dining. The Crag, for instance, high in the mountains . . . a sprawling, precariously perched log cabin, with great fires and wonderful food, and in summer, a good orchestra, from town. . . .

She said abruptly, "Hadn't we better go back to our table . . . ?"

The place was filling up, becoming crowded. It was lucky that Tony had telephoned first.

After dinner they went out, the boy brought their car from the parking place and they started off over the twisting, tree-bordered roads which smelled of spring. And then somewhere between Ridgefield and Redding, Tony turned off expertly and they traveled a rather bumpy and narrow road which turned and turned again and finally brought them to the open iron gates of Heroncrest, set high upon a ridge.

The house was of stone, and enormous. The car lights shone briefly on gardens, coming into spring flower . . . "The pool's beyond," Tony explained, "behind that hedge." The trees stood back a little from the house; there was a flagstone terrace. Lights welcomed them, and as they went in and servants took their bags, Nelda came to meet them.

"We thought you were never coming," she said, in her slow, husky voice, and drew them into the warmth and flower-filled space of the big hall. "We're just having coffee," she went on, gesturing toward the living room. . . . "Have you infants had dinner?"

"At Silvermine," said Tony.

"You could have come on out," she said, somewhat disapproving, smiled and took Linda in charge. "I'll take you to your room," she said. "Tony, your regular room's ready for you and you know the way."

Apparently, thought Linda, Tony had been here often . . . since last autumn.

The gracious stairs curved upward, a landing with a huge picture-frame plate-glass window interrupting them. Linda's room, when they reached it, was charming. A fireplace held logs to which a match had been touched recently. The color scheme was strange and striking, clear, pale turquoise and sudden unexpected notes of bright cherry. The bathroom had built-in dressing tables, an immense tub, a shower behind glass and an array of bottles and jars which would have done Hollywood justice.

Nelda was tall and terribly thin in a long black dress. Her hair was remarkable, the pure, flawless gold seen so rarely out of childhood, and it fell about her pointed face, colorless but for the wide red mouth, as heavy and sleek and shining as satin. She said, "Don't bother to change, Linda, unless you'd rather. Come down and have coffee and—you don't know the Prestons, do you? . . . We'll play contract or something," she said vaguely, "and I suppose people will drop in. They usually do. Tom's going to be late."

Linda, left alone, washed, did over her face, and put on the crepe frock. A glimpse through the living-room archway had informed her that Mrs. Preston hadn't dressed. When she went down, it was with the utmost reluctance. She didn't belong here, she thought. She wished she had not come. She could imagine Nelda explaining her to the Prestons . . . "Works in Tony's office . . . such a nice little thing . . ."

In Benfield, in her own place, she had been perfectly secure and self-confident . . . until last winter. But this was alien territory. Here she had no background, no solid wall against which to lean. Here, no one knew her, or cared. She thought fiercely: Well, you idiot, isn't that what you wanted, isn't that why you left Benfield?

The Peter Prestons were amiable and attractive people in their thirties. Peter was something or other in the Heron firm; his wife, Ann, was small, English, and very pretty. After the introductions and while Linda was drinking coffee and Tony was prowling around the enormous room he asked, "What happened to Tom Yorke? . . . I thought he'd be here."

"Blowout," said Nelda, "or at least that's what he said. He left town late, said he'd get something to eat on the way." She shrugged. "You know how he is . . ."

They were listening to the radio, and a servant was setting out a card table when Yorke arrived with a great screeching of brakes and came romping into the house. He was, Linda had long since decided, one of the oddest men she had ever met. A very brilliant young trial lawyer—an "A" man in his law classes—yet he appeared, on the surface, utterly irresponsible. But she knew his office record, which was difficult to reconcile with a number of things.

He embraced his hostess, patted Linda fondly on the head and told Ann Preston that the only reason he had left town—as he loathed the country—was in order to see her again.

He had a cup of coffee and two stiff drinks and suggested that the others play contract. "Linda and I," he remarked, "can sit this one out." There was a huge, screened sun porch beyond the living room, and he suggested that the radio might afford some dance music. . . .

THE evening passed in a kaleidoscopic manner. Neighbors came trooping in, several varieties of them . . . pretty young girls, two of them identical twins, a couple of stalwart boys who looked as if they should be in college but had probably graduated some years ago, a woman who looked more like a horse than a human being, a completely remote gentleman with a white beard who was probably her unfortunate husband. Another card table was set up, the identical twins took over the sun porch with their escorts. Drinks appeared and, later, sandwiches. Tom Yorke challenged Linda to table tennis in the game room downstairs and spent the entire time leaning on the table and inquiring plaintively why she never gave him a tumble. He said, "Just my luck to have you assigned to Powell. I'd spend more time in my office if they'd left you there."

*(To be continued next week)*

I'm asking for it_for Father's Day_

Give my neck a break!

I hate to look like this . . . or feel like this

. . I want to be both smart looking and comfortable in a Van Heusen Shirt!

To Dad—on Father's Day

*Would you like a fine shirt that always looks dressy?*
*With a wonderful collar that never gets messy?*
*A shirt you can treasure, cold weather or hot?*
*—We hope that you'll like it, 'cause that's what we got!*
VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS

**Van Heusen white shirts end collar troubles with collars woven . . . not just sewed . . . to fit the human neck**

Dad craves comfort. *You* want him to dress like a father to be proud of. So give him Van Heusen white shirts for Father's Day!

The Van Heusen shirt collar is soft and comfortable. Looks starched, but isn't. Can't wilt, can't wrinkle, can't pucker in ironing. Stays neat and fresh all day. Van Heusen Shirts are Sanforized and laundry-tested, excellent quality throughout.

This Father's Day *give his neck a break* Give Dad Van Heusen Shirts. Phillips-Jones Corporation, New York.

*Van Heusen Shirts come in a wide variety of patterns and collar styles.*

BETTER BUY VAN HEUSEN IF YOU WANT A BETTER SHIRT

*Van Heusen Shirts*
**$2.25** *and up*

Van Heusen Shirts

*SHIRTS · COLLARS · TIES · PAJAMAS · SPORTSWEAR*

Have you heard this about Bendix... Judge... Crosby?

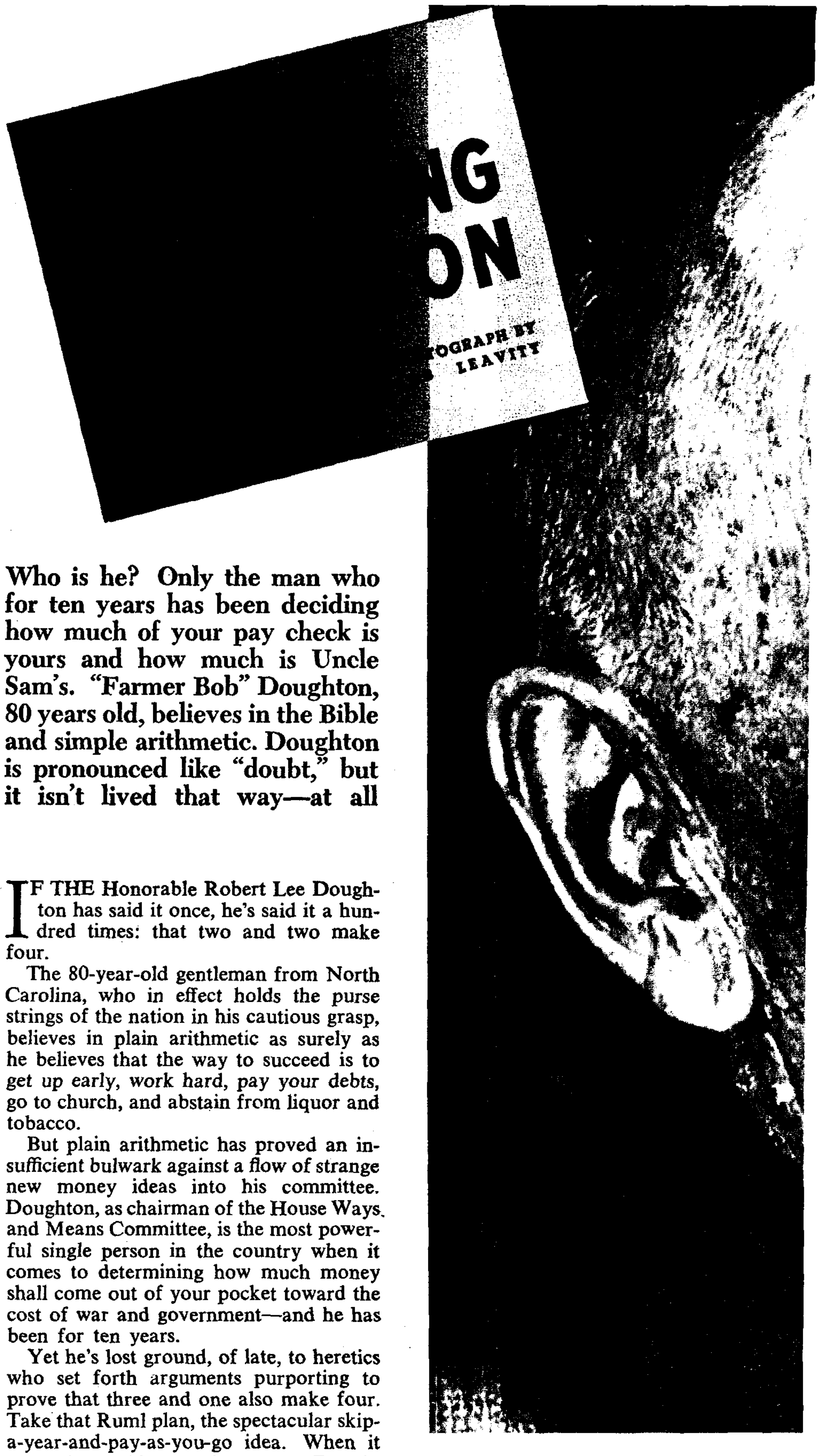
**WILLIAM WAS ONCE** bat boy for the New York Giants. Now he's making hits as a movie star (Latest: Hal Roach comedy, "Taxi, Mister"). About Regents, he says: "The importance of value is greater today than ever. Regent means extra value because it's King Size—over 20% longer."

**ARLINE IS A COLLECTOR** of perfume bottles, has a passion for perky hats. She calls the Regent crushproof box "wonderful," says it's "like a custom made cigarette case, fits easily in pocket or purse." Keeps cigarettes fresh, too. Try Regents—and see Arline in Hal Roach's "The McGuerins from Brooklyn."

**BOB WOULD LIKE TO BE** a lawyer, if he couldn't sing and lead his band. He's also keen on handball, flying and the better taste of Regents. You'll enjoy Regents, too. Their choicer tobaccos are *specially selected* for finer flavor. And Regents are so gentle to your throat!

**ALL THREE AGREE** that Regents are a milder smoke! Multiple Blending does it. This exclusive Regent process is your assurance of a smoke that's smooth as silk—always gentle to your throat! Try Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

REGENT
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
REGENT
Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make REGENT
The milder, better-tasting cigarette!



**Who is he? Only the man who for ten years has been deciding how much of your pay check is yours and how much is Uncle Sam's. "Farmer Bob" Doughton, 80 years old, believes in the Bible and simple arithmetic. Doughton is pronounced like "doubt," but it isn't lived that way—at all**

IF THE Honorable Robert Lee Doughton has said it once, he's said it a hundred times: that two and two make four.

The 80-year-old gentleman from North Carolina, who in effect holds the purse strings of the nation in his cautious grasp, believes in plain arithmetic as surely as he believes that the way to succeed is to get up early, work hard, pay your debts, go to church, and abstain from liquor and tobacco.

But plain arithmetic has proved an insufficient bulwark against a flow of strange new money ideas into his committee. Doughton, as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, is the most powerful single person in the country when it comes to determining how much money shall come out of your pocket toward the cost of war and government—and he has been for ten years.

Yet he's lost ground, of late, to heretics who set forth arguments purporting to prove that three and one also make four. Take that Ruml plan, the spectacular skip-a-year-and-pay-as-you-go idea. When it popped up in his committee room, Doughton's peace flew out of the window. He called it immoral to talk of forgiving the taxpayers the $10,000,000,000 they owed their government. The Rumlite contention, that the government actually would not lose any revenue, irritated him beyond measure. "You mean to say that if I owe you $1,000 and never pay you, you're not out anything? As well say two and two make one and be done with it."

Doughton, a practicing Baptist, pays his own debts and thinks you should pay yours, and no quibbling, especially taxes. "I pay my taxes, and gladly, to the government which protects me, my family, my country, my civilization. I pay them just as willingly as I contribute to my church."

"Muley" they call Doughton, and "muley" he was through weeks of hearings and debate, hunching all six-feet-two of his powerful frame to lines of stubborn resistance. All he'd learned from his hard-working boyhood, from his life as farmer, country-store proprietor, banker, and the bill-paying father of three children, cried out against the financial heresy advocated by Ruml.

Doughton lives by the proverbs and, to his mind, the Ruml idea outraged at least three of his favorites: "Waste not, want not," "A bird in hand . . ." and "Honesty is the best policy."

"Double-or-nothing" Doughton was the new nickname he earned for his determination to collect everything collectible, even if it involved double taxation. A Rumlite on his own committee said, "I think the chairman's trouble is, he's a banker, and once a banker gets a man's name on a piece of paper, he'll pursue him into the other world, if necessary, to collect." In the end, Doughton was forced to retreat.

The defeat meant a loss of prestige for him and his committee. That loss may weaken committee leadership in dealing with other tax problems.

The chairman had to take sharp criticism during the long-drawn-out fight. The press which generally had spoken well of him as "a David Harum for horse sense," "the best man in Congress to sit on the fiscal safety valve," "an authentic specimen of what we used to believe in," now turned on him, said he was old, stubborn, incompetent. Editorials bewailed the seniority rule which brought a man like Doughton to a position of such power, without regard to his fitness.

"I won't answer back," said the chair-

man, the extent of his hurt showing in the droop of his mouth. "I'm not looking for advertising, publicity, or glamor. I try to do my job. I don't boast. I don't complain. The people wouldn't have elected me seventeen times, would they, unless they thought I was doing all right?"

Doughton is sure of his ground there. To the people of the Ninth District of North Carolina, who have kept him in Congress for thirty-three years come this summer, he is a hero, a fixed pole of dependability in a war-crazed world.

### The Folks Back "Farmer Bob"

They like everything about him, including his crotchety ways, his Farmer's Almanac philosophy. Besides, they look around them and see WPA schoolhouses, post offices and armories blossoming profusely through the nine counties of his district, population around 250,000. They look at the fine 450-mile Blue Ridge Highway, which would have been called Doughton Highway, if the Senate had not overruled a unanimous House. They remember the 100 miles of creeks Doughton had dredged to prevent the spread of malaria fever.

Doughton is a nonsmoker, a nondrinker. He says, "I am tolerant of those who indulge, as I hope people are tolerant of my faults." But as for liquor: "I couldn't see how it would help me, and I saw a thousand ways for it to injure me, ruin me, destroy me." As for poker: "I don't want to take a man's money without giving him something in return." As for swearing, the chairman is against it, though in moments of high exasperation he has been heard to exclaim, "Gol dern it." As for movies, frivolous reading and late hours: "Those things are all right for people who can lie abed till seven. I have to get up in the morning to get my work done."

The chairman likes his little joke. When he returns to his apartment of an evening, he'll say to the elevator boy, "Well, Brooks, I've got the weather in fine shape now. See that you keep it that way." Next morning, if it's raining, he'll say, "Well, Brooks, I see I can't trust you with the weather."

He is known as a man who never does anything for fun. But once, while on an official trip to the Philippines, he shot darts. The trip, he said, was "educational,

*(Continued on page 69)*

No Meat for Dogs!
Photo Robt. Keene New York
JUST ADD WATER—AND FEED
Keep 'em fed right
GAINES MEAL
GAINES FOOD CO. INC.
SHERBURNE NEW YORK

**KEEP 'EM FED RIGHT WITH GAINES!**

If you've been in the habit of feeding meat to your dog, your rationing board can't help you now . . . but Gaines can! You see, Gaines contains *dehydrated meat meal!*

What's even more important, Gaines also contains Vitamins A, $B_1$, $B_2$ (G), $B_6$, D, E, Niacin, Pantothenate, minerals, and all other food factors dogs are known to need. *Just add water to Gaines* and you need nothing else to keep dogs fed right!

**GAINES**

**YOUR DOG WILL LIKE GAINES!** Surveys actually show that 9 out of 10 dogs like Gaines—right from the start! Equally important, dogs keep on eating Gaines without tiring of its taste. Today, see how *easily* this appetizing, nutritious dog food can solve your meat-feeding problem. Write for a free sample supply of Gaines . . . or buy a bag of Gaines from your favorite dealer. You'll risk nothing. Gaines is sold under a money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

**FREE SAMPLE *awaits your dog!***

Just send your name and address on a penny postcard to Gaines, Box C-6, Sherburne, New York, and you'll be sent a liberal sample supply of Gaines Dog Food—FREE. Why not write for yours *right now!*

5-LB. BAG FEEDS THE AVERAGE HOUSE DOG FOR ABOUT 3¢ PER DAY!
★ GAINES BAG SIZES
2-LB.
5-LB.
10-LB.
25-LB.
THE BIGGER THE BAG, THE MORE YOU SAVE

Copr. 1943, Gaines Food Co., Inc.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
Choice of U. S. Antarctic Expedition . . . NOW FED BY U. S. ARMY
Official Photo— U. S. Antarctic Service

Powered

# . . by Ford!

## The Nation's No. I Producer of Heavy-Rated Aircraft Engines Delivers Power Plants by the Thousands for Bombers, Fighters and Cargo Planes in Action All Over the World!

EVEN before Pearl Harbor the Ford Aircraft Engine Division was turning out 2000-hp Pratt & Whitney 18-cylinder engines.

Today, Ford is the nation's largest producer of heavy horsepower aircraft engines used in the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, the speedy Martin B-26 bomber, the Curtiss C-46 cargo ship, the Navy-Vega patrol plane PV-1 and other famous fighting planes.

Ford resources and methods brought this aircraft engine plant into production in 11 record-breaking months while America was still at peace. And now, in the midst of war, *the Army-Navy "E" flies proudly from its mast—symbol of excellence in performance*—earned by work *well done,* and delivered *on time.*

Recently, in a demonstration for army inspectors, two engines—one made by Ford, the other by Pratt & Whitney—were taken apart . . . the parts scrambled . . . then reassembled. Under severe tests both engines gave top-flight performance. If there had been a variation of even a fractional thousandth of an inch at certain points such a feat would have been impossible. This proves that mass-produced parts—the first and the millionth—are precision twins differing from others only in cost.

Throughout Ford plants today, long production lines are delivering the latest models in armaments . . . Consolidated Liberator bombers, tanks, tank destroyers, gliders and jeeps. On some of these projects Ford has plenty of *extra capacity* to produce even *more weapons* if needed.

America's arms output has swelled tremendously in two years. Mastery of mass-production is one reason. Hard work is another. But no effort at home can match that of our fighting men at the front. And no effort short of *Victory can ever be enough!*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

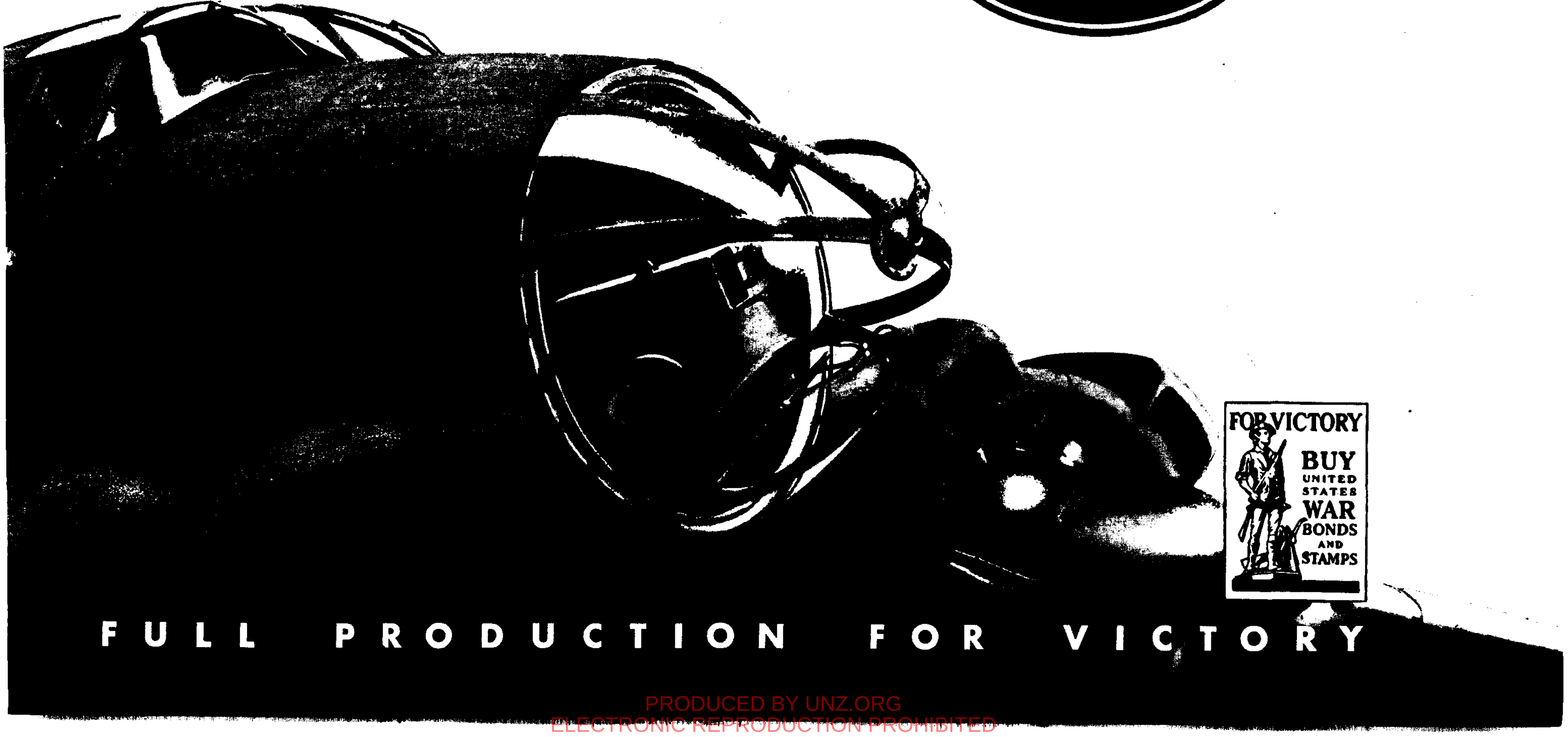
### FORD MASS-PRODUCTION LINES DELIVER FLEETS OF WEAPONS

M-4 TANKS • M-10 TANK DESTROYERS
PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT ENGINES • JEEPS
CONSOLIDATED LIBERATOR BOMBERS
TRANSPORT GLIDERS • UNIVERSAL CARRIERS
AMPHIBIAN JEEPS
ARMY TRUCKS • TANK ENGINES
TRUCK AND JEEP ENGINES
ARMOR PLATE • GUN MOUNTS
AIRCRAFT GENERATORS • TURBO-SUPERCHARGERS
RATE-OF-CLIMB INDICATORS • MAGNESIUM CASTINGS

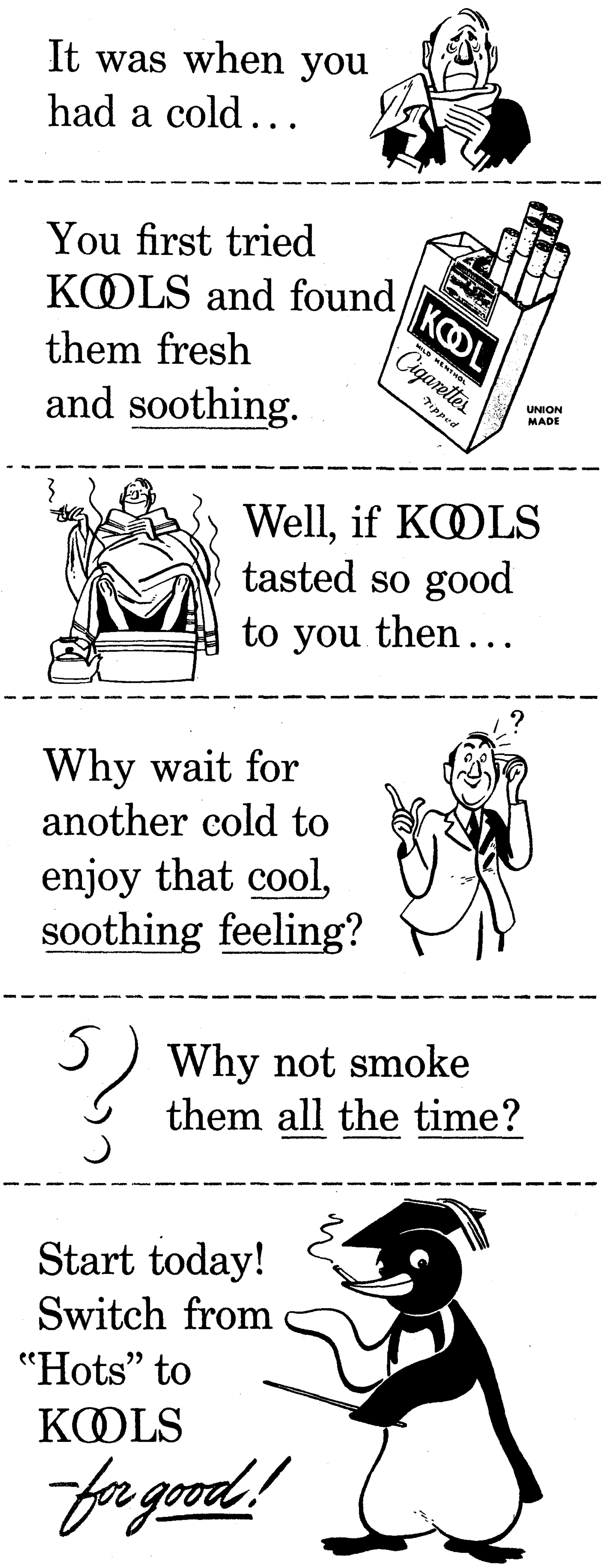
This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions.

*Listen to "Watch The World Go By" featuring Earl Godwin. Every night 8:00 p.m. E.W.T. on The Blue Network.*

Ford



FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



It was when you had a cold...

You first tried KOOLS and found them fresh and soothing.

Well, if KOOLS tasted so good to you then...

Why wait for another cold to enjoy that cool, soothing feeling?

Why not smoke them all the time?

Start today! Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS —for good!

# Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

Continued from page 20

added the fear that one of the coolies would slip on a mountain path and we'd all plunge to the rocks below. But we made it by 2 o'clock on that afternoon, May 20th.

The other boys didn't get in until an hour later. Their coolies had purposely stalled in the hope that the boys would get out of their chairs and walk. They finally made the coolies hurry by refusing to give them cigarette butts until they did hurry. The coolies arrived smoking furiously.

We started down the mountain after hurriedly stuffing a strange mixture of food in our mouths—and for interminable hours we were carried through wild but freshly verdant countryside.

It is a bad feeling to expect a burst of Japanese gunfire at every turn of a path, every clump of trees. Our winded coolies did the best they could, but it was maddeningly slow.

Late that evening, to the relief of all of us, we caught an unmistakable whiff of human excrement. We had all learned by now that this supposedly lowest of all earthly aromas was a signal of approaching safety.

You see, in the rural Chinese districts each village places three or four refuse barrels under a shed on the outskirts of the town. The barrels are partly sunken into holes in the ground and, of course, are used as public relief places. When they are filled to the brim, the Chinese uproot them, put them aside, and install empty barrels in their places. When twenty or so barrels have thus been collected the contents are carried away for use as fertilizer in rice paddies.

You are aware of the barrels sometimes two or three miles away from them. They became the suffocating, yet even welcome, milestones of our escape, for each meant a village and each village was putting us closer to Choo Chow Lishui—and a plane.

A mile or so before we reached this heady but most welcome village an emissary of the mayor came out on the trail to welcome us. He was a bright, nervous-looking Chinese with glasses. He spoke good English. He shook hands a number of times.

"I know all about you, Lieutenant," he said to me. "Corporal Thatcher came through here about a month ago. He told me everything. The other boys were with him." He meant Smitty's crew.

I asked him how they were. "Fine," he beamed. "We beat them."

I asked him to say that again.

He grinned. "We beat them. Our church basketball team challenged them and beat them by two points. A wonderful game!"

We leaned back in our chairs. "Good Lord!" Davenport said softly.

They carried us into another patio at this stop and then to a nice room upstairs in the building. There was a bowl of preserved kumquats and other sweets on a table in the room. That night, with complete disregard for the Japanese spring drive southward, the local dignitaries feasted us with chicken and pork fixed three or four different ways, several varieties of fish and a good light wine.

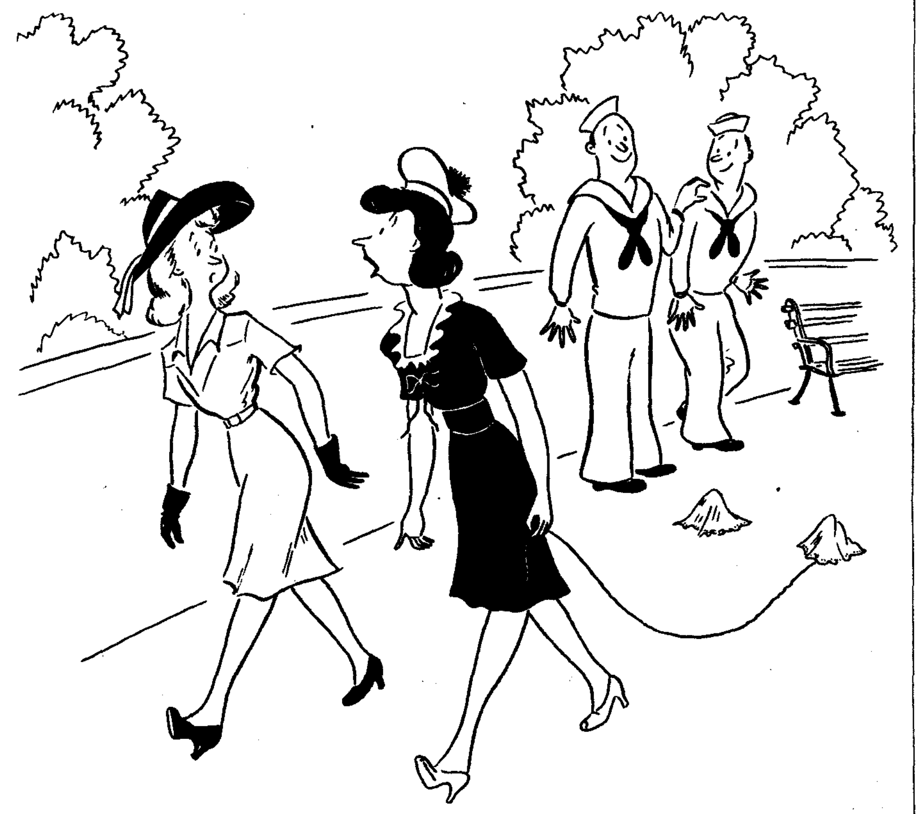
Early the next morning we went on. There was a hint of a wider trail, and the Chinese provided us with rickshas. But Doc decided that one of these would be too bumpy for me. The leg might bleed more than it was bleeding already. So I went on in the sedan chair and, as it turned out, I had less trouble than the others. They all broke down on the rough path on the way to our next village.

We didn't have much chance to forget the Japs. About noon that day while ascending the steep hill that lay between us and our day's destination, a Zero came straight at us over the ridge. I guess he was going too fast to notice us or do anything about it.

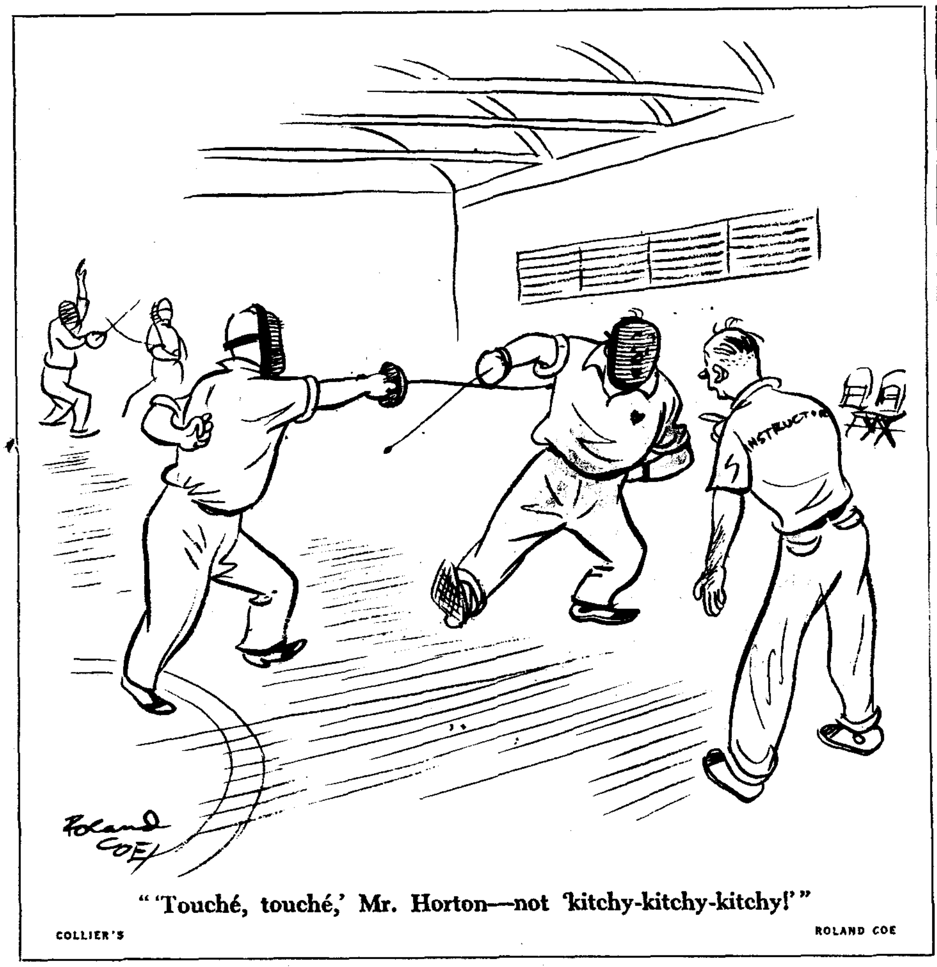
### Ordeal by Highway

We got to the village in the early afternoon, hours ahead of our next means of travel. We sat there, waiting and worrying, until dusk. Then the always magic Chinese produced a 1941 American station wagon and a Chinese charcoal-burning truck.

Doc thought it would be better for me to ride in the truck because I had to stretch out. Three quilts were put on the floor of the truck. At dark I was placed on top of them and off we went. The others, except Dr. C——, went in the station



COLLIER'S "That's in case I suddenly change my mind" ELMER ATKINS



"'Touché, touché,' Mr. Horton—not 'kitchy-kitchy-kitchy!'"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

wagon. Dr. C—— sat in the dark truck with me.

I had looked forward to this for a long, long time, but after a bit I began to pine for the sedan chair and even Charlie's stretchers. The springs of that truck just weren't springs. Every time we'd hit a bump, and we must have hit a million, I'd leave the floor. The next bump would get me coming down. I put both my hands down to hold what was left of my leg, to keep it from banging. That didn't help much. It just thumped and bled and throbbed. We kept going.

I can still hear Dr. C—— trying to comfort me. "Ah, Mista Lawrson. All right?" he'd ask in the darkness. I could only moan.

Behind us now I heard one explosion after another, regularly paced. And when I could speak I asked Dr. C—— what they were.

"Ah, Mista Lawrson," he said, sad and placid. "Japanese too close. So Chinese blow up road behind us, just after we pass . . . . I didn't want to tell you."

Late that night we stopped and when they carried me out of the truck I guess I was pretty well broken down. But I did hear them say that we had reached Choo Chow Lishui, the place where I had wanted to land the Ruptured Duck. As badly off as I was, and as filled with helpless relief as I was at the thought of reaching the end of our long journey, I still noticed how the men around us were pronouncing Lishui. We had said it something like "Lishooey," to Charlie, that night in the fisherman's hut. They were saying it "Leesh-way." No wonder Charlie didn't understand us.

All of us now called for Dr. C—— to ask him to find out about the plane. He went away and spoke for some time with the Chinese officials. Then he came back and told us that there would be no plane here. The Chinese had been forced to blow up the airport to keep the Jap planes from landing there.

I guess I must have passed out after hearing that, for I don't remember what happened for two or three hours. The next thing I remember was that I was in bed. It was dark and someone was shaking me awake. Whoever it was said it was 3 A.M. and that we had to get out of Choo Chow Lishui. The Japanese were bringing mechanized stuff over the very roads the Chinese had blown up earlier that night.

Doc dressed my stump hurriedly, throwing away the soggy bandage, and I was carried outside to a small camphor-burning bus and stretched out on the back seat. We got off a little after four, cold and hungry and hopeful that the bus would keep going.

That was a ride! We soon nicknamed the Chinese driver Johnny Beep-beep. The bus' brakes were only third in importance in his mind. The horn was first, the steering wheel second. He was the damnedest driver I ever saw. Nothing bothered him, including our yells.

We were getting out of Chekiang Province now and Dr. C—— was having trouble with the changing dialects. About 1 o'clock on that afternoon of the 22d we raced like a wraith through a town on whose gate was posted a sign showing a skull, crossbones and a rat. Dr. C—— thought it might be notice of bubonic plague in the place. But on the outskirts of the village we decided that we'd just have to eat, for we had had nothing that day. So we stopped and were relieved to find that the sign was simply a poster advertising a kind of "Kill the Rat Week" in that village.

### Signal for Air Raid

About an hour after lunch, Johnny Beep-beep brought the careening bus to a grinding stop on a yawning curve in the mountainous road. We had just passed a little settlement of eight or ten houses. We looked out. There was nothing in sight except a limitless view of rolling countryside, green with spring.

Johnny turned and said something to Dr. C——. Dr. C—— said, "Ginwah?" incredulously. We knew that meant air raid.

"But there isn't anything in sight," someone said. "Let's go on."

"No, it is better to do what the driver tells us," Dr. C—— said. We sat there about twenty minutes. It was so quiet and it seemed such a waste of time that I asked Dr. C—— to find out how Johnny knew there was an air raid. He spoke to the driver.

"He saw a warning signal in the settlement we just went through," he said.

An hour later we were ready to doubt

Never missed a day in 316 years

HAIG & HAIG
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Blended Scots Whisky
HAIG & HAIG
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
12
YEARS OLD
8
YEARS OLD

Haig & Haig

The Oldest name in Scotch

Famous since 1627

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

# Get acquainted with GOOD TASTE

MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

If you appreciate the better things, you'll like the special flavor of this fine Pilsener. Just order Blatz from your dealer today.

FOR GOOD TASTE Blatz

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
IN OUR 92nd YEAR

SPECIAL BREW
Blatz
BEER

that, and said so. Dr. C—— transmitted this to Johnny. Johnny spoke without passion. Dr. C—— translated.

"He said that he knows, from experience, that the Japanese planes will shoot any moving thing on a road. It is better to wait, he says."

The boys got out to stretch and look down the steep hill to the valley below. What they saw made them excited. I hobbled out of the bus and looked over the edge. A little river meandered through the valley. On it in countless flatboats were hundreds of Chinese families, their possessions banked around them, poling down the river in obvious flight.

We bounced on to P—— late that afternoon but couldn't find the place where we were supposed to go. We drove aimlessly through the crowded streets until nearly dark, wondering if we were just stupid or whether something had gone wrong. Then the boys spotted an elderly white woman, the only one we had seen for days. She was dressed in severe black. Davenport got out of the bus and spoke to her and found that she was the missionary we were looking for. She led us to the mission, and the officials of the town caught up with us there.

### Business as Usual

The Chinese contempt for Japan's spring offensive was a nerve-jarring but stirring thing to see in action. P—— was going about its usual routine, but you never got the impression that it was an ostrich. Everybody seemed to know the Japs were coming that way. There was no hysteria and very little emotion. The officials of P—— insisted on giving us a feast that night. When they heard that it was Clever's birthday their joy was touching and genuine. They even found ripe peaches for him.

I couldn't stay long, and after I was in bed I asked myself out loud why it was that every bed I slept in had the same overpowering smell. It must be some sort of national disinfectant the Chinese use, I said to myself. After a while I couldn't stop saying it. Doc came in and gave me more morphine. Then I could say the truth. It was my leg, not disinfectant. I had been trying to kid myself.

It was still dark when we got up on the morning of the 23d. Johnny Beep-beep was in his driver's seat, beep-beeping for us. We started off and got to a bridge, and the middle portion of it was so narrow that it didn't seem possible that we could make it. The boys got out and walked across. Johnny got out, too. He squinted across the bridge like a man aiming a rifle. Then we backed up, got a running start, and made it. We scraped on both sides and probably bulged it a little. But we made it.

You drive on the left side of the road over there. At least you're supposed to. But somebody forgot to tell Johnny about the rule. He'd go around a curve with a deep drop on our left and a precipice rising off the road on our right, and he'd scrape the precipice all the way around the bend. Of course he couldn't see what was coming the other way. That didn't worry Johnny.

I looked up once and there, coming right at us, was a big camouflaged Chinese army truck with foliage tied on the top of it. The road was very narrow. Johnny's brother must have been at the wheel of the army truck. When Johnny gave him a beep-beep, he got back a beep-beep. I shut my eyes and waited for the crash, but Johnny had gauged it just right. The camouflaged truck scraped all along our side and moved us over two or three inches on the road. Johnny didn't bat an eye or change his 30-mile speed.

The blown-up airport at Choo Chow Lishui was a blow, for we had counted so much on getting to a plane in four days after leaving L——. But when we got to Nanching about two o'clock in the morning after more than 22 hours in the bus, it was even tougher to learn at Chinese army headquarters that the field there also had been destroyed. We had talked of little else for two days except getting the plane there. Now it would have to be Kian.

There was iodine at the Nanching headquarters, the first we had seen since the crash five weeks earlier. All of us were welted and sore with bedbugs and lice. I still had the bedsores on my back. Doc dabbed all of us from head to foot.

I slept late the next day, which was Sunday. For some reason beyond our understanding we weren't going to travel that day. The Chinese army had decided we'd better not. There wasn't anything to read or do—except wonder about Ellen—so I got up and practiced with my crutches around the headquarters. I wished I had already written to Ellen.

Davenport rushed in late in the morning, bursting with news. He had met two missionaries in Nanching and had walked down to their place. They had a radio. They got a San Francisco news broadcast for Dav. The fellow on the radio had said that Doolittle was back in the States, that he had been made a general and gotten the Congressional Medal of Honor. And that everybody else on the flight was going to get either the D.S.C. or the D.F.C. Davenport couldn't make out which. Anyway, it was exciting. Not only that but the missionaries were going to come up to see us later that day and tell us their story about Hal Watson, our buddy, who had come through Nanching a month before, injured.

Just after noon, a Chinese colonel called on me in my room and brought along his phonograph and an armful of records. I told him to shoot the works and play them all, and I shifted myself into a more or less comfortable position in bed. He looked pleased as he cranked up the spring and put on a record.

### A Chinese Serenade

Then out of the horn came a thin, reedy kind of chopsticky song. It had neve occurred to me that they'd be Chinese records. The Chinese musical scale ha seven notes but there seems to be some ban against using all but three of them After a couple of records that sounded exactly alike I looked helplessly acros the room at Dr. C——. Dr. C—— was sitting there in a chair, a little dreamy-eyed his head moving back and forth keepin time with the three scraping notes.

The colonel played his records for abou two hours. I smiled at him after each one but finally after one of the records I aske him if he had an American record.

"Certainly," he said. "The best."

He reached down to the bottom of hi pile and drew out a thin platter and pu the needle on it. It had a distant, scratch melody. Now and then you could hear woman singing in a high-pitched voic Then the record would run into worn-ou spaces and only the needle noise wa heard. When it was over I asked the colonel what it was.

He looked at me, surprised. "Jeanett MacDonald, of course," he said. Then h played the rest of the Chinese record He went out of the room once and th thing ran down, but by this time th kitchen help and other servants wer standing in the doorway listening. Whe the spring would run down, one of the would leap into the room and wind it u tight again—and the records played on.

The missionaries came late in the afte noon, with cigarettes and the story abo Watson.

Watson's arm was badly dislocated wh he came through Nanching. The missio aries didn't know any particulars exce that it had happened in a parachute jum

They had tried to set the arm for Watson, but there was no anesthetic. So they gave Hal a few drinks of whisky, and when he was feeling pretty good, one of the missionaries asked him if he'd mind changing chairs. Watson walked across the room and started to sit down in the new chair.

As he did, the missionary grabbed him under the bad arm and pulled up on it as Watson dropped his weight. The missionary hoped to snap it back in place. But the pain was so great, even through the sedative of alcohol, that Watson fainted. Watson went on the next day, still in great pain.

The mosquitoes were as hungry as the bedbugs that night, and bigger and smarter. They even went after Dr. C—— and got inside of the netting around his bed. He reached out and lighted the candle near his bed and brought it inside the netting to try to smoke or burn them out. But the only thing he did was set the netting on fire.

### Battle with Fire

Dr. C—— started to curse in Chinese while he swatted out the spreading flames.

I started to laugh and couldn't stop. It must have been weakness or something, but I couldn't stop laughing.

After a while Dr. C—— came over to my bed. "Ah, Mista Lawrson," he said, regretfully. "You wake?"

We began to roll the next day. There was a new station wagon waiting for us when we got up. Doc decided that it would be better for me to ride in it sitting up, than to go on in the bus. The road was good and our time was better. We got off at 6 A.M., had lunch at 9:30 at Lingtse, where Dr. C—— bought a beautiful vase as a gift for Ellen, and headed for Kian, and the plane for Chungking, safety, and medical care.

A charcoal-engined ferryboat broke down with us that day and we drifted crazily down a stream until another ferry came after us, hooked on and stopped us until ours could be fixed. But we still made Kian at 6 o'clock that evening and put up at an AVG hostel. There was no plane. The field was gone. We were numb with disappointment . . . but one would surely be at Heng-yang.

The Flying Tigers had gone on from Kian but there was an AVG radioman there. And not only American food, but shower-baths. Two intelligent Chinese took care of our needs at the place. One was T. M. Wang, general secretary of the Officers Moral Endeavor Association. The other was Koo S-ken, interpreter for the AVG. He knew more American slang words than I did.

We sat around talking for a long time to Koo S-ken and smoking his cigarettes. He told how the Japs seemed to single out the universities and schools when they bombed Shanghai. I said that seemed like a waste of bombs.

But Koo S-ken said, "No, those Japanese are smart guys. They know that education produces leaders. So they attempted to crush the source—our universities and schools."

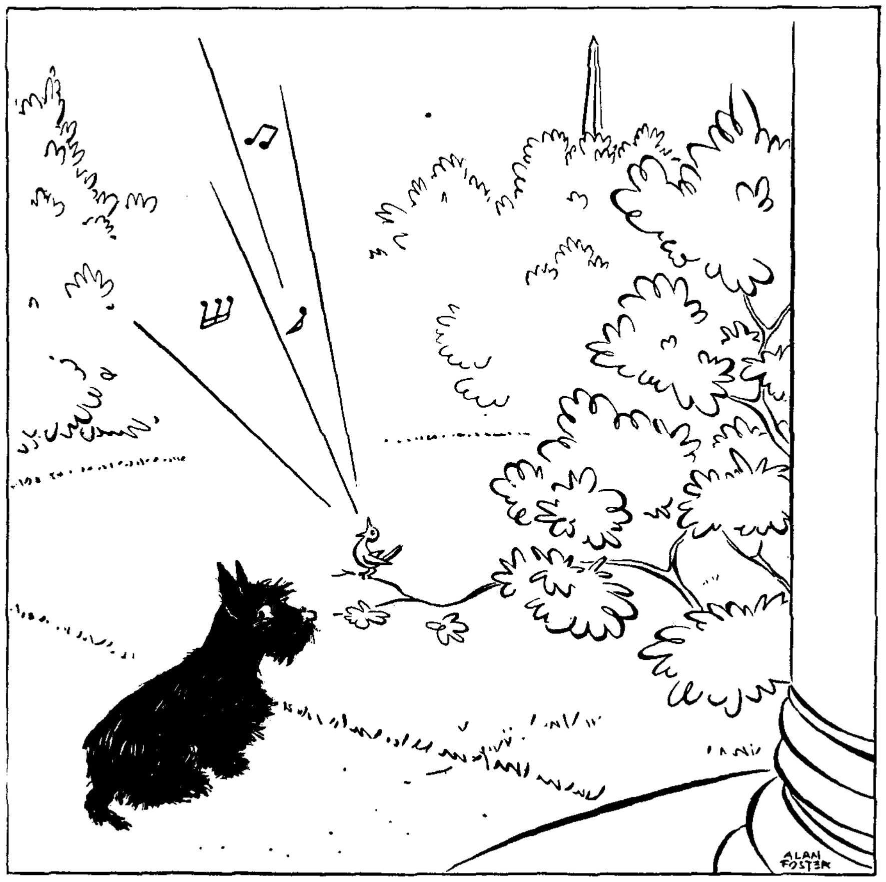
I gave him Ellen's gun that night. It was rusty by now, but he seemed to appreciate it very much.

The next day I tried the crutches a little for more practice but didn't do too well. We had an air-raid warning when a Jap observation plane flew over the city, but that was the extent of that. Dr. C—— bought Ellen a fine Chinese tea set, and Koo S-ken, who had heard about Ellen, gave me one of those Chinese silver button-symbols you see on the dress hats of Chinese kids. He told me it would bring Ellen and the baby good luck. Late the same day a Chinese colonel and his wife and daughter visited us, after we had had our first haircuts. They all knew Doolittle. He had come through Kian and they had entertained him.

On the morning of the 27th a number of high-ranking Chinese officers called on us and left their cards. The mayor of Kian arrived at 6:30 that morning to present us with embroidered shirts and new shorts.

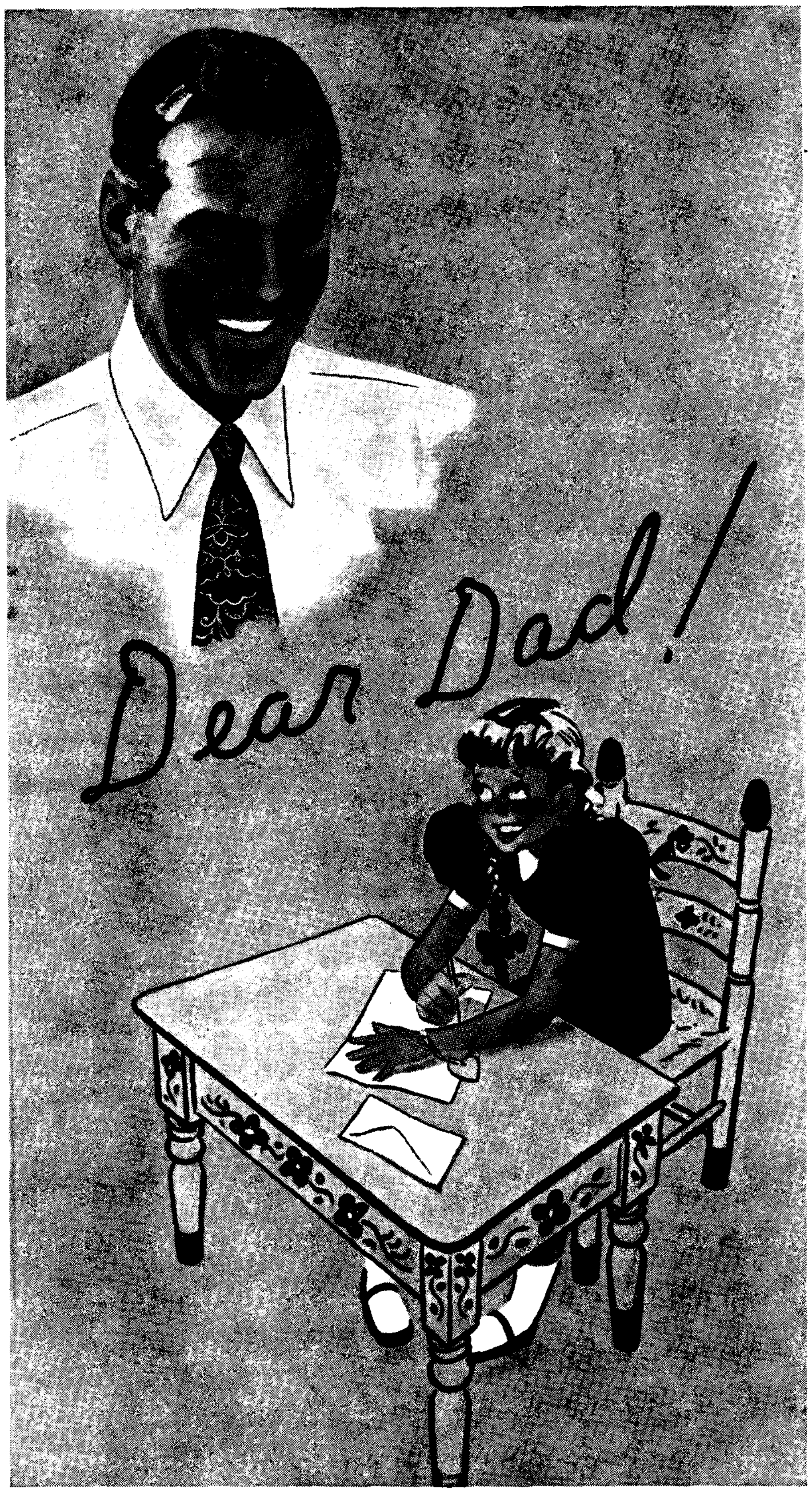
We got off about 7 o'clock, had lunch at Ning-hang and, when we stopped later in the day at a place named Cha Ling with tire trouble, we were joined by a somber Chinese soldier. As we started off with him in the station wagon he handed us Luger

**MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE** by **ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "Mr. Petrillo might not like this"

FATHER'S DAY JUNE 20TH



*"Dear Dad: You'll love these shirts and ties. Guess what! They're Manhattans, same kind you've always worn."*

Yes, Dad knows and respects Manhattan quality—it's been famous for generations. Manhattan shirts fit permanently because they're *Size-Fixt, Man-Formed,* and *Collar-Perfect.* Manhattan ties are beautifully designed and finished with fine detail in every respect.

Be sure the shirts and ties you give have the meaningful Manhattan label. It's a way of saying you're giving the best.

Manhattan
SHIRTS and TIES

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

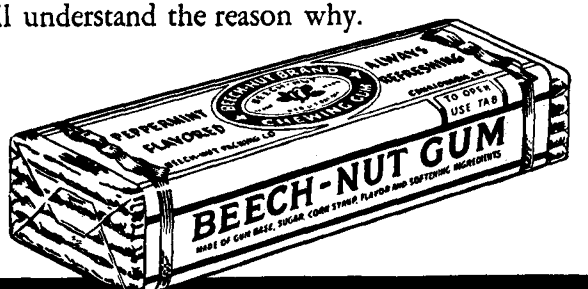
*If you have difficulty obtaining Manhattan Products, please be patient. Go to your favorite store again; shipments are made frequently.*

FIRST CALL!

YES! . . . America's soldiers, sailors and marines are getting "first call" on delicious Beech-Nut Gum.

And like you, we feel that serving our men in the services is a privilege that comes ahead of everything else.

So if there are times when your dealer can't supply you with your favorite Beech-Nut Gum, we know you will understand the reason why.



Beech-Nut Gum

*The yellow package . . . with the red oval*

automatics. Dr. C—— spoke to him for a long time and then listened while the Chinese spoke for five or ten minutes. Finally the soldier stopped.

"Bandits," Dr. C—— explained.

But we saw no bandits and pulled into Heng-yang at 9:30 that night. The Chinese soldier dutifully collected all our guns and left us.

The plane couldn't meet us at Heng-yang. The field was barricaded against Jap planes and thus against ours.

There were pictures of Doolittle, Gray, Watson and Holstrom at Heng-yang—all bearded and dirty and strange-looking. I looked at them while Doc dressed my leg and I wondered what had happened to them and the others.

### Fate of the Pagoda

We were in Heng-yang most of the next day. We learned that when Thatcher and Smitty's crew came through they got some excitement. The Japs bombed the city all three days they were there and they watched the whole thing from a pagoda on a neighboring hill. The morning they left the city they had hardly gone before the Japs were back. This time they must have known something for they bombed and machine-gunned the pagoda. It all made me more thankful than ever that even in our helpless condition our Chinese had spirited us this far along on our journey. There was never a thought of betrayal though they could have got rich by selling us.

That afternoon of the 28th we drove through the streets of Heng-yang on a sightseeing and shopping tour, looking at the holes where buildings once had been. There were a lot of stores in the city, and wide streets. The boys left me in the car, to make better time when they shopped. It was interesting, watching the people. Every beggar and every tradesman had a different kind of noisemaker or a different sounding cry to identify the thing he was selling or the urgency of his want. The people came by the station wagon in endless streams. There were always faces pressed against the window, staring at my stump and my broken mouth. And, a greater curiosity, my white face.

We were joined on the shopping tour by a Heng-yang merchant, John F. Yang, who presented me with an embroidered scroll which I treasure very much. It was his concept of the American eagle. His people had sewed and stitched all night on it. He also presented all of us with sword canes.

The train came to Heng-yang. We got aboard late in the afternoon, in an English-type compartment. We crawled and jerked through the night to Kweilin. This was our new great destination. This is where the plane would certainly be.

There was an ambulance at the station for me, but it was one of those camphor buggies and I said to hell with it. I had had enough of their springs. I rode to the AVG hostel in a station wagon.

The hostel at Kweilin was set in a woods away from the town and a mile or two from the airport. And there we had a great treat. I think I could smell that coffee a good two miles away. It was too good to be true; but there it was. I don't know how much we drank. Just then the Japs didn't seem important. We had coffee and an intact airfield.

The hostel was new and spotless. The Flying Tigers were elsewhere once again, but the radioman was there. The place had a nice lawn in front of it and separate rooms for all of us.

The plane wasn't in, but that would have been too much to expect, even of the Chinese. The AVG man said he had been in radio contact with Chungking and that the plane would be there the next day. To corroborate that, a Chinese colonel who had known Doolittle for years came to visit us that afternoon and told us he had been informed that the plane would arrive. The wrong kind of plane came the next day. Twelve Japanese bombers drummed over in close formation and bombed the city and airport.

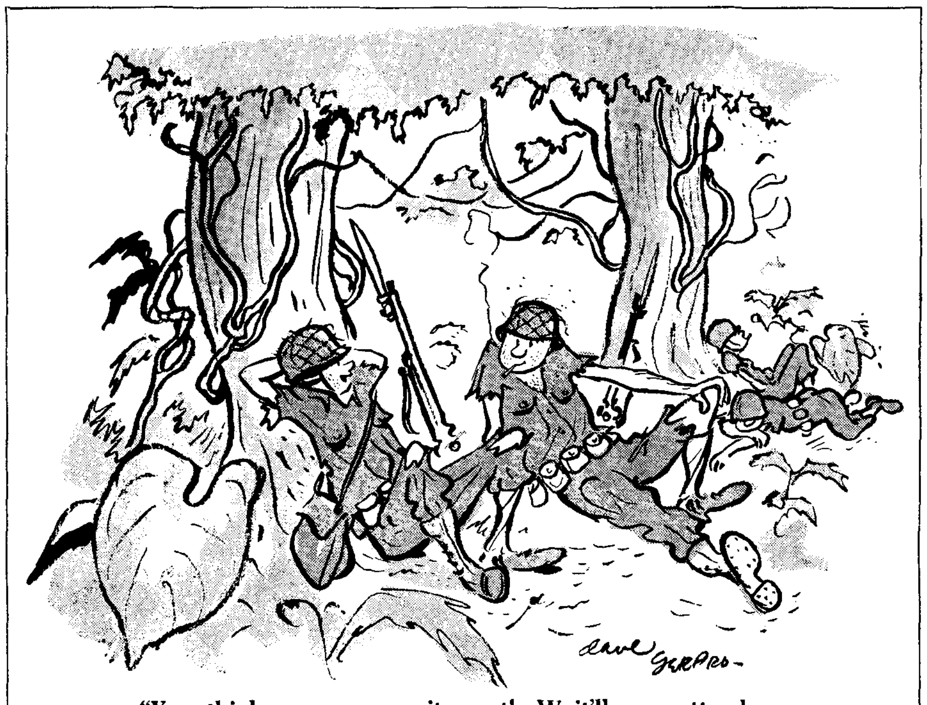
Their coming was no surprise. In their bewilderingly casual way the Chinese have an amazing system of air-raid alarms. We were having breakfast when the first warning was sounded. It was a strange sort of "siren." The noise was made by a Chinese hitting an old automobile brake drum with a spike. As soon as we found out what it meant we started to get up from the table.

"Keep your seats," the AVG man said, continuing his breakfast. "The planes have just taken off."

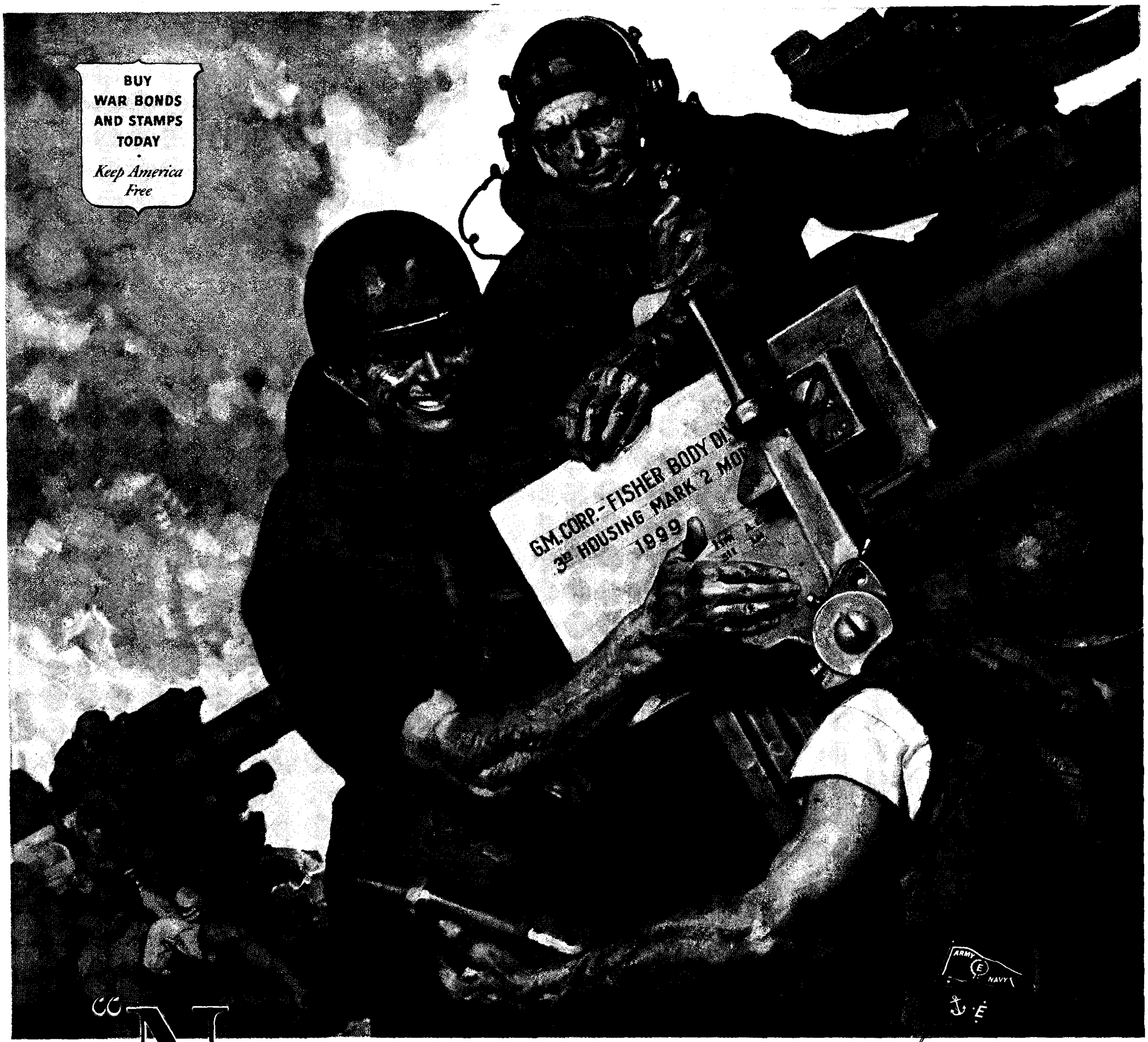
We asked him how he knew.

"I can tell by the way the fellow's beating the brake drum," he said, pretty bored about the whole thing. "You'll know when the planes get closer. He'll start beating faster and faster." And he went back to his food while we picked at ours and listened to the brake drum.

He was a nonchalant fellow, that AVG man. He had come up to Kweilin just before the Japs had broken through General Stilwell's line and overrun the country. He had gotten out with an American jeep, a Tommy-gun, a ton truck filled with gas, ammunition and food—he had a boy drive this for him while he drove the jeep—



COLLIER'S "You think you seen excitement! Wait'll you attend a few American Legion conventions after this war is over!" DAVE GERARD



# "Nice goin', baby!"

First in the automotive industry to fly the Navy "E" with three stars, Fisher has also been awarded the Army-Navy "E" for its ahead-of-schedule tank production.

So it goes, on a dozen fronts — American industry backing up American men with fire-power, with a rising flood of war tools and transport, with a heightening volume of all kinds of ordnance.

The Fisher contribution to this effort, in terms of volume, is huge. But volume alone fails to tell the whole story of the Fisher effort. For the long-acquired skills of the Fisher craftsmen are today playing a part of national importance. They have a vital and specific value of their own.

Our country's leaders realize that it takes precision men to do a job precisely — that extreme standards of mathematical exactness must be met in order to surpass the technical excellence of our enemy's war machines. And Fisher, as a precision center, has been honored with a number of very difficult assignments.

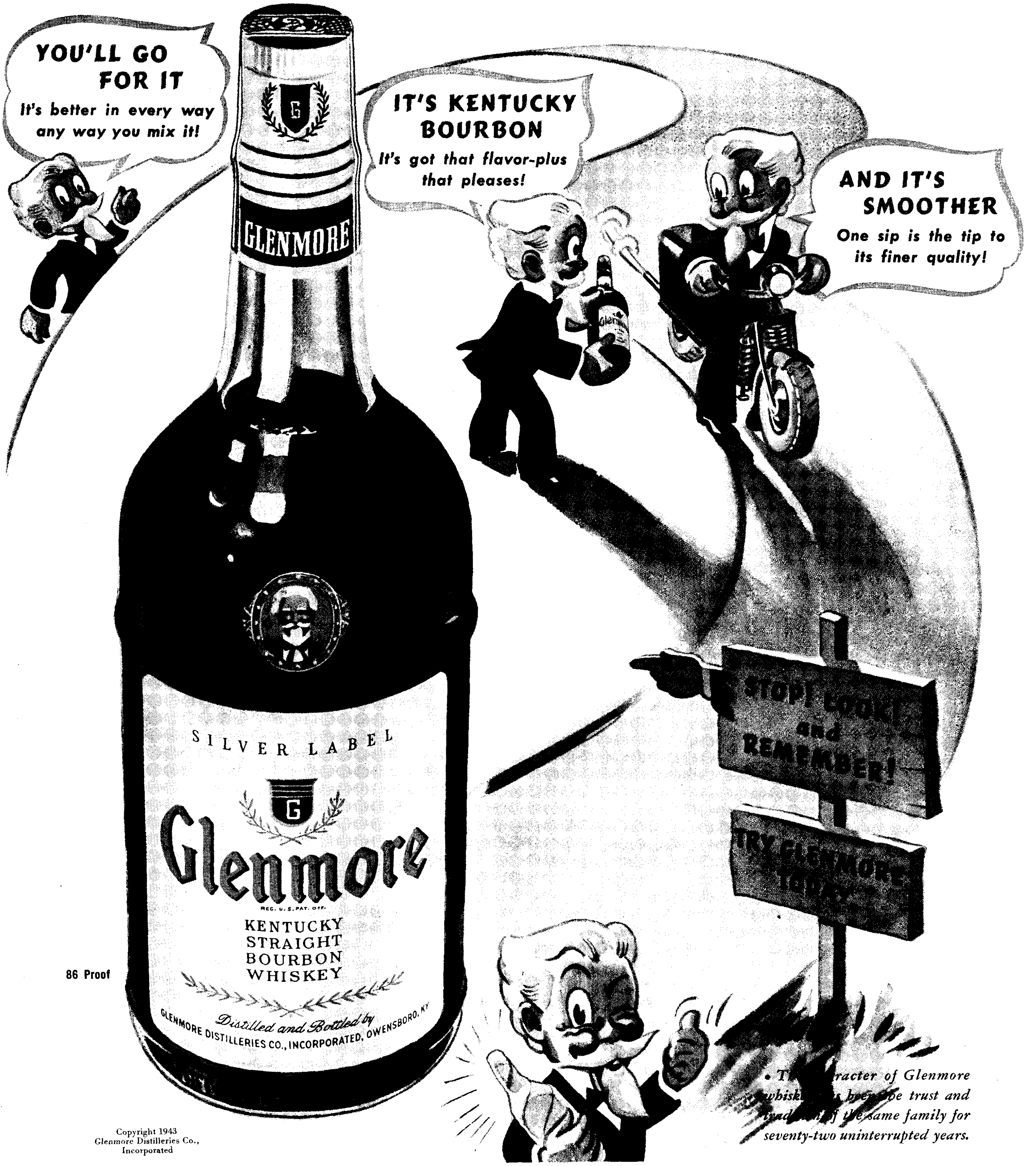
Our fighting men are doing the big job. But the vicious snick of our well-turned breech-blocks, the roar of our tanks, the bark of our anti-aircraft guns are music to their ears.

armament
~~BODY~~ BY Fisher

**DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS**

# *Choosey about your whiskey?*

# CHOOSE RICHER, MILDER GLENMORE!


YOU'LL GO FOR IT
It's better in every way any way you mix it!
IT'S KENTUCKY BOURBON
It's got that flavor-plus that pleases!
AND IT'S SMOOTHER
One sip is the tip to its finer quality!
GLENMORE
SILVER LABEL
G
Glenmore
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, OWENSBORO, KY
86 Proof
STOP! LOOK! and REMEMBER!
TRY GLENMORE TODAY

*• The character of Glenmore whiskey has been the trust and tradition of the same family for seventy-two uninterrupted years.*

Copyright 1943
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

and in the jeep next to him he brought out a very beautiful Anglo-Burmese girl.

The man was beating the brake drum a little faster now; then much faster. We looked at the AVG man lingering over his coffee and I guess all of us thought of what had happened to the pagoda just after Smitty and the boys had left. Finally the AVG man got up and stretched. We jumped up and followed him to a near-by cave that was the hostel's shelter. The planes were over the city and the field a few minutes later, giving both of them all they had.

### Disappointment Strikes Again

That same day we had a nerve-racking disappointment. After the Japs left we heard another plane coming. We got outside and saw a Chinese National Airways DC-3—our plane—go over our heads and aim for the AVG field. Some of the boys leaped in the jeep and rushed out to the field. But the plane had gone. We just couldn't believe it. We had counted on being in a hospital that night. The thought of standing any more pain was too much for all of us. But the plane had simply gone. We found out later that it was never intended for us.

The next day was Sunday. We had another alarm but saw no planes. In fact, that evening the boys went down to the village in the jeep to a movie. It was "Union Pacific" with Chinese subtitles. I couldn't make it. Dr. C—— must have felt sorry for me, for he brought in an armload of firecrackers and some punk he had purchased in the town.

"We'll have nice fun and shoot firecrackers, Mista Lawrson," he said.

So we sat on the porch and lighted the little fuses and flicked them out on the lawn. A group of Chinese gathered around and seemed to enjoy the noise. That was just too much for me—after the bombing we had undergone the day before. I went back inside and found some reading matter—all about a year old.

The plane didn't come the next day either. That was June 1st. Nor the next, which was very stormy. McClure and the AVG man went down to the field in the jeep, in the rain, and radioed Chungking again to ask about the plane.

They came back with some news. The ship had been forced back once by the condition of the field and once by the storm.

But the plane finally came. It came the afternoon of June 3d. We heard it coming first, then saw it—a DC-3 with our Air Corps markings—and we yelled and waved from the hostel. The only transportation we had to the field was already down there. The field was two miles away, over rough land.

We just had to wait. I can't describe it.

Some terribly long time after that—maybe half an hour—we heard the jeep coming. And then we saw it. The AVG man was driving it. With him were Capt. Tex Carleton, a classmate of mine at Kelly; Ed McElroy, who was on the raid; and Davey Jones—with a medical kit.

I knew I'd start crying as soon as I heard Davey's voice, and of course I did.

You see, Dave was the first one of the boys I had heard from at L——. The never explainable Chinese grapevine brought him word, after he reached Choo Chow Lishui, that Doc was going to take my leg. Davey sent me a letter by a series of runners. I couldn't read it when it arrived, so Mrs. Fitzgerald did. It had a few cuss words in it that made her blush as she read into them. But it meant a lot to me. Davey never mentioned the leg in the letter, but I knew he knew.

"We've got a lot of unfinished business back at home," he reminded me in the letter. His wife had just had a baby. Mrs. Holstrom was about to have one.

All of us were nuts to know what had happened to the others. Davey and McElroy had the dope. We sat around the hostel and they began talking. They talked most of the night. Some of the following we learned later, but most of it we heard from Davey and McElroy that night in Kweilin.

Doolittle ran into a few Japanese planes as he went in, but his B-25 had too much speed for them. He hit Tokyo at exactly the time when a propaganda broadcast, in English, was telling whoever was listening in that Tokyo could never be bombed.

Doolittle flew so low over a baseball park that he broke up the game. He got his bombs and incendiary away on factories and warehouses. On the way out he went fast across a field full of red and silver training planes and, according to his navigator, Lieut. Henry Potter, you could hear Doolittle cussing without the aid of the interphone because he had nothing else to drop.

He went in high over the China coast, and over the storm, judging his time and distance. At about 10 o'clock that night of April 18th he decided he was as close to Choo Chow Lishui as he could get. He ordered his boys to bail out and then he jumped into that pitch-black rainy night.

He landed in a rice paddy that had been freshly fertilized with human excrement and freshly plowed. He waded through it to the nearest dike, took off his shoes and threw them back in. Then he curled up on the dike and went to sleep, using his parachute as a cover.

The next morning he decided he'd need the shoes for walking. So he waded back into the paddy and rescued them. They were resting nicely on top of the stuff. Then he started walking. He reached a village very soon, got his bearings and discovered that if he had chosen to walk off at a slightly different angle he would have fallen into the hands of the Japanese, whose patrols occupied positions quite close by. He later found his smashed plane.

York, who was our operations officer at Eglin, landed in Russia. He got down near Vladivostok, the only one of the 16 planes to get down whole. The Russians interned him and his crew. York wasn't scheduled to go on the Japan raid. He was assigned at Eglin with the understanding that his job would end when we got to the Coast. But he begged the CO of the 17th Group so hard that the CO finally okayed him the rest of the way.

### Prepared for Emergencies

McElroy told us that he had very little trouble. He didn't get much antiaircraft, got away, flew in high over China, couldn't find the field and ordered his boys to bail out. McElroy had time to crawl back to the tail of his ship, after putting on the automatic pilot, for a smaller satchel from the contents of his B-4 bag. He put in emergency rations, extra shirts, shorts and his shaving equipment. Then he jumped out—kind of fashionably—with his bag packed.

Everybody else in McElroy's crew landed safely, got together after a few villages and went on to Chungking. And back to work.

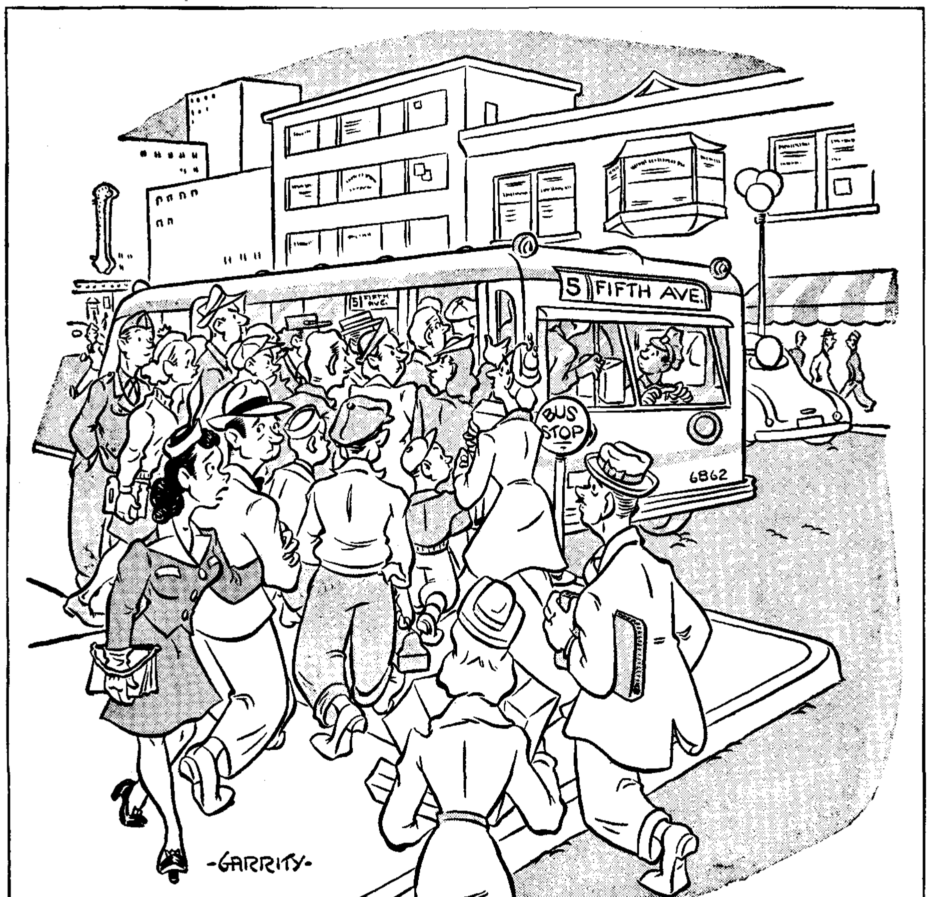
Davey said he saw one of his bombs hit a power plant in Tokyo. He said the building suddenly looked like a barrel, with the sides rounded out and the top circular. Then the "barrel" blew up.

Hoover, who took off just behind Doolittle, reached China when it was still light. He got under the storm, swung down a series of valleys and just before dark, set his plane down in a big rice paddy. He had to keep his wheels up, of course. The ship skidded in on its belly, chewing up the props and flaps but not a man was hurt.

He had a tough time destroying the plane, which was a part of our plan. Unless we got to a friendly Chinese field we were to scuttle the ships, to keep them from falling into the hands of the Japanese. With that in mind, all of the planes carried a large incendiary cylinder.

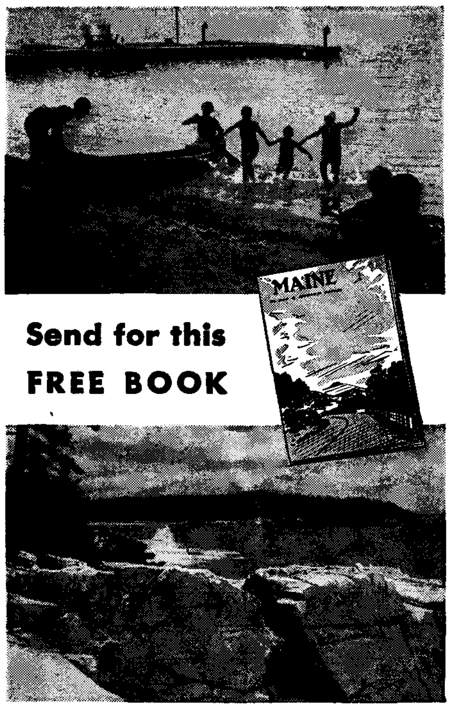
Hoover got out his incendiary, put it on an auxiliary gas tank and started it burning. But something went wrong and the fire went out. The boys then got out their axes and tried to hack through to the wing tanks, but they couldn't get through. So Hoover uncocked a gas line near one of the engines. A stream of 100 octane ran out on the ground. He tossed a match into the pool on the ground and got away from there as fast as he could.

The plane was soon a crackling bonfire. Curious Chinese came from all around to watch the strange spectacle. They crowded very closely around the



COLLIER'S "I'm too tired to take a bus. Let's walk" MARTIN GARRITY

**MAINE—where you can rest and relax!**



Come to Maine for rest and relaxation if you can—but if you can't, *keep Maine in mind!* Because we'll be waiting for you — with the same rockbound coast and tree-robed mountains . . . same lakes, streams and balsam-scented breezes . . . same glorious vacation land!

And even though *you* can't make it, you may still wish to send your family to a Maine lodge or camp or hotel.

In any case, you'll get a grand thrill from the official MAINE VACATION GUIDE. To get your free copy, mail this coupon right away!

HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

**MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION**
**Tourist Service, 62 St. John Street**
**Portland, Maine**

Please send me the new illustrated Official Maine Vacation Guide for 1943.

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*________________*State*________

**CORNS GO *while YOU are on the "go"!***

**Dr. Scholl's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly**

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases new or tight shoes

MAKE your hours of work and leisure pain-free! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily relieve your misery from corns and gently remove them—*while you are on the "go"!* Cushioning, soothing, protective, they instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure.

NOTE: If corns have formed, use the separate *Medications* supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you immediate relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Cost but a trifle.

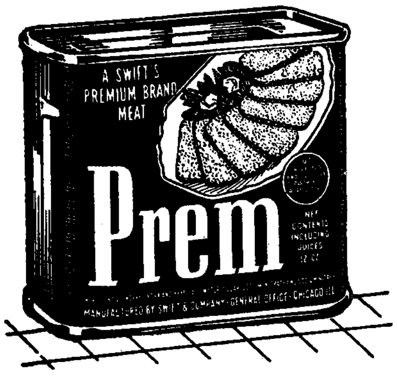
**Dr Scholl's Zino-pads**

Peter, Peter, big meat eater
Had a wife but wouldn't feed her

No meat had she 'til she found Prem
Now there's meat for both of them

In every can, 12 full ounces of

solid meat
-no waste



● Prem makes big meat eaters happy because every "point" buys solid meat, no waste. Moreover, this "extra portion" meat is extra delicious, too, because it's sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way. To have more meat, more often, try serving Prem more often.

**QUICK HOT WEATHER MEAL:** *Cold Prem. Potato chips. ½ avocado (or fresh pear, peach, or melon ring) topped with fruit salad and strawberries.*

**SUGAR-CURED** *by the makers of Swift's Premium Ham*

**PROTECT THE MEN WHO ARE PROTECTING YOU: BUY WAR BONDS**

plane but fled in all directions when the ship began spouting like a Roman candle.

Watson, who weighs over 200 pounds, bailed out about midnight and came down through heavy rain and intense darkness. As he got closer to the ground he pulled out his flashlight, pressed the button, and pointed it toward the ground. He wanted to be set, physically, for the landing. But the beam didn't reach that far.

Then he had a sudden fear that the chute wasn't open or something might have gone wrong with it, for it was smaller than a man of his weight should use. So he flashed the light up and he could see the big white canopy over his head.

### Caught in the Cords

But that wasn't all he saw. His right arm was sticking straight up in the air, twisted in the chute cords. In the excitement he had not felt it get snarled and wrenched upward when the chute opened. He pulled his arm down and stuck the thumb of that hand between his teeth, to hold it down.

Watson landed on his back in a shallow stream. He couldn't move his arm. He couldn't get to his feet. He couldn't roll over on his bad shoulder, for it had begun to pain very badly now, and he couldn't roll over the other way because the flow of the stream he was lying in had bellied out the chute and was pulling in the direction away from the good arm. He tried to unbuckle his chute harness, but that's a two-hand job.

With his good left arm he reached into his shirt and took out a tube of morphine. He broke the seal but smashed the needle, too.

He got out another tube and jabbed the point through his wet shirt and into his shoulder. The pain of his arm was unbearable. He wanted to pass out, and did.

He slept in the creek until the next afternoon, cut away, got out of his chute harness and began walking. He found a Chinese shack within a few hundred yards and went in, shaking from head to foot with a chill. The Chinese put him in a bed, covered him and lighted pots of charcoal under the bed.

Watson couldn't make them understand who he was or where he wanted to go, but the next day he saw a man who turned out to be a papermaker walk past the hut with a basket of his wares. He bade his kind but wholly bewildered hosts a quick farewell—after giving the wife the chute—and set out after the papermaker. The man led him to a town.

Watson had plenty of excitement over Tokyo. The antiaircraft fire was so heavy he kept looking out at the wings, waiting for holes to show in them. He got a bomb in on a tank plant among other things, but, on the way, the same three cruisers we had all seen opened fire on him. He was flying very low. One of the shells struck the water near by, close enough to spray water over the plane. Sergeant Scott, Watson's tough old gunner, who has been an Army flier for 12 years, fought off a pursuit plane that came after them when they were at bombing level, and when the cruiser went to work on them, Scott wheeled his machine guns around, fought back with what, in that case, amounted to a cap pistol. But he gave that big cruiser a peppering its crew will long remember.

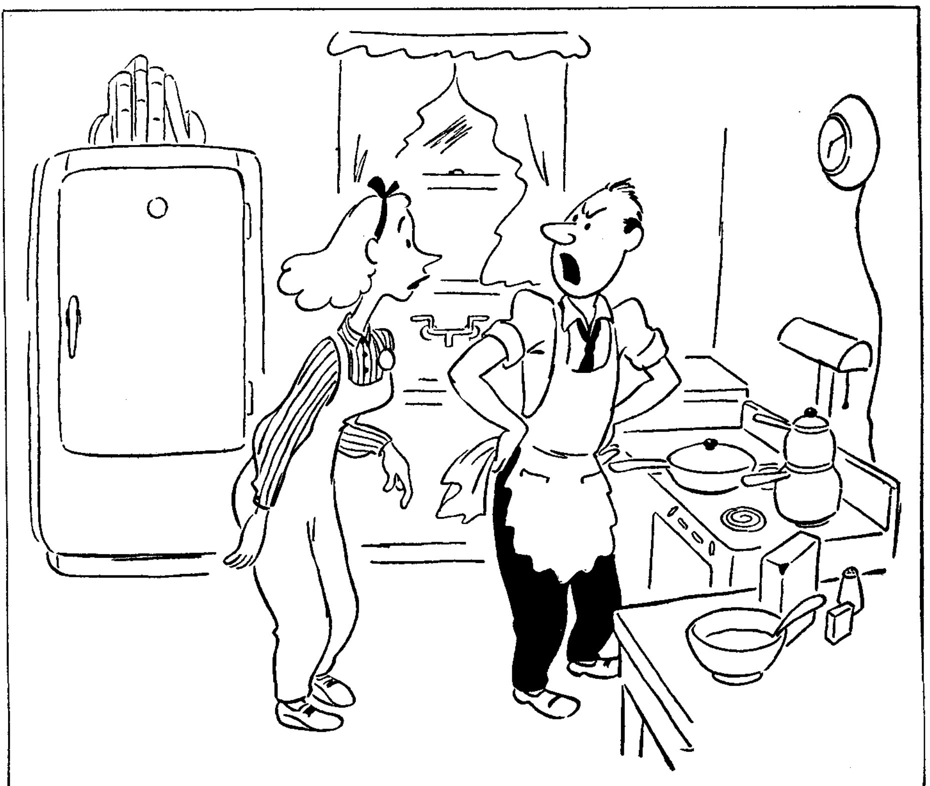
Sergeant Scott is one great guy. He described the scene over Tokyo as "a nice, sunshiny day with overcast antiaircraft fire." When it came time for him to bail out over China, Scott took along a pint of whisky and a pack of cigarettes. Watson ordered him and the others to get out at 10,000 feet. We had been told that we couldn't trust the reported heights of some of the hills and mountains over which we might have to fly.

Anyway, Scott came down through the pitch-black rainy night for what seemed like a long time, and then he felt himself break through the light branches, twigs and leaves of the upper part of a tree.

Then he stopped, swung like a pendulum for a while and slowed down. He knew his chute was caught in a tree, but he couldn't see the trunk of the tree. There were no branches in sight and he couldn't see the ground. So he struck a match and dropped it, but it sputtered out. Then he lighted a cigarette, got a good red ash on it and let it drop.

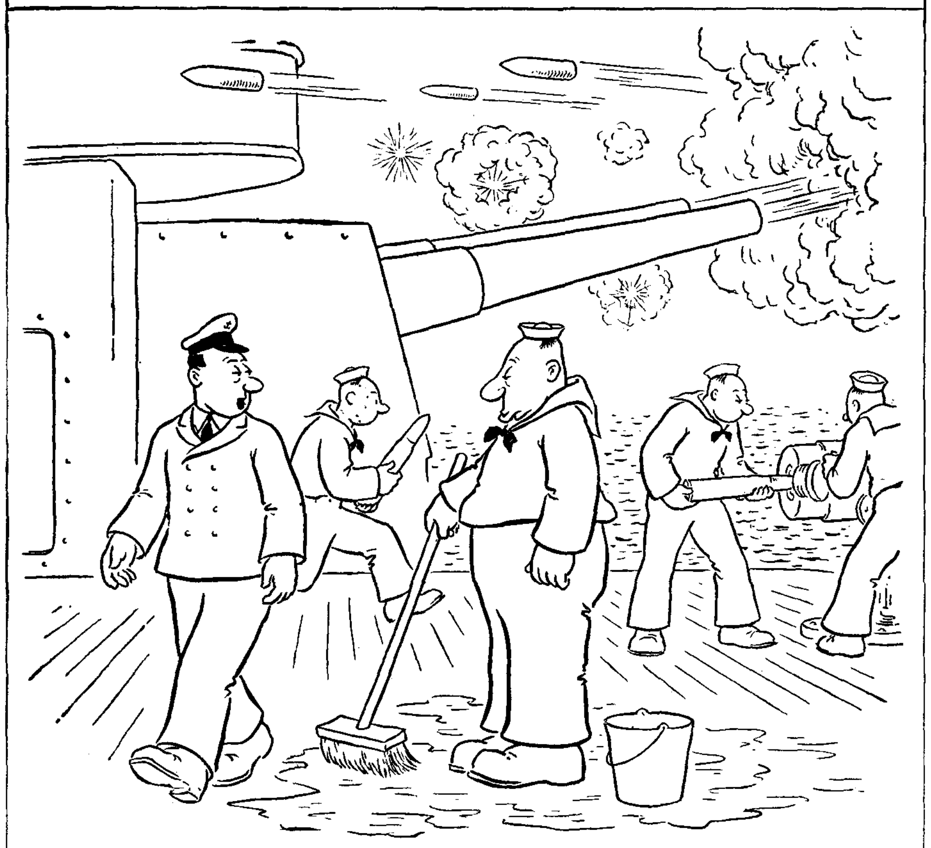
He watched that red ash go down and down until it was little more than a pin point of light. He reached up and gave the chute cords a tentative tug. They seemed to be holding all right. So he said, "To hell with it," drank the whisky and then went to sleep, dangling there.

When he woke up at dawn he saw where he was. The tree that had caught him was on the rim of a precipice ten feet away. The ground was about a hundred feet below him. Scott began fanning his arms and twisting his body. That started him swinging. Finally he got close enough to the trunk of the tree to hug it, get loose



COLLIER'S "Do I criticize your riveting?" CLAUDE SMITH

**ALFRED** by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



COLLIER'S "You can forget about inspection this morning, Alfred"

from his chute, climb down the trunk on the side away from the drop and get away.

Charlie Ozuk, one of the navigators, wasn't as lucky as Scott. When Ozuk landed he scraped down the rough face of a cliff. The chute hooked on the top and flung him against the face of the drop. The blow cut his shin very badly.

Ozuk hung there bleeding all that night and all the next day. On the morning of the following day he had enough strength to pull himself to the top, where he passed out from exhaustion. He regained consciousness late in the afternoon and was just crawling away on hands and knees when the Chinese found him. Ozuk's shin became infected.

### Epitome of Various Escapes

Hilger led the raid on Nagoya. He put his bombs on an aircraft factory, an oil storage warehouse and a military arsenal, and strewed incendiaries all over a military barracks. He didn't see a plane in the air, and the antiaircraft fire was wild.

Hilger's rear gunner, Staff Sergeant Ed Bain, said a funny thing. One of the antiaircraft puffs appeared about a hundred yards away, the closest of many aimed at them.

"Hey," the gunner said into the interphone. "They're *shootin'* at us!" as if it weren't allowed.

When the time came that night of the raid for Hilger to bail out he tried to get up from his seat to start for the well, but his chute wouldn't fit through the narrow opening between his seat and the copilot's. Hilger unfastened one side of his chute so he could slip past. The gas was going in a hurry. Hilger dropped down through the well without remembering that he had unfastened one side of his harness.

He got a terrific jerking around when the chute opened. It badly hurt his back and thigh. He tore down two trees and was knocked cold in the landing. The Chinese nearly shot him as a Jap. He was the first white man that had ever been seen in that area.

Bob Gray, the tough "bridesmaid" of our wedding, ordered his men to bail out with what he thought was plenty of room. But he was much lower than he realized. Bob's chute swung him only twice before he hit the mountainous ground over which most of the boys bailed out. It knocked him out. When he came to, he ached all over, but after moving around a while he felt better, walked up a long hill and spent a cold night under his chute.

Gray's gunner, Corp. L. D. Faktor, was killed. When Bob gave the bail-out order on the interphone, Faktor called back, "I can't hear you. What did you say?" Gray called back, "Get out of there." Then, fearing something had gone wrong with the interphone, Gray sent one of the crew crawling back to the gunner's place. There was a chute exit there. The fellow came back and told Gray that Faktor had his chute on and his hatch open. To be sure, Gray called back there once more. There was no answer. He assumed Faktor had gone out. That's when Bob jumped.

The Chinese found poor Faktor next to the wreck of Gray's plane. His chute bag was sprung but little of the chute had come out. Shorty Manch, Gray's copilot, identified him in a Chinese village by what was left of the kicking-mule insignia on his leather jacket.

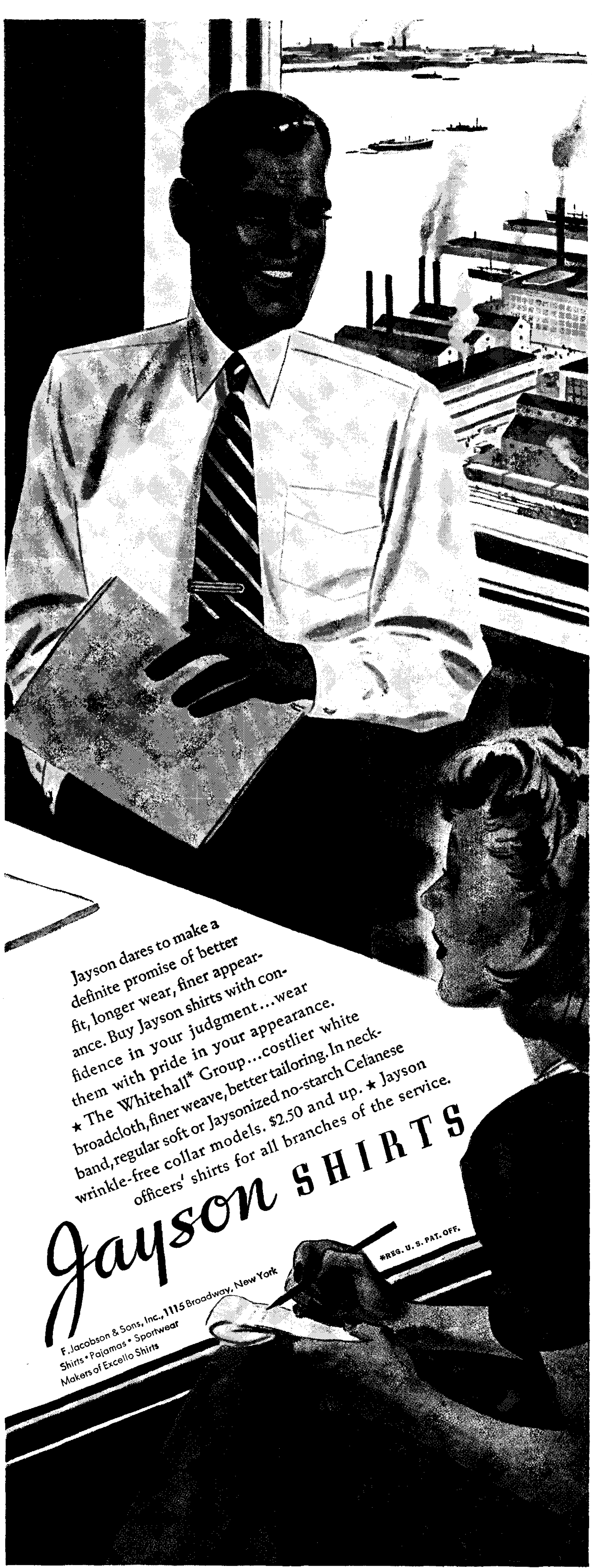
Manch probably was the most heavily armed chutist who ever jumped. He went out with two .45s, a .44 caliber rifle which his folks in Virginia sent him just before we left the States, a .22 automatic, a Luger, extra clips of ammunition, a hunting knife, a Bowie knife and an ax.

We used to kid Shorty a lot about that rifle, and once he yelled back at us, "Don't kid *me,* suckers. I'll make my last stand with this shootin' iron. 'Manch's Last Stand,' they'll always call it." He was sure proud of it.

Before he jumped that night of April 18th, Shorty saw to it that every weapon was in its proper place on him. He was well weighted down but he couldn't bear the thought of going out without some candy bars. He stuffed a lot of them in his shirt, open at the collar, and dropped down into the night.

His chute opened with a loud report and jerked him so badly that it shucked the candy bars right out of their wrappers and out of his shirt. Shorty just molted candy in midair. But, worst of all, for Shorty, his grip was broken on his family rifle and three of his four pistols.

Shorty's 6-foot 7-inch body frightened an entire village out of its huts. But he convinced them that he was a friend by

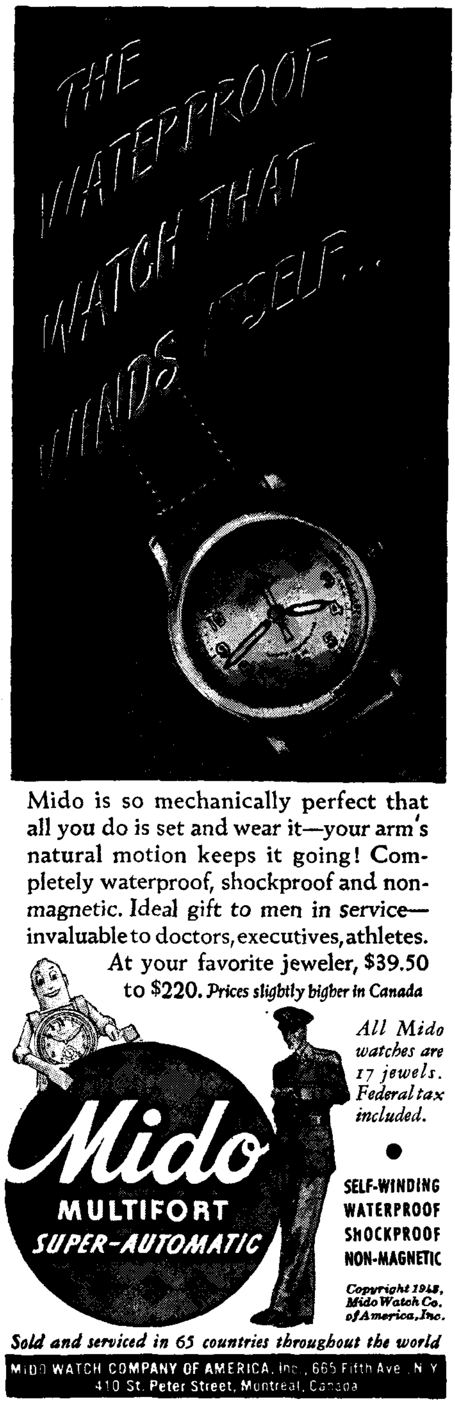


Jayson dares to make a definite promise of better fit, longer wear, finer appearance. Buy Jayson shirts with confidence in your judgment...wear them with pride in your appearance. ★ The Whitehall* Group...costlier white broadcloth, finer weave, better tailoring. In neckband, regular soft or Jaysonized no-starch Celanese wrinkle-free collar models. $2.50 and up. ★ Jayson officers' shirts for all branches of the service.

Jayson SHIRTS

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

F. Jacobson & Sons, Inc., 1115 Broadway, New York
Shirts • Pajamas • Sportwear
Makers of Excello Shirts



Mido is so mechanically perfect that all you do is set and wear it—your arm's natural motion keeps it going! Completely waterproof, shockproof and non-magnetic. Ideal gift to men in service—invaluable to doctors, executives, athletes.

At your favorite jeweler, $39.50 to $220. *Prices slightly higher in Canada*

*All Mido watches are 17 jewels. Federal tax included.*

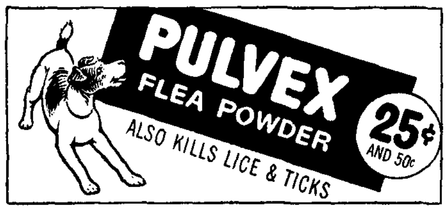
Mido
MULTIFORT
*SUPER-AUTOMATIC*

SELF-WINDING
WATERPROOF
SHOCKPROOF
NON-MAGNETIC

Copyright 1942, Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc.

***Sold and serviced in 65 countries throughout the world***

MIDO WATCH COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc., 665 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
410 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada


PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
25¢ AND 50¢
ALSO KILLS LICE & TICKS

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"HOARDING COUPONS IS OKAY — SO GET YOUR SHOES REPAIRED TODAY"

ASK FOR HOOD
RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

HAVE YOUR SHOES REPAIRED WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS

holding his nose and making a face in front of a Japanese flag.

Holstrom probably had the most comfortable chute landing. He came down in a big bush that tangled his chute and harness so badly that he couldn't get free. He struggled for a while, but it was so dark he couldn't see a thing, much less start working on the snarled cords. He had lost his flashlight on the way down.

So he pulled the chute up over him and went to sleep. When dawn came he was very glad that he hadn't fought too much the night before, trying to get loose. He was in a big bush which sat on the very edge of a 50-foot drop onto rock.

Greening, who designed the cheap bomb sight, had the toughest time over Tokyo, but got in some great licks. Four new-type Japanese fighter planes came up fast behind them as he approached the city. Greening hugged the ground so close that he flew under some power lines in the hope that the pursuing planes would hit the lines.

But the Japs missed the wires and came after him. Greening's boys had to fight. They shot down two of the planes, and the others wheeled off, and by that time they were coming up to their targets.

Greening got rid of his block-busters from 1,500 feet but his own incendiary almost got him. His bombardier's aim was too good. He let the thing go as Greening dived. It fanned out over a gasoline refinery and must have hit three or four storage tanks simultaneously. For they went up with a terrific explosion and Greening, Ken Reddy and the other boys in the plane were thrown around inside from the shock of the explosion below and behind them. A little closer and it would have knocked the plane to pieces.

Greening decided that when he jumped out over China that night he was going to tour the countryside with enough to eat. When the gas was about to give out he got back in the navigator's place, picked up both arms full of canned goods and short rations and asked the boys to pile a few more things on top of his load before they jumped out. The boys did.

### One Serious Omission

Then Greening jumped, embracing his big load of provisions. He was going down through the night at about 180, congratulating himself on how thoughtful he was to prepare himself for perhaps many days of wandering on the ground, when suddenly he snapped out of his reverie.

"Good Lord!" he said, "I haven't pulled the rip cord!"

This called for a little more thought. He tried to figure out some way to pull the cord yet save the food. Then he decided that if he pulled the cord in a great hurry the cans and packages would continue falling at the same rate he was falling—then he could reach out and hug them to him again.

That's what he tried to do. But as soon as he let go of them the wind caught them and they flew all over the place, though Greening pulled that cord in what must have been record time. He said later that it was just like having a big grocery store shelf fall over on him.

Technical Sergeant Waldo Bither's chute opened in the plane, and Lieut. Thadd Blanton had a nerve-racking time repacking it before the engines began sputtering.

Howard Sessler had a lot of trouble on the ground before he found a haven. The village into which he trudged, a day after bailing out, provided him with a bus and he started off in style. But the bus was attacked by Zeros. Sessler and the driver jumped out and threw themselves in a ditch. The Zeros swung around and strafed them as they lay on the ground, but the bullets missed.

Sessler got out of that scrape, then contracted malarial fever. So did Jim Parker, Watson's copilot.

The Japanese captured two of our crews. Later, when they bragged about it over the air and said they had convicted our fellows of "inhuman acts" they mentioned only four men. They mentioned Bill Farrow, Dean Hallmark, Sergeant Harold Spatz and Corporal Jacob Deshazer. The Japs said at first that these men would be put to death if Japan were bombed again.

Farrow and Hallmark were the pilots of the two planes. Since we started out with five men in each plane, that left six men unaccounted for by the Japs. The Chinese grapevine insisted that two men in each plane had been killed, but their names were unknown.

Four of the six men unaccounted for by the Japs were Lieutenants Bob Hite, Bob Meder, Frank Kappeler and Chase Nielson. The Chinese had word that Nielson had been bayoneted, but there was no way of checking on that.

Wendell Furnas, an American who came back on the Gripsholm, after sharing a Japanese cell with J. B. Powell, the newspaperman the Japanese crippled, told us some months later that while in jail he had spoken to or seen eight of our boys, imprisoned in the same place. Furnas was removed to another jail the day after the boys were brought in, but he knew Nielson was in the next cell. He thought one's name was Farrell. That had to be Farrow, for he described him perfectly. He said there was a little fellow who didn't say much whose name sounded like Deeter. That was Corp. Bill Dieter. Another one he knew as either Peter or Meder, which, of course, was Bob Meder. He was sure there were eight, which leaves only two missing. We had to assume that, like Faktor, they had paid the toughest price.

Farrow, who changed copilots the day before the raid, had horrible luck. He got through the bombing, made his getaway, reached China and then had the terrible break of landing near a village controlled by a Japanese puppet government.

The loyal Chinese of the village immediately got in touch with Chungking. The Chinese government attempted to bribe the puppet and get Farrow and the boys. But the puppet finally turned them over to the Japanese. The puppet was assassinated shortly thereafter, the Chinese said.

The same thing may have happened to Hallmark. The Japs said on the radio that these men had been captured "and were being returned to Japan."

We lost every plane, if York's plane in Russia is counted. Eleven of our original 80 men were captured or killed. But with the exception of York, Bob Emmons, Nolan Herndon and the other boys who landed in the plane near Vladivostok, 15 of the 16 planes and 75 of the 80 men actually reached China. Just as the original communiqué said, not one plane was shot down during the raid itself. I think that was a terrific feat, and a tribute to the planning behind the whole, vast engagement.

### What the Japs Had to Say

At first the Japs said we had hit nothing of a military nature. We expected that kind of lie. They said their air-raid warnings spread 800 miles along the Japanese archipelago, and that 10 planes took part in the raid. Of these, they said, nine were shot down either by antiaircraft fire or fighter planes. People continued with their luncheons undisturbed, the propaganda broadcast said, and only two theaters canceled their Saturday matinees in Tokyo—where the air-raid alarm lasted eight hours.

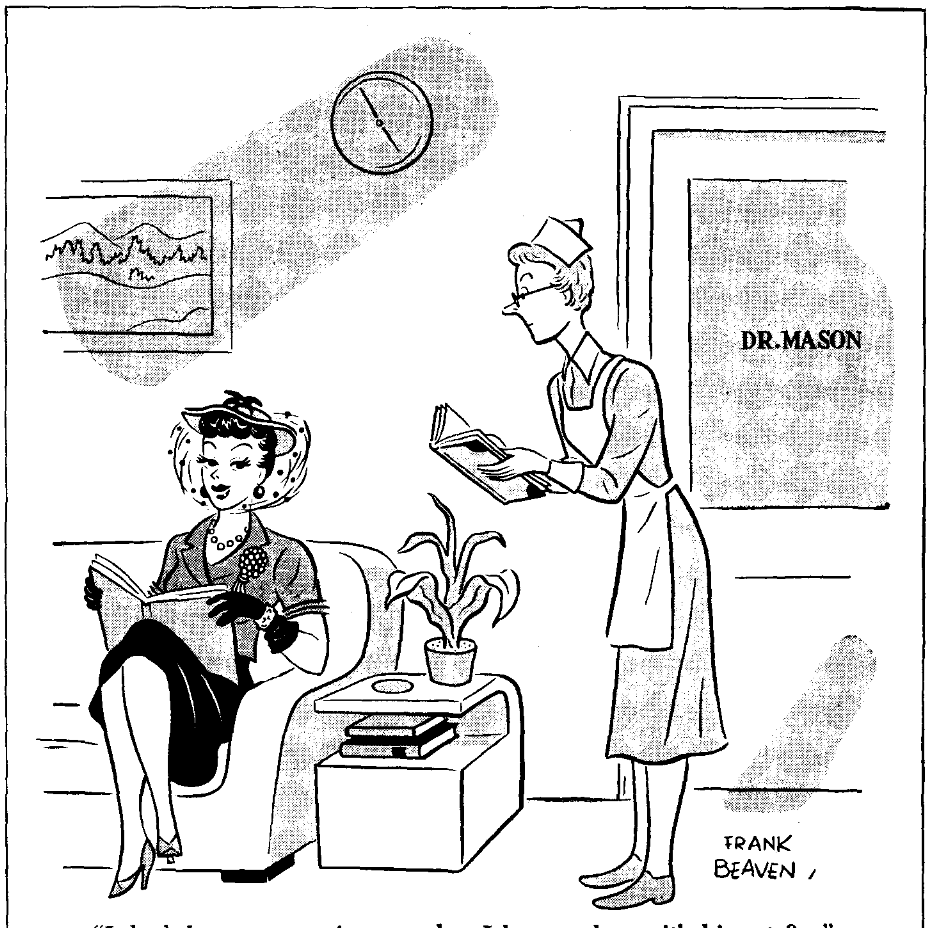
They guessed that we had come off three carriers "spotted at a distant point off the eastern coast of Japan proper," and after stating that Japan could expect such attacks "as long as the United States has carriers," added that steps would be taken to punish those spreading "baseless rumors."

Tokyo said 48 hours after the raid that fires were then under control. Then they denied there had been any fires.

They boasted that they knew about the raid in advance and had bombed Chinese airports "in the Lishui section of southeast Chekiang Province." They admitted loss of life amounting to "about 4,000" and three planes.

Chungking said on the radio at the same time that the planes had not come from China. Washington broadcasts said it was our answer to Pearl Harbor and Bataan and "the beginning of a great offensive." The President, as you know, named Shangri-la as our take-off field. I thought that was a good gag when the boys told me that night we sat around the AVG hostel in Kweilin.

*(To be concluded next weeek)*



"I don't have an appointment, but I have a date with him at five"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

A mighty midget
is the Jeep
And folks who build
it say
That Mission Orange
relieves their thirst
And holds fatigue
at bay
BUY
MISSION
BEVERAGES

**Requirements of our armed forces and our allies keep the Mission plant working 24 hours a day producing concentrated orange juice. At the same time, we and our bottlers and dealers are doing everything possible to provide enough Mission Orange Beverage for everyone.**

**Return Empty Bottles Promptly**

*Naturally Good*

**MISSION ORANGE**

Mission Dry Corporation, Los Angeles

# One-Legged Angels Can't Fly

**Continued from page 33**

I hyared you preach dat dry-bones sermon, so you ought to be smart enough to know how de bones all jine up on Risserriction. Or maybe you don't b'lieve what you preaches?"

B'r Charlie beamed and slapped his leg. "I knowed hit all de time! But I had me so many wearies on my mind—"

The Widow Duck glared accusingly.

"I mean, I had dem wearies on my soul and I jest disremembered about de jinin' er de dry bones in de valley." B'r Charlie bid his senior usher a hasty goodby. "What I'm fixin' to tell dat ole hippercrittin' Henry," he chuckled as he crutched away, "gonter make him squirm like de serpent in de gyarden."

Uncle Henry, however, refused to squirm. He sat placidly before the gear room and listened to B'r Charlie's contention that, come Resurrection, the bones would be joined, citing Ezekiel as the authority.

"Dat ain't de way hit comed to me," Uncle Henry said evenly. "F'm all be pitchers I seed, ole 'Zekiel wa'n't no one-laigged prophet. Nor neither no hypercrit."

"But he jined de bones," B'r Charlie insisted. "You read in de Bible and hit say:

"*'Oh, de foot bone connected wid de ankle bone—*
*And de ankle bone connected wid de shin bone—*
*And de shin bone connected wid de knee bone—'*

"And hit go on like dat."

"Hit do," admitted the lotman.

"So efn ole 'Zekiel kin jine up de dry bones—"

"Whoa!" Uncle Henry interrupted. "You ain't speakin' de Book on ole 'Zekiel."

"You tellin' *me* and I'm de preacher?" yelled B'r Charlie.

"Sho, I'm tellin' you. I'm tellin' you 'Zekiel wa'n't no one-laigged hippercrit, on account er he was a two-laigged prophet."

"But he jined up de bones!"

"You jest tryin' to twis' be Book," Uncle Henry accused B'r Charlie. "You's tryin' to make a hippercrit outn 'Zekiel same as you—"

"I ain't twis'in' nothin'!" shouted the preacher. "De Book natchally say, 'De thigh bone connected wid—' "

" 'Zekiel," the lotman put in, "was a prophet. He went over to town one day to prophesy and all de young'ns started in to yi-yi at him, on account er he was so ole."

"Amen," admitted the preacher. "Dat's about de subster er de tex', but—"

"So ole Miz Jezzy-bell pitched up and say unto 'Zekiel, she say, 'Ole Folks, whyn't you git out wid folks yo' own age and prophesy? Whyn't you git out in de graveyard whar ev'ybody yo' age is buried and do yo' prophesyin'?' Ain't dat de Word?"

"Clostely," B'r Charlie admitted. "Hit go 'long 'bout like dat."

"AND den," continued Uncle Henry, "ole 'Zekiel raley r'ared back and let 'em have bofe bar'ls. He tole 'em, 'Looky, chilluns, y'all mighty brash wid me and my graveyard friends. Y'all claim I'm too ole to do nothin' but prophesy to dem ole dry bones in a lonesome graveyard. Well, I'm fixin' to make dem same ole bones git up and prophesy to you!' And he done hit!"

"Amen, amen," the preacher said fervently. "He done 'em jest like dat. Bone jined up to bone and knit together. Ole 'Zekiel done dat."

"But you ain't 'Zekiel," the lotman reminded him scornfully. "And hit ain't wrote in de Book dat no one-laigged prophet kin jine bones."

B'r Charlie was shamed and hurt. He looked at the ground, low in spirit but deep in thought. He began to have an idea and he lifted his head hopefully. Uncle Henry, however, had anticipated it and proceeded to forestall it. "And hit ain't wrote in de Book dat no one-laigged angels is flyin' 'bout Glory, neither," he added sourly. "Come right down to hit, I ain't never seed a one-laigged guinea hen dat c'd fly. De yuther laig th'ows 'em off de balances."

THE following day started off fairly well for B'r Charlie. The air was clear and he could "hear de tempers" when his hammer struck the hot plowpoints. Dull blades were coming in rapidly from the plow hands, but B'r Charlie worked diligently and managed to keep a few sharpened points ahead. Midmorning, Giles rode by and looked into the box where a dozen or more sharpened points lay. He spoke sternly to the old blacksmith: "Dat ain't too many but hit's some. Now, you keep hit like dat or I'll do you up, bad!"

B'r Charlie had hoped for a word of praise but he was not too disappointed. "Long as he don't blow up and hurt somebody," he thought philosophically, "I reckon I'm gittin' 'long purty good."

Toward noon, Uncle Henry ambled up to the shop, carrying a new hayfork. "B'r Charlie," he said innocently, "what you reckon de matter wid dis bran'-new pitchfawk?"

The preacher-blacksmith stopped hammering, brushed perspiration from his forehead and peered through the forge's smoke. "Hit look all right to me," he said. "What ail hit?"

Uncle Henry shrugged. "Seem like de heft er de handle jest ain't right." The lotman handed the fork to the blacksmith. B'r Charlie tried several experimental grips, pitching imaginary hay high into the air and stirring it in the trough. "De heft seem all okay to me," he declared.

"You's de jedge," said Uncle Henry.

"How you mean?" demanded B'r Charlie. "I ain't pitched nothin' wid no pitchfawk ev'y sence I been blacksmithin'."

Uncle Henry smiled slyly. "Seein' you standin' dar in de smoke," he explained, "wid de broomstone and all blazin' up behime you, and dat pitchfawk swingin' 'bout, well, Charlie, hit all figgers down to jest one thing: One-laigged or two-laigged, you's jest about right for a devil. I seed dat same pitcher, many's de time. Quick as you sprouts hawns and a tail, you might not be ole Satan hisse'f, but you'll do for de haid imp!" He walked away quickly, leaving the pitchfork in the preacher's hand. B'r Charlie went to pieces rapidly. Fascinated, he gazed at the pitchfork. Suddenly, he flung it to the ground. "Hippercrittin' preacher-don't-liker!" he yelled. "De haid deacon in my church puttin' a thaing like dat on me! I'm gonter on-deak him nex' Sunday!"

Presently, B'r Charlie cooled off. He not only knew he was not going to "undeak" his head deacon, he knew it would be futile even to try. The feud between him and the lotman had been going on too long and B'r Charlie had lost too many skirmishes. "Nor neither would de Widow Duck stand for hit, I bet," he told himself. "And when she's agin somethin', well, dat gonter settle hit right off."

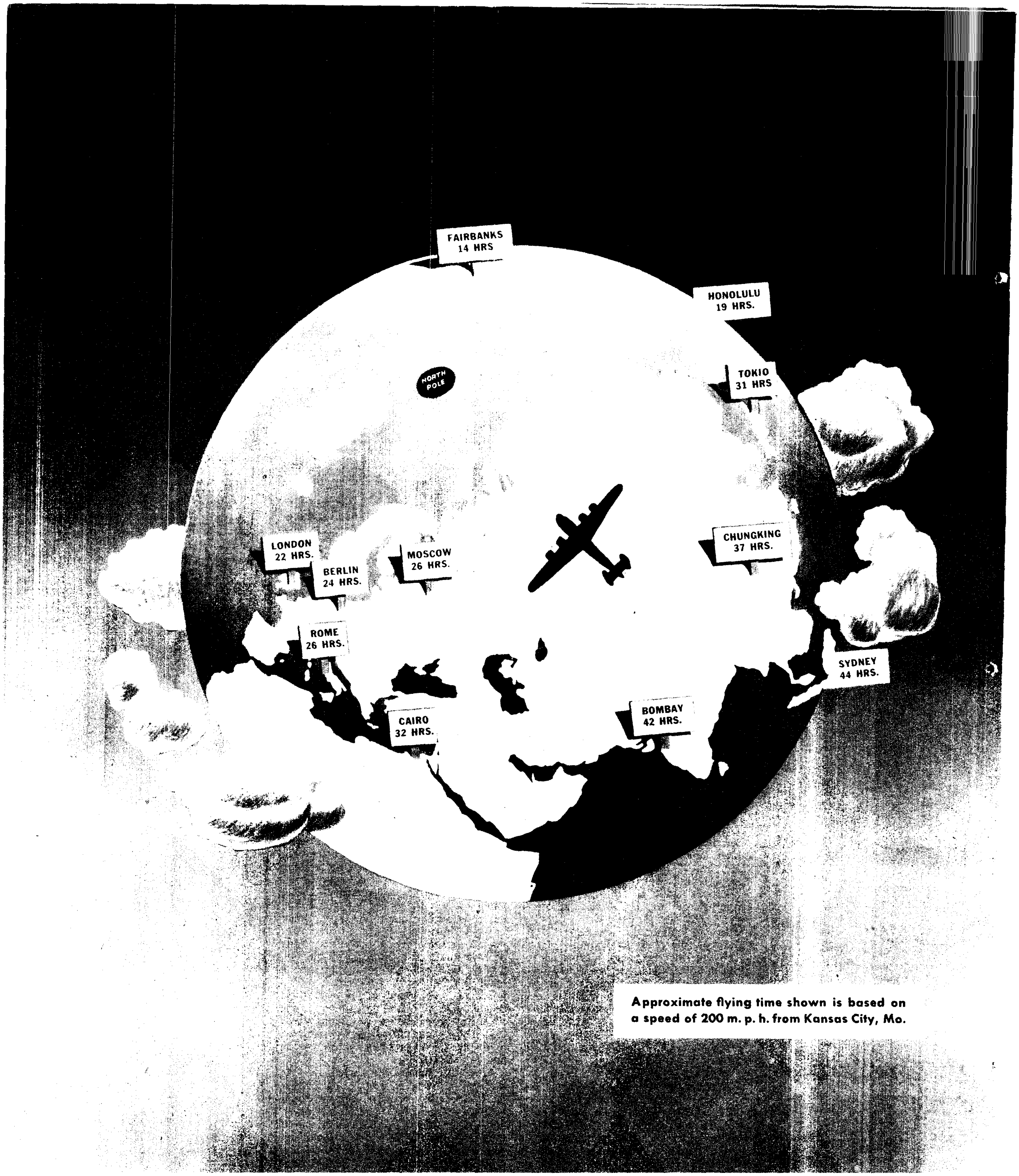
B'r Charlie had had to wrestle with problems all his life; he was accustomed to battling, although he seldom won. Here was real trouble: he didn't want to die off and become one of old Satan's imps. "Standin' over a fo'ge and sharpin' red-

*(Continued on page 61)*

Botany
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WRINKL-
PROOF
Ties
Last
Longer

**The marvelous fabric springs back to fresh newness...overnight. In Planned Patterns...to go with whatever you wear, $1. Botany Regence Ties, $1.50. ...Also available in the Official Army, Navy and Marine colors.**

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. • Ties • Robes • Men's & Women's Wear Fabrics • Bo-Nye-Lot Yarns • Lanolin Cosmetics


FAIRBANKS
14 HRS
HONOLULU
19 HRS.
NORTH POLE
TOKIO
31 HRS
LONDON
22 HRS.
BERLIN
24 HRS.
MOSCOW
26 HRS.
CHUNGKING
37 HRS.
ROME
26 HRS.
SYDNEY
44 HRS.
CAIRO
32 HRS.
BOMBAY
42 HRS.

Approximate flying time shown is based on a speed of 200 m. p. h. from Kansas City, Mo.

# CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAF

# Try to Find a Spot that's more than 60 Hours from Your Local Airport!

NO MATTER WHERE you look on a globe today, you won't find a spot *anywhere* that can't be reached in 60 hours' flying time from your local airport!

Perhaps you hadn't realized that the world had actually become so small. Many Americans didn't . . . until it was almost too late.

They thought of the earth in terms of vast distances and natural protective barriers.

They believed that a country "isolated" by two oceans thousands of miles wide, had little to fear.

But when we were suddenly forced into a global war, we learned that many of our old ideas about geography were wrong. And we quickly learned *why* they were wrong . . .

We had made the mistake of looking at maps in terms of *rowboat* geography. We learned our mistake when the Axis took our own invention, the airplane, and taught us the grim fundamentals of *aviation* geography – first over Britain, then at Crete, and finally at Pearl Harbor.

Now we know that to win this global war and build a lasting peace, we must revise our geographical thinking.

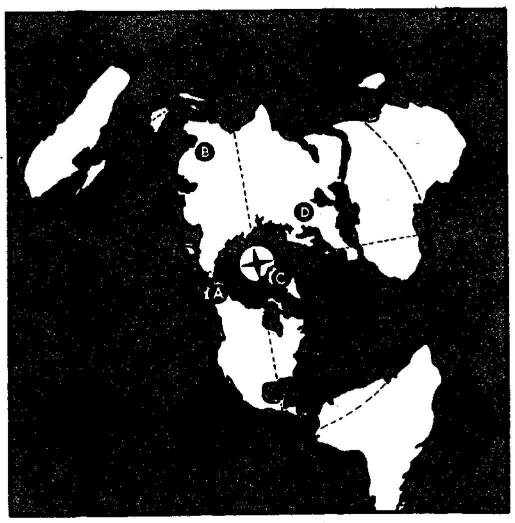
We are looking at our maps more intelligently, and we are drawing *new* maps which show us global geography more clearly.

These new maps have shadows on them, cast by wings. They show us the world as it really is, because of the plane – a clustering of Air-age nations which must forever more be close friends or close enemies.

To survive as a nation and to live in peace in such a world, we must completely understand the simple and important truths which our new maps so plainly tell us.

This means we must *restudy* geography, for a clear understanding of the new global community in which we live.

For only then can we fully understand why supremacy in the air is a "must" for America, both for winning the war and for securing the peace that will follow.



Polar azimuthal equidistant projection

**On a global projection** *of the earth, we see the nations of the world in their true relationship. Alaska (A) is merely a near-by way station on the route to Chungking (B) – and Greenland (C) is an easy stopover on the flight to Moscow (D).*

Orthographic projection

**No longer** *can we think of Europe, Russia, or even China as remote bodies of land on "the other side" of the world.*

**One day last year,** *a Liberator bomber flew to London in 400 minutes. On that day, the Atlantic was no longer an ocean, but a mill-pond. Even this amazing record was beaten several weeks ago when another Liberator hopped across the "pond" in 372 minutes!*

### QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Planes designed and built by Consolidated Vultee cover the entire range, from military basic trainers and light observation planes to the largest long-range bombers and transport planes.

• • •

**The Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber has the greatest speed, bomb capacity, and flying range of any American 4-engine bomber now in mass production. It has a range of 4000 miles and a service ceiling of 35,000 feet.**

• • •

When British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden visited the U. S. recently, he flew over from London in the same Liberator bomber in which Prime Minister Winston Churchill flew to Moscow and, later, to Casablanca and Turkey.

• • •

**FREE:** As a designer and builder of long-range planes – for war today, and peace tomorrow – Consolidated Vultee is eager to make whatever contribution it can toward a clearer understanding of today's new global geography.

The well-known cartographer, Richard Edes Harrison, whose maps are familiar to all readers of LIFE and FORTUNE, has worked with us in the preparation of a 32-page booklet entitled "MAPS – and how to understand them." Many of the maps shown have never been published before. This booklet is now available and will gladly be sent free on request. Simply fill out the coupon below.

**CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION**

**San Diego, Cal. • Vultee Field, Cal. • Fort Worth, Texas**
**New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich.**
**Allentown, Pa. • Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C.**
**Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.**

***Member, Aircraft War Production Council***

Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp.
P. O. Box 157, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of the 32-page booklet, "MAPS—and how to understand them."

Name____________________

Address____________________

____________________

***LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber)—CORONADO, CATALINA, and CORREGIDOR (patrol bombers)—LIBERATOR EXPRESS (4-engine transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)***

·BOTTLED IN BOND·
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.,
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN·FORMAN·KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

(Continued from page 57) hot plowp'ints is bad enough, whilst I'm alive," he said to himself. "But to stand over de broomstone pit and pitch sinners around for evermo' and a day is too many for me." He tried to think, though thinking was ever a difficult process for him. "I might haul off and pray a lick er two," he mused.

He dropped to his knee beside his anvil block. "Lawd," B'r Charlie prayed, "I reckon a po' soul wid one holy laig and one sinner laig ain't got much right to ax You no favors. But please, Suh, I don't want to be no imp down yonder pitchin' sinners around in de fire and broomstone. Amen."

HIS prayer was answered immediately. As B'r Charlie stood up, an idea popped right into his mind and his tongue began to talk. It was, he believed at the time, a natural miracle. "Ole hippercrittin' Henry is a big ole lie. He jest a low-down talk-agin-de-preacher false witness. Cause I bet a one-laigged angel kin fly good as de nex' one!"

With that bit of pure reasoning tucked away in his soul, the old blacksmith turned to the business of work. Three plowpoints that had laid in the fire for a long time were "burnt up" and unfit for further use. Also, while B'r Charlie's work had lagged, several sharpened points had been removed from the box by hurrying cultivator operators, and no more points had replaced them. B'r Charlie moaned, "I bet Giles gonter kill me off, fo' true. Seem like de harder I works de lesser I gits done. And de lesser I gits done, do mo' bad luck overtakes me."

He carefully poked three more points into the forge and began working the bellows lever. The coals glowed hotly, serving to remind B'r Charlie of his fate. "Broomstone is seven times hotter den dat," he said and shuddered. His hope abandoned him. A moment before, he knew Uncle Henry had been lying and B'r Charlie was going to be the first one-laigged angel that ever flew through Glory. Now, he wasn't certain. "Maybe. And den again, maybe naw," he speculated. "I don't know, and neither ole preacher-plaguer Henry don't know. On account er neither me or him ever seed a one-laigged angel."

Here was food for contemplation, and B'r Charlie contemplated thoroughly, meanwhile pumping the forge bellows vigorously. One by one, the boxful of sharpened plowpoints emptied as busy plowhands came and went. Oblivious, B'r Charlie went on thinking and pumping. "O' co'se, a one-laigged guinea hen can't fly—" B'r Charlie suddenly woke to the fact that he'd burned three more plowpoints. In desperation he yelled: "You, Henry! You stop puttin' dat thaing on me!" But the lotman was far out of earshot. "Efn he lie again his pastor," B'r Charlie declared loudly, "he'd lie about a angel. And efn he lie about a angel, he'd lie about a one-laigged guinea hen. I'm fixin' to find out efn he's a lie or ain't he." B'r Charlie threw down his hammer and crutched out of the shop.

Finding a guinea hen would be easy, for the Widow Duck had a whole covey of them that lived in the grass and weeds along the bayou. To test whether they could fly would be easy, too, for all B'r Charlie would have to do would be walk toward the covey and it would flush, just like quail. But finding a one-legged guinea would be something else. B'r Charlie could not remember ever having seen one, either in flight or on the ground.

"I kin fix dat," he said stoutly. He returned to the shop and found a long piece of heavy wire. This he twisted into a long open-shanked hook and started out to stalk guineas.

He crept along the bayou where the Widow Duck's flock was lazily pecking. Each time he approached, the birds ran from him. After a while, B'r Charlie lay down and pushed his wire snare far out ahead of him and waited patiently until the guineas grazed back toward him.

Presently, he snatched the wire back. There was a terrific "pat-a-rack" followed by screeches as the birds fluttered and flew—all but one young guinea hen. She was caught, her leg fouled in B'r Charlie's wire snare. He drew in the wire quickly as the hen continued to screech wildly. Then, by deftly bending her head under a wing, B'r Charlie silenced her. The other guineas settled in trees, fussing noisily. B'r Charlie lay quietly until the birds calmed down and then he stealthily stood up.

"You, Charlie!" the Widow Duck yelled, less than fifty yards away. "You stealin' my guineas! You low-down guinea-roguin' thief-in-de-daylight!" She started running after the bewildered preacher.

The race that followed broke no sprinting records. B'r Charlie, with his crutch under one arm and the fowl under the other did the best he could. The Widow Duck, weighing more than two hundred pounds, managed to stay within yelling distance. She chased him clear to the blacksmith shop and witnesses reported later that she didn't call him the same name twice.

By the time B'r Charlie reached his shop, he was in a state of collapse, winded, frightened and beaten. Half a dozen plow hands were standing around the empty plowpoint box.

Giles, the foreman, was present, too, and obviously none too pleased. "Whar you been, fool?" he roared. "Hit ain't a sharp p'int in de box!"

"You drap my guinea hen, you daylight guinea roguer!" the Widow Duck yelled breathlessly. "Or I'll break yo' yuther laig off!"

"Run, Charlie," chirped Uncle Henry. "Efn de Widow Duck ketch you, she gonter kill you and dat'd be sin one for de senior ursher. Dat'd be a shame!"

"Ev'ybody stand back," B'r Charlie panted. "Stand back ontwell I see kin a one-laigged guinea hen fly. Den all er y'all kin kill me off daid. I don't keer!"

Giles grabbed the preacher by the shoulder and shook him to a standstill.

"What de fool is goin' on 'round hyar?" Giles demanded. "What all dis mess about one-laigged guineas? How come you out roguin' guineas instid er sharpin' de plows?"

"Kill me, Mist' Giles," B'r Charlie begged. "Don't let de Widow Duck git at me, please, suh. Jest kill me off, now. I ain't got time to find out."

Giles gripped B'r Charlie, at the same time warding off the Widow Duck who was closing in at her best speed.

"Ain't got time for what?" Giles shouted.

B'r Charlie caught his breath. "Jest kill me off," he said sorrowfully. "Hit don't make me no diff'unce, now. I was gonter cut off dis guinea's laig and see kin she fly. But angel or imp, hit don't make me no diff'unce, now, only please don't let de Widow Duck git to mashin' me up."

GILES grabbed the Widow Duck by an arm. "Now somebody better git to talkin' sense to me," he stated firmly, "or else things is fixin' to take place around hyar."

"B'r Charlie crope up and stole my pet guinea," the Widow Duck said hotly. "And I'm fixin' to beat bumps all over B'r Charlie's haid."

"I didn't steal hit," the preacher protested. "I was jest fixin' to see efn hit could fly."

"You's a lie!" the Widow Duck snapped. "You knows good as anybody on de place a guinea kin fly!"

"A one-laigged guinea," B'r Charlie explained. "I was gonter see—"

Uncle Henry shook his head. "Was you fixin' to chop dat po' guinea hen's laig off?" he asked reproachfully. "Ain't dat's a shame to do a nice guinea like dat?"

B'r Charlie turned pleadingly to Giles. "Henry said a one-laigged angel couldn't fly," the preacher said, "on account er a one-laigged guinea couldn't fly."

"I didn't said no setch," Uncle Henry snorted. "Kindly keep yo' betters outn yo' lies, you hippercrit."

"You did, too," B'r Charlie insisted. "And den you named me out for a imp in torment instid of a angel in Glory. Dat's what you done."

"And I bet Uncle Henry's right, too," the Widow Duck said. "You low-down guinea-stealer-f'm-a-widow-woman rogue, you!"

"Stop hit!" Giles ordered. Turning to the Widow Duck again, he asked, "Is dat yo' guinea hen dat Charlie got?"

"Name er Alice May," the Widow Duck declared warmly. "She my pet guinea hen."

"Den gi' hit to her," the foreman told B'r Charlie.

As the bird passed to its owner, Uncle Henry sneered. "A guinea for a pet!"

Giles glared at Uncle Henry and then at the Widow Duck. "Dis look like to me some kind er mess y'all two members rigged up agin y'all's preacher. Ain't hit?"

"Us ain't rigged nothin' up," the Widow Duck denied. "I jest said I ain't never seed no one-laigged angel. And I ain't, neither. Fo' true."

"What did *you* said?" Giles turned to Uncle Henry.

"I jest said I didn't b'lieve no one-laigged angel could fly, nor no one-laigged guinea hen neither. And I don'."

THE foreman glared. "Dat," he said, "sound to me like one er dese hyar church argyments."

"In a way, hit was," the Widow Duck confessed. "Us members got to git de Scriptures straightened out, once in a while."

"And whilst y'all's doin' dat," Giles said sternly, "y'all got B'r Charlie in setch a swivit he can't sharp de plows. Hit's hard plowin' time right now and not a sharp p'int in de box. All on account er y'all gittin' him riled up 'bout his yuther laig. I won't have hit!"

"Us didn't mean—" the Widow Duck began.

Giles cut in sharply, "I don't keer what y'all didn't mean. Y'all knows good as me B'r Charlie got to be easy in his mind and work hard as he kin to git by wid me. And I'm gonter have hit like dat, f'm now on. Onderstand?"

Uncle Henry shrugged. The Widow Duck knew the foreman was right. She nodded agreement.

"And de nex' time y'all mess B'r Charlie up wid dat kind er church argyment," Giles continued, "I'm gonter fill Ole Ship er Zion up wid hay and hit ain't gonter be no church!"

B'r Charlie went back to his forge with his soul somewhat relieved and his mind in a state of what was for him bordering on sheer happiness. Uncle Henry wandered away, muttering.

The Widow Duck turned and glared at the foreman. "Giles," she demanded, "you ain't *raley* fixin' to put hay in de church, is you?"

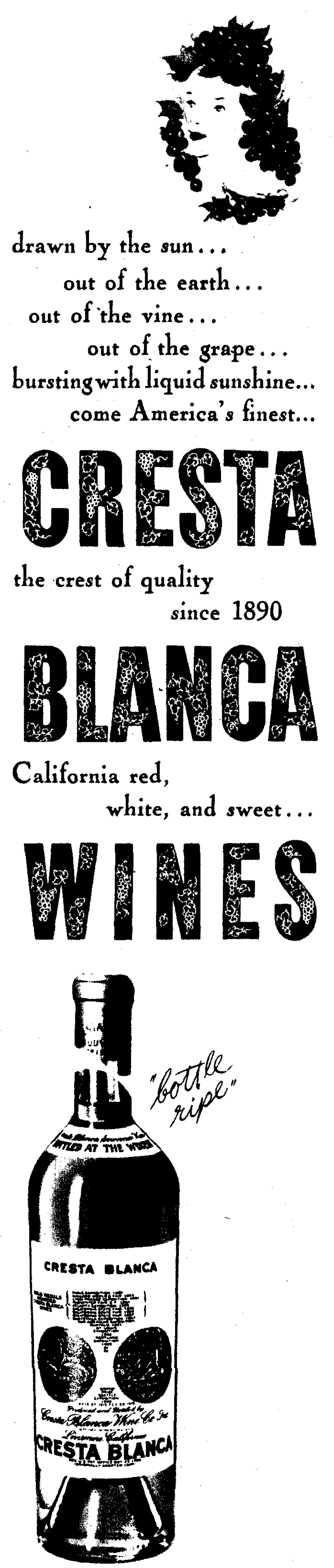
Giles grinned. "You reckon," he asked, "B'r Charlie could fly wid one laig, efn dey was raley angels and he got to be one?"

"Kin he sharp de plowp'ints good enough to suit you?" the Widow Duck countered.

"In a rush, he'll do," Giles admitted.

"Well, den," the Widow Duck opined, "I guess his one-laigged flyin' would suit me and de Lawd. Us ain't no harder to please den you."

THE END



drawn by the sun...
out of the earth...
out of the vine...
out of the grape...
bursting with liquid sunshine...
come America's finest...

CRESTA
the crest of quality
since 1890
BLANCA
California red,
white, and sweet...
WINES

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday eve. Columbia Broadcasting System.

Cresta Blanca Wine Co. Inc. Livermore, Cal.

make your dollars fight, buy war bonds and stamps

EIGHT O'CLOCK FRESHLY ROASTED COFFEE GROUND TO ORDER A&P COFFEE SERVICE
RED CIRCLE FRESHLY ROASTED COFFEE GROUND TO ORDER A&P COFFEE SERVICE
FRESHLY ROASTED BOKAR COFFEE GROUND TO ORDER A&P COFFEE SERVICE

There is NO SUBSTITUTE for America's favorite coffee

Daily, thousands of women, whose families really demand fine coffee, bring their precious coffee ration coupons to their A&P Food Stores and demand: "A&P Coffee!"

Here's why: The experts who select America's favorite coffee report that no coffee can give you more good cups per pound than A&P Coffee.

That's not all. A&P Coffee is the pick of the plantations... expertly blended... roasted to the very peak of flavor. And because it's brought to you in the flavor-sealed bean...then after you buy, Custom Ground to the exact fineness for your coffeepot... you get finer, fresher flavor in every cup.

To make every cup of coffee perfect, use your coupons for A&P Coffee. Join the millions who have made it America's favorite coffee.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
A&P ESTABLISHED 1859

Save up to 25%*

ON MANY FINE FOODS

*Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our—

33 Ann Page Foods
Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees
Jane Parker Cakes,
Rolls and "Dated" Donuts
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
Nectar and Our Own Teas

A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
White Sail
Household Products
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

SOLD ONLY AT A&P FOOD STORES

## The Road to Vyazma

Continued from page 11

Germans never did get beyond Mozhaisk.

It's a small place, hardly big enough to be called a town. Its main street is bordered by two-story houses. The streets were deep in mud. It was almost dark now and we decided to spend the night here. A group of children, attracted by the sight of a stranger, came running. They had lived under German rule for eighteen months but all looked healthy and happy. There was little Natasha, aged four; her brother Nikolai, seven; and an older brother Peter, nine.

"Were the Germans good to you?" I asked Natasha.

"We didn't see them very often," Peter said. "We stayed in the cellar all day and sometimes went out at night."

"What did they give you to eat?"

"Nothing," Peter said. "But every day we had *lepeshki.*"

### Recipe for Pancake Flour

*Lepeshki* means pancakes, and there is nothing better than Russian pancakes. I was amazed, because usually the Germans take all the available flour.

"Where did you get the flour?" I asked.

"There was no flour," Peter said stolidly. "Mother made them out of grass and potato mash. She chopped grass up fine."

For eighteen months these children had lived on grass and potatoes, not a diet recommended by our more fashionable dietitians. Yet they seemed healthy.

"That was our church over there," Peter said, pointing to a heap of ruins. "They blew it up. Mother was out in the street, and bricks flew all around. One brick hit Mother and killed her."

In the morning, we started off again on the road to Vyazma.

From here on, the highway would be a military road, rough because tanks and heavy guns had left their marks upon it; rough because the Germans had fled along this road and had mined it and blown up twenty bridges between Mozhaisk and Vyazma. We bumped along, going through forests of birch and pine, and sometimes we stopped to look at dugouts in which the German army had lived.

The Germans are adept at living underground. The earthen roofs of their timber-supported dugouts seldom raised themselves more than three feet aboveground. There were thousands of abandoned shallow trenches and, around them, the debris that a retreating army leaves. As we neared Vyazma, overturned tanks flanked the road. Here and there, a smashed gun carriage would sit beside the road, the long barrel of the gun pointing futilely toward Moscow.

Crossing the wrecked bridges was slow work. When the Germans retreat they leave little behind. Huge craters on both sides of the streams showed they had been lavish in their use of dynamite. Red army engineers had hurriedly thrown up temporary bridges and even now were working on more substantial permanent crossings. We were halted every few miles by women soldiers who guarded the road and who asked for our credentials. They were bright-looking, alert youngsters with heavy guns on their backs and with revolvers girded on their waists.

We went on toward Vyazma, and the debris left by the Germans increased. Overturned cooking stoves, tanks, guns and bayonets littered both sides of the road. Occasionally truck convoys roared by. Once, incredibly, two small jeeps flashed past. It was exciting to see a small bit of America here. Red army sappers and engineers worked on either side of the road, filling up holes and craters, cautiously exploring woods and fields for mines. Then in the distance we saw smoke and presently the irregular outlines of buildings. I knew we were approaching Vyazma.

We went over the twentieth bridge and climbed a short hill. Here on top of the hill were some fifty women and children sitting among the disorder of their household possessions. They had run away when the Germans entered Vyazma. They had been living in scooped-out dugouts and abandoned houses, hiding in forests, living on grass or whatever herbs and berries the forests yielded. Now they were going home. Army trucks helped them when there was room. Meanwhile they waited beside the road until there *was* room.

We reached the top of the hill and saw the city below us. You couldn't say anything at first. The sight below was so horrible as to seem unreal. Nothing I had ever seen in Coventry or Plymouth or London had prepared me for this. This shapeless, jagged mass of rubble had once been a thriving, living city.

Reluctantly we headed toward it and then drove into the sad, dead town which is called Vyazma.

There should be a monument raised outside this city—the kind of monument one sees in graveyards. On it should be carved this epitaph:

"Vyazma was a city of sixty thousand inhabitants. It was five hundred years old. Vyazma was killed by the Germans in March, 1943. At the time of its death, only 716 citizens of Vyazma were left."

Future generations will no doubt hear stories of ruthless and unnecessary cruelty practiced by the Germans in this war. But they may be more civilized than we are now, and incredulous of such stories. The epitaph will bear witness that the stories are true.

### Pattern of Merciless Ruin

Vyazma was not killed because it was a military center. It's true that a railroad from Moscow had its terminus here, and one expected that the Germans would blow up some fifteen miles of railroad tracks. That is accepted military procedure. One expected that they would slaughter livestock, strip the city of scrap metal and grain, and use all the household furniture for fuel. These, too, are stringent but accepted military practices.

But the Germans went far beyond that. When they finally knew they would have to leave, German sappers began with the railroad station on the outskirts, blew that up, and systematically worked toward the center of the city, destroying every building. From the center, they worked through side streets of the old city. Some of the buildings died hard. The Germans worked on the power plant for two days before it was reduced to debris. They worked thoroughly. All but the cathedral and two other large buildings were absolutely destroyed; they had a purpose in leaving those nearly intact.

I walked into the city two weeks after the Red army had entered it. We had heard stories in Moscow of what had happened to Vyazma and had read reports of the atrocities committed upon its citizens, but I had wanted to find out for myself.

Major Smolin, young, handsome and likable, was in command of the city. He told me what he found when he and his men marched in. "It was much as you see it now," he said, "except there were two buildings and the cathedral standing almost intact. There was a fine brick building in good condition, and our doctors and nurses hurriedly began to fix it up as a hospital. There were seven hundred and sixteen men, women and children here then, most of whom either had typhus or were starved almost to death. Many were weak from beatings, and others from wounds. Twenty-six doctors and nurses went into this brick building to convert it to a hospital, and then too late we realized why the Germans had left the buildings intact.

"A large delayed-action mine exploded. It killed them all. Two days later a second intact building blew up. Sixteen men were killed. Those who had remained in the city were anxious to hold church services. Before I allowed them to enter the cathedral, I had my sappers inspect it. They found a thousand-pound time bomb there. Like all the mines and bombs left, it was a chemical-action bomb. We got it out into the fields and exploded it. Then the people held their services. Only the cathedral is intact, you see.

### Death Lurks in Ruined Homes

"The Germans buried mines everywhere. They still explode. They buried them under debris in ruined houses. They buried them under the street mud. We have dug up hundreds of them. We still search for them."

A strange silence hung over the city as I walked around. People still were returning, for to those who had spent most of their lives here, Vyazma even now was home. Old women sat apathetically in the ruins that had been their homes. Their children, unconscious of disaster, played happily in the debris, occasionally crying out when they unearthed some remembered household article—a dish, a broken chair, the remains of a stove. Already seven thousand people had returned from their hiding places in neighboring forests and villages.

A few days after the Red army recaptured the place, the government appointed a committee to investigate stories told by the 716 who had remained. Their stories were checked, one against another, and printed in Moscow papers. Ever since our own government admitted that fantastic stories of German atrocities given out in the last war were manufactured in Washington, we as a nation have been rightfully skeptical of such handouts.

It was so with the Soviet report. I read stories of almost incredible torture, rape and murder with some skepticism. After two days in Vyazma, talking to dozens of survivors picked at random, I now believe every word of that report and could support it with twenty additional stories of horror—a few of which could be printed.

Come along with me into the ruins of Vyazma and talk to men, women and children. We are under no supervision. We will talk to those we find huddled around fires, to those searching amid the ruins for something to salvage, to anyone we wish. Here is a very old man trying to repair a chair with only two of its legs left. He sits beside what was once his house and talks in a matter-of-fact tone.

"When they came in," he says, "I escaped to a village not far away. But they came there so quickly that no one could leave. They gathered people from other villages near by and said they were going to send them to Germany to work. One hundred and forty refused to go. The Germans put them into a house and then set fire to it. I saw this happen. They all burned to death."

"Is this true? Will you swear that it's true?"

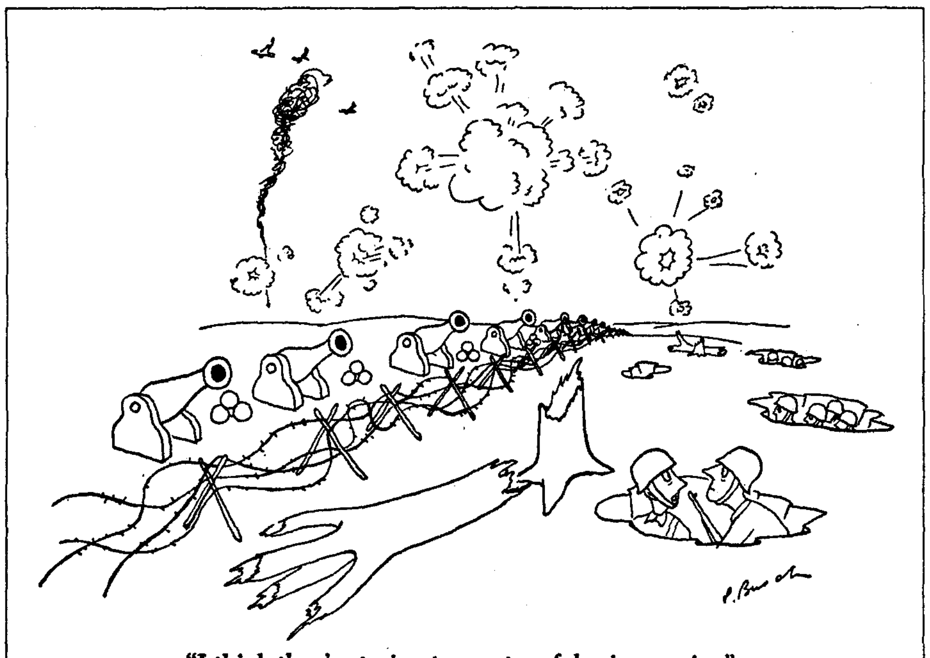
The old man looked at me, a bit puzzled. Why should he be inventing such a tale? He didn't answer, just shrugged his shoulders and looked past me. It was nothing to him whether or not I believed his story. He got on with his job of repairing the chair.

I went on and there was a sad-faced woman with heavy lines of suffering etched on her face. Her name was Alexandra Ivanovna Khokhlova. She, her husband and her son had remained behind. She talked of those eighteen months as though they were something out of another world.

"When they first came," she said tonelessly, "they went from house to house taking everything they could use and killing all our hens and dogs. They broke all our glasses—I don't know why. It got worse later. There is a bridge just outside the city; you can see it from the cathedral. There were two sentries there. Often men from neighboring villages or from the woods would come in starving and ask the two sentries for food. The sentries told them they could have food if they would chop wood. They would chop wood, and the sentries would actually give them food.

"Then the sentries would tell them to leave the city and go back across the bridge. When they would get halfway across the bridge, the sentries would shoot them and laugh as the bodies fell into the snow. When the snow began to melt, they made us go there to clear the stream and its banks under the bridge. We found more than fifty bodies."

The woman told her story unemotionally as though recounting a tale seen in a moving picture. Doctor Goebbels always labels such stories as lies and says they are inspired by Soviet propaganda bureaus. This woman wasn't hand-picked by Soviet officials. No Soviet officials were with me. The old man raised her hand and brushed it across the scar on her



COLLIER'S "I think they're trying to create a false impression" PAUL BUSCH

I'VE GOT HIS NUMBER!
WHAT A NERVE HE HAS—THINKING I'D GO OUT ON A DATE WITH A GUY LIKE HIM!
GEE! HE LOOKS ALL RIGHT TO ME, MABEL!
OH, SURE! BUT HIS BREATH AND HIS LOOKS DON'T MATCH!
IMAGINE! GEE! YOU'D THINK ONE OF HIS BUDDIES WOULD HAVE TIPPED HIM OFF TO SEE HIS DENTIST!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HOW ABOUT IT, MABEL? IS MY FAVORITE OPERATOR STEPPING OUT WITH ME TONIGHT?
SURE THING, SOLDIER! YOU'RE A PRETTY SMOOTH OPERATOR YOURSELF THESE DAYS!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Take an empty tube with you when you buy

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS—Saturday Night—NBC Network

cheek. I asked what had caused the scar. "I was home one night when a very young and drunken officer came into the house," she said. "He told me that he was going to sleep with me. I said that I was an old woman and had sons older than he was. It didn't matter. He grabbed me. When I resisted, he picked up a glass from the table and smashed it into my face. He pulled the tablecloth from the table and smashed my plates and glasses. I ran away and he followed me, but he was so drunk that he fell down. I hid in the barn for three days and he never came back.

"They made all the young girls sleep with them, and if they wouldn't, they would beat them. As soon as a girl would get pregnant, the soldiers would tell her to go away. A lot of them had babies," she added thoughtfully.

### One Mother's Tale of Horror

I walked another hundred yards and stopped Anna Yakovlevna Sorokina, a middle-aged, placid-looking woman. She, her husband and her twenty-nine-year-old daughter were caught when the Germans came in. They hid for a time in their cellar, but eventually the Germans found them and put them to work. One day the enemy soldiers came into the house and, while she watched, killed her daughter.

"They said she was a guerrilla," Anna told us tonelessly. "My daughter was not a guerrilla."

Do you want more stories? Could you stomach the story of Natalia Osipovna Kiriushina, who carried a three-months-old child in her arms, or the story of Nina Petrovna Ospova, who lay for weeks on filthy straw in a room with sixty others who also had typhus? Most of the others died.

Story followed story, all of the same pattern. A dozen repeated the story of the two sentries who laughed when the bodies fell from the bridge into the icy stream below. You can hear a thousand stories—no, several thousand—of how the Germans treated the citizens of Vyazma and of the surrounding villages. They vary only in detail.

Late that afternoon, I ate with some Russian officers. They were incredulous when I told them that a good part of America thought that Japan was our principal enemy. I told them that sometimes I worried because my countrymen did not seem to have a healthy capacity for hating Nazi Germany, which is needed for waging total war.

"Perhaps," one of the officers said gently, "if your countrymen could see this city and talk to its survivors, they might realize what manner of men the Germans are. The other day one of our generals visited us. We passed a sentry, and the sentry neglected to salute the general. 'What are you dreaming about that you forgot your discipline?' the general said to him. 'I was daydreaming,' the sentry admitted. 'I was thinking what a great idea it would be to leave this ruined city exactly as it is. Then we could build a high wall around it, so nothing would be disturbed. Future generations would come to see the city, and then they would realize the kind of beasts that invaded their country during this war. That's what I was dreaming of, Tovarisch General.'"

With one of the officers, I walked to the outskirts of the city near the destroyed railroad station. There was a large cross there.

"We were looking for unexploded mines and bombs," the officer explained when I asked him about it. "Here there was a patch of soft earth, and we thought perhaps it covered a time bomb. We dug into the earth, and before we were finished, we had found the bodies of six hundred men, women and children. Many had been shot or hanged. Many had obviously died either of typhus or starvation."

He paused, then said quietly, "You do not blame us, I trust, for hating the Germans?"

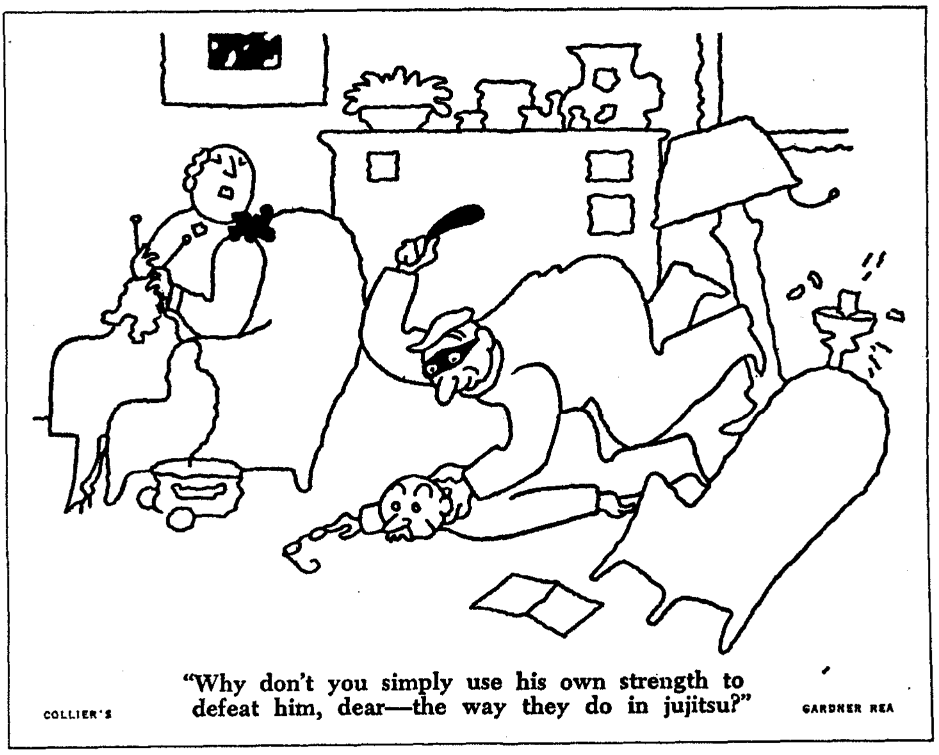
We walked back in silence. It was six o'clock. A hundred fires burned amid the ruins, and families huddled around them. There is no blackout in Vyazma—there is no way of blacking out a dead city. From the distance came the sound of heavy guns. The front was not too far away. Each day the people wake up to the sound of the dawn barrage, and late each afternoon they again hear the rumble of drums. From right outside the town came the angry barking of antiaircraft guns. Perhaps they were only being tested, perhaps some stray raider was trying to get through to the city.

Bombing Vyazma would be silly, I thought—like putting a knife into the heart of a corpse. Then over the echo of the guns came the sound of singing. It came from the center of town. The officer saw my puzzled glance.

"They're holding services in the cathedral," he explained. "Would you like to join them?"

We went toward the sound of the singing. It led us to the cathedral which was up a slight hill, so that it completely dominated the city. It alone was untouched, and there was something majestic about its calm solidity. The Germans find it easy to kill men and women and cities, and they have been known to kill countries. But even Germans cannot kill faith.

THE END



"Why don't you simply use his own strength to defeat him, dear—the way they do in jujitsu?"

New Crotch Comfort
Switches thousands to
REIS Scandals

•No other underwear like Reis Scandals! Only Reis gives you the exclusive, patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch which conforms to crotch contour and gives *real support!* "Hi-Waist" design keeps Scandals from slipping . . . insures proper fit. Extra seat coverage—no seams to sit on. Concealed no-gap fly. Scandals retain shape and fit after washing. Matching shirts especially shaped to follow "leg line" of shorts. Ask for Reis underwear, sportswear, pajamas, hosiery—at retailers everywhere.

Our exclusive "HI-WAIST" design insures proper fit and snug support.

REIS' patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch conforms to crotch contour.

Extra seat coverage—no seams to sit on.

Five styles—year 'round weights

CHANGE TO REIS FOR GREATER COMFORT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ROBERT REIS & COMPANY
2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Makes All-Day Standing Easy On Your Feet

If you are on your feet all day—walking the floor or standing in front of a machine—just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes every morning. This soothing powder really brings quick relief from the discomfort of tired, burning feet. When feet tend to swell and shoes feel pinched from all day standing, try Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve this congestion. Also acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevent offensive foot odors. If you want real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease—the easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

BUGS IN YOUR VICTORY GARDEN?

Use Red Arrow Garden Spray to kill insects in Victory Gardens. Safe when sprayed to humans, birds, pets. 35c bottle makes several quarts. Buy Red Arrow Spray where you buy garden supplies.

FREE Send post card for new illustrated "Garden Insect Identification and Control Chart." Address: McCormick Sales Company, Dept. 3D6, Baltimore, Md.

RED ARROW GARDEN SPRAY

IN THE PACIFIC
his job will be easier if you back him up with war bonds.
in St. Louis
your job will be easier after a good night's rest at..
HOTEL Lennox
EVERY ROOM AIR CONDITIONED . . .
NOISE-PROOFED . . . FROM $3.00

FOR THINGS THAT STICK OR SQUEAK
EASES WINDOWS · DRAWERS · DOORS
Many home uses. Clean, easy to apply. Use like a crayon. Door-Ease Mfrs., Muskegon, Michigan. In metallic containers at Hdw., Auto and Dime Stores . . .
10¢
DOOR-EASE
STAINLESS STICK LUBRICANT

YOUR CHEEK APPEALS TO ME!
IT SHOULD-NOW THAT I USE STAR BLADES!
6NX PROCESS
STAR DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR SINGLE EDGE

FEEL "TOPS" every tomorrow!

Feel swell tomorrow—*every* tomorrow! Don't let ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion get you down. Take sparkling, effervescent Eno in a glass of water as directed—in the morning, after meals, at night—whenever you "overdo"—eat, drink, smoke unwisely. Tastes great! Try 30¢ size *today!* At all druggists.

ENJOY LIFE WITH ENO

... THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING
ENO
WHEN NEEDED

SMOKING TOO MUCH?

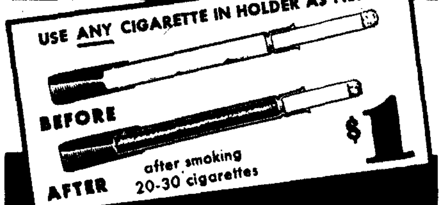
Get a *ZEUS

*Filter* CIGARETTE HOLDER

Eliminates major part of nicotine and tars—by official laboratory test

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

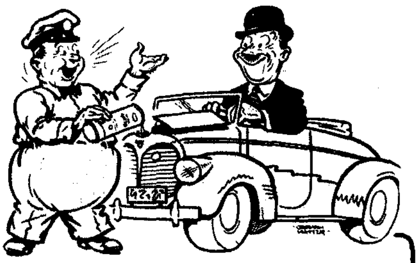
USE ANY CIGARETTE IN HOLDER AS FILTER



$1

"SMOKE ALL YOU LIKE *—like all you smoke"*

AT ALL GOOD STORES L & H Stern, Inc., B'klyn, N. Y



CLEANS RUST OUT OF RADIATORS

Dissolves rust and scale quickly, safely. Requires no reverse flushing. It stops overheating. Increases engine efficiency, also saves gas and oil.

DU PONT
COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER

DU PONT
Cooling System
CLEANSER

## This I Must See

Continued from page 26

"And about a week afterward," he said, "Evelyn happens to stop at the office just as I'm starting home. She gives me a lift uptown and asks me in for a cocktail."

"What did she wait a week for?" I said. He didn't even hear me.

"That first party showed me how far I had to travel if I wanted to play in her league. She and her crowd were—well, I couldn't talk their language. Half the time I couldn't even understand it. So I went to work on myself. I went at the wisecrack magazines the way I went at the books in law school. I'd go to plays by guys like Behrman and Noel Coward till I knew 'em by heart.

"After a while I got so I wasn't so bad. It isn't so tough, after you pick up some of the tricks. You just use this week's patter and remember to wisecrack about everything, specially anything you'd feel serious about. I got by with it pretty well. Millie was a big help. She used to let me practice up my patter on her, and—"

"You know what?" I said, in spite of me having my own gal in Los Angeles. "Maybe you can get this Millie for me, hey, Sarge? And the four of us can step out and—"

"Forget it," Chuck said. "It's strictly no dice. Let it go at that. I got other things on my mind. Putting on the act is going to be a job. I don't know if I can get by with it. I'm clear back to where I was when I was lumberjacking. A spell with the Marines kind of rubs a guy down to what he is inside."

I LOOKED hard at him. It was something to think about. Chuck Davis, who'd got his stripes the hard way, down at New River; Sergeant Chuck Davis, petting a Martini and making like he'd been born with a silver knife in his mouth! And I knew he was dead right about how the Marines rub the make-believe off a guy.

"But I got to try it," he said. "And it's got to be good. If Evelyn once gets the idea that I—"

"So?" I said. "She made her old man hire you before you even started to get smooth, didn't she?"

"Oh, she might be sorry for a roughneck," he said. "Or get a laugh out of one. But she wouldn't get serious about one. And I'm serious."

"So," I said, "Sergeant Chuck Davis, late of New River, N. C., turns himself into a Park Avenue smoothie, huh?"

Chuck nodded. I sucked in a long breath.

"Brother," I said, "this I must see!"

We got into Penn Station around noon. Evelyn was throwing her cocktail party for Chuck at five and she wasn't going to be home till then, so we had a lot of time to kill. Chuck didn't go for any of my ideas about how and where to do the killing.

"Not a chance," he said. "I got to keep in training. I'll tell you—we'll go see Millie. The office is shut on Saturdays so she'll be home. Did I tell you she's a wizard with spaghetti?"

We hadn't eaten yet, so the idea looked good to me.

"You made a sale," I said. "Let's go."

Millie lived in a one-room-and-kitchenette place over in Tudor City, with gray Liberty ships sliding by on the river under the windows. When we blew in she was wearing a yellow apron, with a yellow cloth bound around her head, and she had a dust rag in her hand. None of those things stopped her from being easy to look at, slimmish and smallish, with lively eyes that turned into circles when they saw Chuck. Her mouth made like she was saying his name, but I didn't hear her say it.

"Hi, Millie," he said. "Meet Pete Coaster. We thought we'd drop in and rest up from the ride."

She gave me a kind of dazed nod, never taking her eyes off Chuck. "When did you get in?" she said.

"Twenty minutes back," Chuck said.

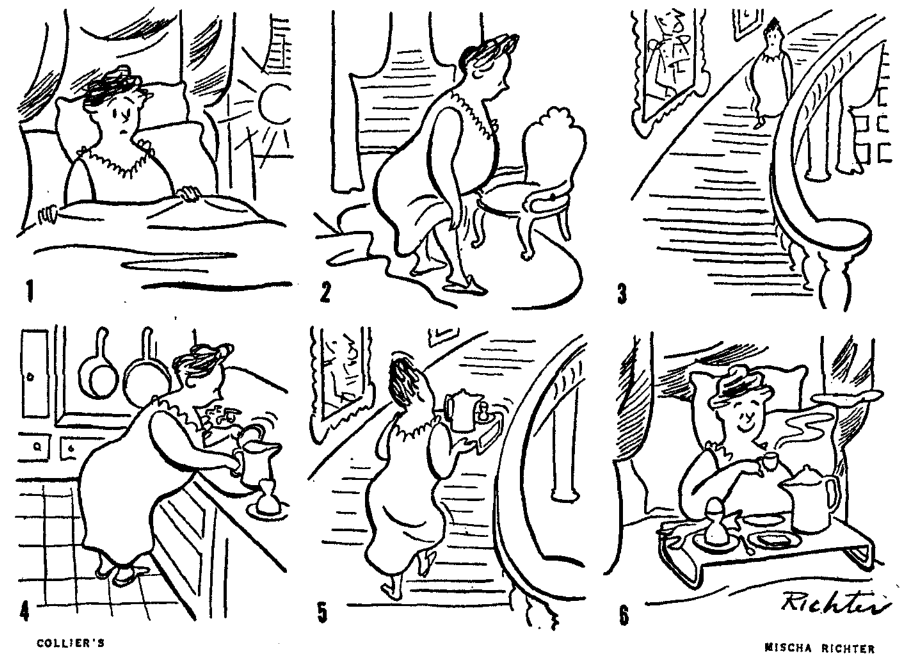
She waited a minute. "You mean you came straight here?"

"Uh-huh. Followed the spaghetti trail."

She turned away quick, pulling the cloth off her hair. I thought there were tears in her eyes, but when I looked again they weren't there and she was laughing.

We had fun. Millie cooked up a big bowl of spaghetti with a swell sauce all over it, and Chuck and I put away rations for a week. She told Chuck about the office and the air-spotting she was doing at night, and he told her about New River, and we all washed up the dishes and switched on the radio, and I danced with Millie, each of us holding a wet dish, and then Chuck danced with her, one hand full of forks and spoons.

Afterward we just sat around, smoking and talking, and Millie broke out some cold beer. I was feeling swell. I pretty near forgot about Evelyn till all at once Millie looked at her watch and told us to be on our way or we'd be late for the party. Neither of us had said anything about it, so I guessed Millie must have found out about it at the office. I saw the creases come back between Chuck's eye-



COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

IF YOU ASK FATHER... HE'LL SHAKE HIS HEAD

Ask him what he wants from you this Father's Day and, chances are, he'll say, "nothing." He generally does. And this year he's thinking even less about his own needs than ever before. *Yes, Dad has a lot on his mind these days.*

FATHER'S DAY JUNE 20th

But *you'll* want to remind him that Father's Day has come again, and that you haven't forgotten him; that *this year, more than ever before, he's your Blue Ribbon Dad.*

Perhaps the best thing you can do for him is to buy another War Bond. Anything over and above that, given as a personal token of devotion, may well be something he can actually make practical use of—something he can wear.

At men's wear counters you'll find an attractive selection of wearable gifts. Among the nationally advertised brands—always the safest buy—you'll find, in most good stores, accessories of

PIONEER BLUE RIBBON QUALITY

★ ★ ★

*Pioneer makes Braces, Belts, Wallets, Garters for Men and Boys . . . Military Accessories for Men in the Service*

PIONEER

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA

FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 76 of every 100 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations they had been using. Get a bottle today at your druggists.

WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
NON-ALCOHOLIC
WILDROOT CO., INC.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

NEW! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

brows. Millie must have seen them too. Anyhow she knew what was on Chuck's mind.

"Don't worry, Chuck," she said. "You'll go over but big. Bigger than ever."

"You think I will?" Chuck said. "Honest?"

She made a cross mark over her heart and gave him a quick little double nod. "You can't miss," she said. Then she laughed. "It's been swell seeing you. If you get any more spare time on your hands, drop in again. That goes for you, too, Pete."

"It better," I said. "I can feel some spare time coming on right now."

When we were outside, heading for Park Avenue, Chuck said, "You know, Pete, it was a good hunch, going over there first. I feel a lot better."

"Yeah?" I said.

"Yeah. I ought to have remembered what a help it always used to be, having a session with Millie before I went up against that crowd. Like putting on a dress rehearsal, kind of."

I couldn't see that there'd been much rehearsing. All the time we'd been at Millie's he'd talked and acted just about the same as he did down at New River. But I didn't tell him so.

I said, "So you figure you're gonna get by with it, huh?"

"I'm going to make a good stab at it, anyhow," he said.

I started to tell myself, again, that this was something I had to see. But right in the middle of it I kind of changed my mind. The way I felt, I didn't seem to want to see it. I didn't even want it to happen.

There were maybe a dozen men and five or six women at Evelyn's and everybody was gay and you could have practically anything you wanted to drink except beer. All the men were civilians, most of them along in the forties and a little thin on top, but all of them smooth. Nice guys, I guess, but the kind of nice guys that always make me scared I might forget where I am and spit on the floor or something.

But Evelyn—well, Chuck hadn't spread it on any too thick about her. She was something, all right. Tall and put together so all the curves were in the right places, with hair the color of a new copper kettle and greeny-blue eyes with a kind of Hepburn slant to them, and a mouth that gave you plenty of ideas.

She grabbed Chuck by the arm and hung on. "Look," she said. "A Marine! A big he-one! And he's all mine!"

Even her voice had sort of a Hepburn husk in it. I was back of Chuck, so I could see him get red behind the ears. It looked to me like his year in the Marines had roughed him up too much for a comeback, after all.

He jerked his head toward me. "Pete Coaster," he said.

"Aha!" Evelyn said. "A sub-Marine, too!"

SHE got a swell laugh on it. Looking around I could see the rest of them wishing they'd thought of it first and making up their minds to pull it off, anyway, on the next gang they were with. Me, I didn't think it was so hot, and some way I got the idea that Evelyn might have doped it out ahead of time and been saving it up. One of the smoothies, over by the bar table, called out to know what he should give the Marines to drink.

"Why, vodka, Freddie," Evelyn called back to him. "Straight vodka. Didn't you know that? They even use it for hair tonic—on their chests!"

I didn't see much smoke on that one, either. But the way it went over gave me an idea that even if Chuck was out of practice he ought to be able to wisecrack in this league. But all the comeback he had was to tell Freddie he'd take rye. He said it quiet, too, and I noticed he was standing almost like he was at attention, the way a shy guy is apt to do when he's some place where he isn't sure he belongs. And I wondered why it hadn't ever struck me before how tall Chuck was, or how wide across the shoulders.

I got over by the drink table where I'd be out of the channel and waited for him to get started with his act. Only it didn't seem to happen. All he did was to stand there in the middle of the crowd, with a kind of flat grin on his map, and let the rest of them do all the talking.

They were plenty willing to do it all. Especially Evelyn. She did more of it than any of the others. Most of it was over my head, so I couldn't judge how hot it was, but it went over swell on everybody except me—and Chuck. He didn't look like he was getting it much better than me. He just kept grinning that same sort of set grin, except once in a while the creases would show between his eyebrows, like he'd missed the point of one of Evelyn's fast ones and was trying to figure it out. And a few times, when somebody would pull off one of those raw cracks about Waves or Waacs, the grin would flatten out and the creases would get deeper. And all the time it looked to me like he kept on getting bigger and holding himself up straighter, with more and more of the sergeant look showing in his pan.

But none of the others seemed to see anything wrong with the way he was acting. They kept on crowding around him, with the talk getting louder and the laughs coming oftener. After a while I doped out the answer. Millie had called it right when she told Chuck he was bound to go over with these smarties. He didn't need to put on any act for them. Every last one of 'em, from Evelyn down, was out to put on an act for *him*, and working overtime to make *it* look good to him. Like smart-aleck kids, I thought, trying to show off for a grown-up.

Well, I said to myself, that was that. Nothing was going to happen around here except more of what was happening right now. And if that was Chuck's idea of what to do with any part of a five-day furlough, he could have it. All of it. Me, I was thinking about Tudor City, and cold beer, and a window seat where a guy could lay back easy and watch the river, and—

They were all so busy showing off for Chuck that I could have scrammed without anybody knowing it, but I figured I owed it to Chuck to act housebroke, so I edged in to where he and Evelyn were standing and said the piece about what a swell time I'd had and how sorry I was I had to blow.

"Blow?" Chuck said. "Is it that late already?" He shoved back his sleeve for a look at his watch and whistled and pushed his hand out toward Evelyn. "Thanks, Evelyn. It's been a swell party, and—"

"What do you mean—been? It's just starting," Evelyn said. "We're having dinner at Louis and Armand's and going on to the Copacabaña, and then—"

She stopped. Chuck was shaking his head. "Sorry," he said. "Pete and I are tied up for tonight."

She looked like she didn't get it. I guessed it was something new for her, having anybody walk out on one of her parties. For a second her face iced up. Then the smile was back.

"Tomorrow, then," she said.

"We're tied up for tomorrow, too," Chuck said. He grabbed her hand and gave it a quick shake. "Thanks again for the swell party." He gave the rest of the crowd a wave. "So long, everybody. It's been great, seeing you all. Come on, Pete."

THEY all started talking at once, but all it got them was another wave. He hustled me out. He didn't say anything going down in the elevator or even when we were out on the avenue and heading south. So finally I said:

"What gives, Chuck? All the way up here you're worried sick for fear you won't look good in there, and then, right when you got 'em all eating off your hand, you take a powder! I don't get it."

"You get it, *all* right," Chuck said. "You got it quicker than I did."

"Yeah?" I said. "And just what did I get?"

"Them." He jerked his head backward. "Those—those phonies!" He stopped. "Me, thinking they were the real thing! Me, breaking my neck, trying to be like them. Thinking I wanted—"

He didn't have to say the rest of it. I could guess what it was that he'd got cured of wanting. We walked on a ways, neither of us doing any talking. Finally, when a red light stopped us at a corner, I said, "Well, so what, Chuck? Where do we go from here?"

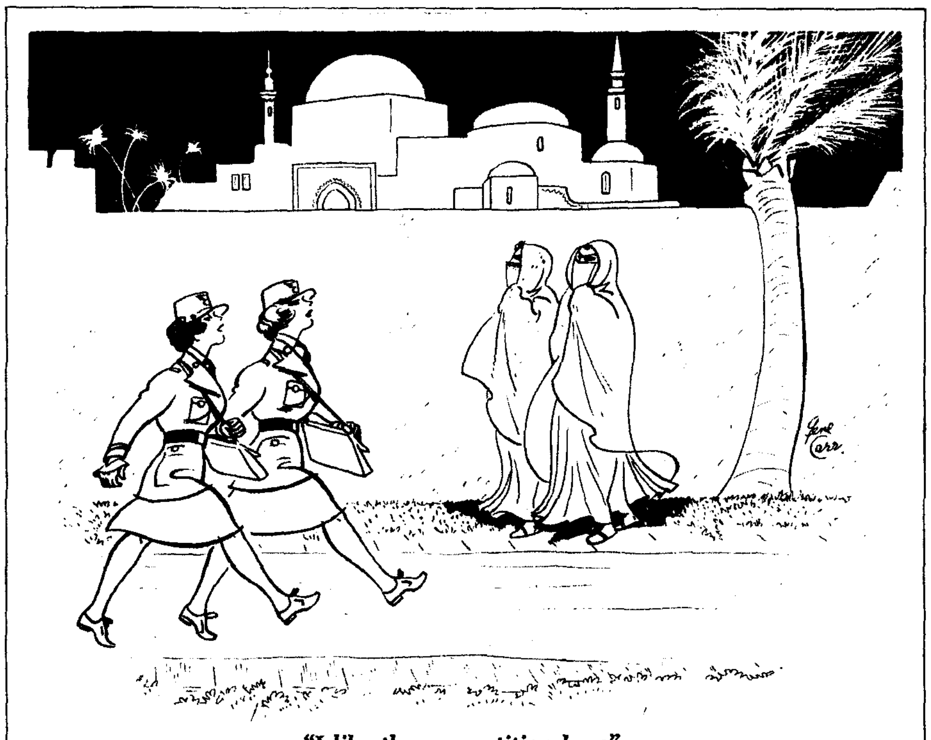
He gave me his sergeant's eye.

"*We* don't go any place from here," he said. "Where I'm going I'm going solo."

Well, he didn't need to say the rest of that one, either. For a minute I felt kind of sorry for myself. Then I gave him a grin and got it back. He did a left face and started east, walking fast. I stood and watched him for a while.

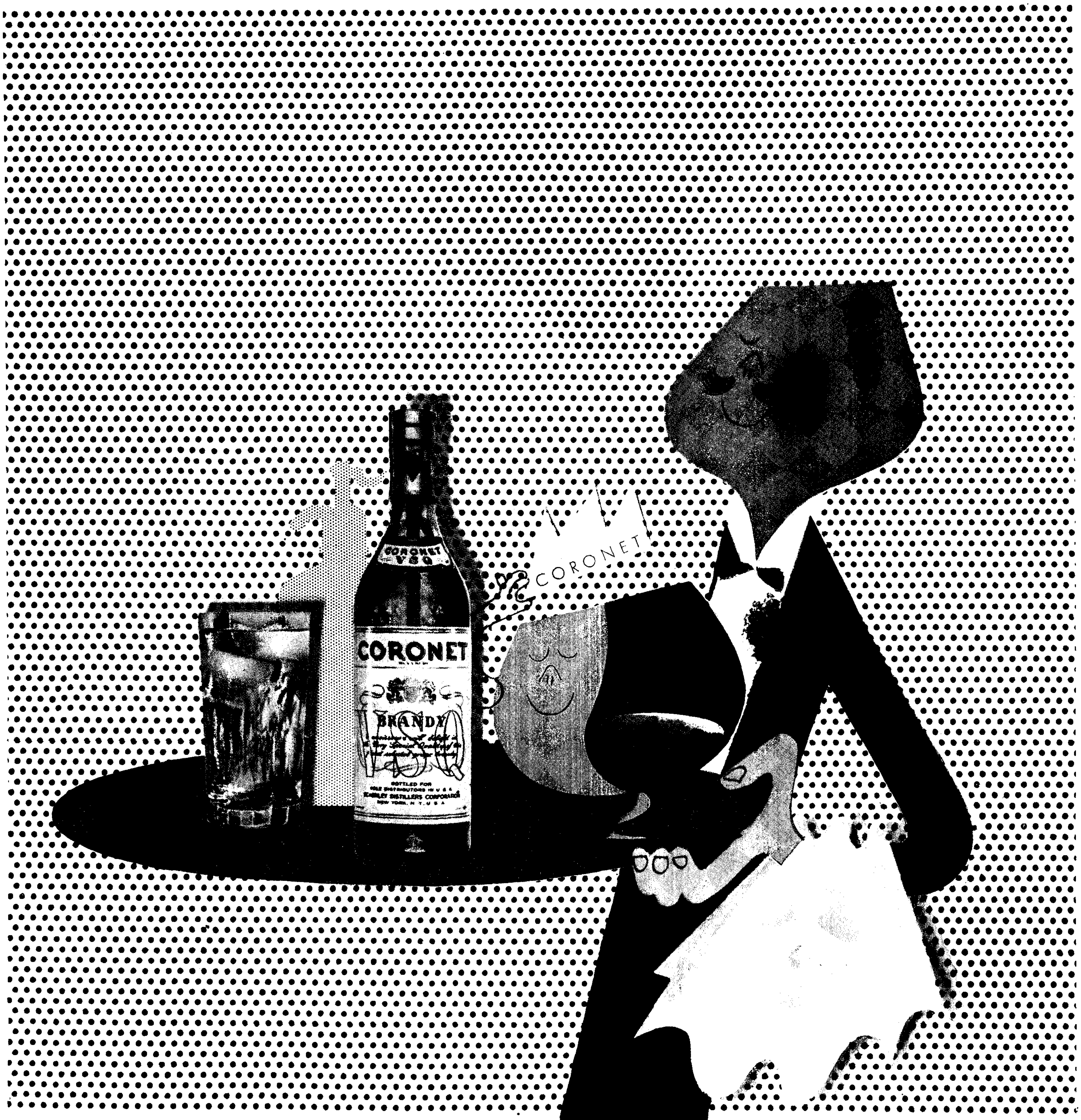
"Well, brother," I said to myself, "I guess maybe, at that, you seen something."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I like the competition here" GENE CARR

the trend's to CORONET BRANDY... and SODA



CORONET V.S.Q.
CORONET
BRANDY
BOTTLED FOR SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN U.S.A. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.
CORONET

Fresher-tasting as you sip . . . and afterwards !
Word's getting around about this milder, smoother,
sparkling tall drink. Made with *Coronet* . . .
a de luxe American brandy as distinguished as you've
ever tasted . . . anywhere . . . anytime !
★ *make your dollars fight . . . buy war bonds and stamps !*

Tune in ! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.

50c for unique Coronet snifter
(illustrated) yours without advertising. 32 oz.
6" high. Shipped postpaid. Send check
or money order to Schenley Distillers Corp.
P. O. box 78, dept. G, New York City

*California grape brandy 84 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y.*

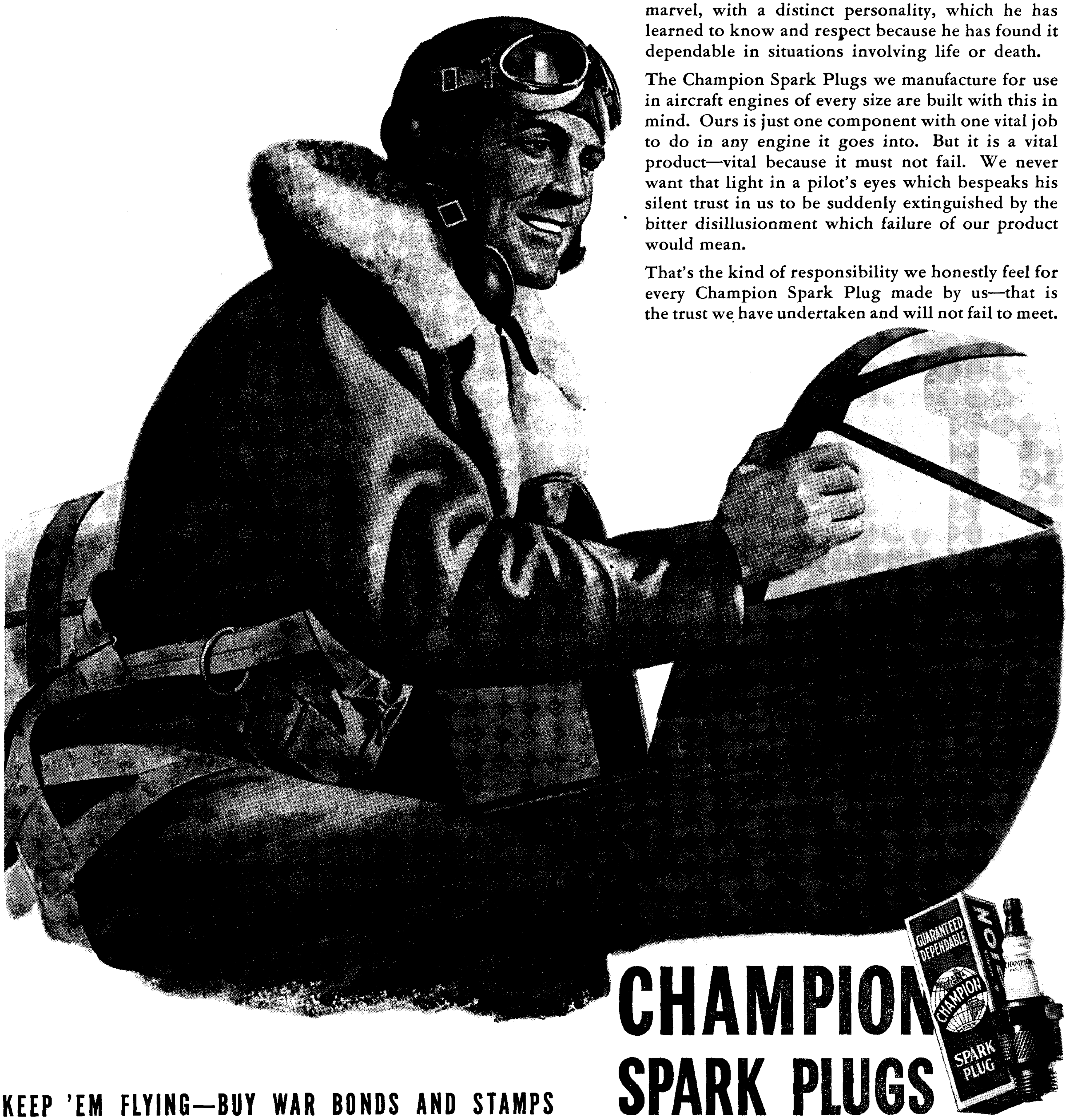
# The light in a pilot's eyes

THERE'S something about a perfectly performing aircraft engine that makes a pilot's eyes shine. Unconsciously he is probably reflecting the confidence he places in it.

He undoubtedly does not think of its marvelously ingenious construction, the vital roles played by hundreds of precision parts each with its own specific job to do. No, to him it's one single mechanical marvel, with a distinct personality, which he has learned to know and respect because he has found it dependable in situations involving life or death.

The Champion Spark Plugs we manufacture for use in aircraft engines of every size are built with this in mind. Ours is just one component with one vital job to do in any engine it goes into. But it is a vital product—vital because it must not fail. We never want that light in a pilot's eyes which bespeaks his silent trust in us to be suddenly extinguished by the bitter disillusionment which failure of our product would mean.

That's the kind of responsibility we honestly feel for every Champion Spark Plug made by us—that is the trust we have undertaken and will not fail to meet.



CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

KEEP 'EM FLYING—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

# Double-or-Nothing Doughton

Continued from page 43

interesting and instructive," but "that was the only time I was ever on the briny deep." It was the only traveling he ever did, for that matter, aside from shuttling to and from Washington.

The chairman is sentimental about birthdays, loves to receive flowers and, especially, candy. He surprised Mrs. Marion Carney, his former clerk, on her birthday with similar gifts and a parade of Ways and Means dignitaries into her office, headed by Doctor Frank Crowther fiddling out Happy Birthday to You. When the tune changed to Turkey in the Straw, he joined in a square dance.

He does not care for his nickname Muley and suspects it was invented by people with "special interests" who found they could not pull him around by the nose. He insists that in politics he's "not a fanatic or a dreamer; not a conservative or a radical; not a New Dealer or an Old Dealer." He simply tries to do his duty "to my family, my country, my God."

No defeat can put much of a crimp in such a man. Besides, those who know him well are sure he's too shrewd a politician to sulk in his corner for long, over a Ruml fiasco or anything else. They know he can eat humble pie, when he has to, with good appetite.

In spite of his reputation as a rugged individualist, Doughton does not as a rule set up his own ideas against all expediency. There's no proverb that requires that of a man.

### A Black-Ink Economist

It does not sit well with him, for example, to have to okay a national debt of 210 billion. (The debt was only a little more than one billion when he came to Washington.) His own idea of a managed economy is to keep in the black, but he is primarily an Administration man.

"I trust the President's leadership," he says. "I try to co-operate with him to the fullest extent consistent with the proper discharge of my solemn obligations."

For which sentiment, the President may well be thankful. When Roosevelt wants $16,000,000,000, as he does this year, it is to "My dear Bob" that he must turn. Only Doughton's committee drafts revenue bills, and only Doughton can decide what shall be considered when in that committee. Doughton can speed or retard tax legislation or he can, if he likes, kill off a measure he does not approve, by indefinitely delaying its consideration.

Adding to his power, there's the fact that the majority members of Ways and Means (there are 15 Democrats, 10 Republicans) sit as the party's Committee on Committees, again under Doughton's chairmanship, and appoint new Democratic members to all other House committees. Since a congressman's chief hope of progress is through a committee, it follows that ambitious representatives had better play ball with Farmer Bob.

Doughton arrived at his present pinnacle in the regulation way—by sitting tight in his congressional seat long enough for seniority to jack it up for him. Coming to the House in 1911, at the age of 47, he soon was a quiet, hard-working member of Ways and Means. His first taste of prominence came during 1932, when he joined forces with Fiorello La-Guardia and defeated "this abominable innovation," the federal sales tax. It has stayed defeated ever since, largely because of his influence, though he admits now that wartime necessity may oblige him to agree to a sales tax at last.

He was No. 4 on the committee then, but the three men ahead moved up and out, leaving him to direct the Herculean effort to find the wherewithal for Roosevelt's costly administration and the war.

The record indicates that Doughton has indeed regarded his position as a solemn obligation. His daughter Reba, who works in his office, can't remember when he's had more than a three-day vacation. He holds himself to a 15-hour shift daily, putting the other 434 members to shame with his 7 A.M. starting time.

It used to be 6 A.M., but Mrs. Carney, his clerk for ten years, warned this correspondent, "If people keep saying the chairman starts at six, it'll be the death of him. He thinks he has to live up to what people believe." Mrs. Carney also is opposed to anecdotes about how well he can pitch hay when he's home on his farm. "The trouble is he really does pitch hay, and he shouldn't. He's not as young as he was."

The chairman admits nothing of the sort about his age. When he thought of retiring a few years back, when he was 75, he showed his office force a tentative statement, saying that he could look forward to only about fifteen more years of active, vigorous life, and he'd like to have those years to himself. When you look at the rest of his family, you understand how he can reasonably anticipate hay-pitching vigor at 90. His brother Rufus, of Sparta, N. C., is eight years his senior, an active lawyer, and president of a chain of banks. His mother, whose housewifely industry still is the talk of the county, died some years ago at 96. It's true his father died young (at 75), but he had damaged his health serving as captain under General Lee in the War Between the States and was an easy prey to pneumonia. His two sons, Horton and Claude, the one a merchant and farmer in Sparta, the other sheriff in North Wilkesboro, N. C., enjoy good health, and so do all their children.

"Nobody ever hears me complain of being tired or hungry or sleepy." This line crops up often in Doughton's conversation, and if he yawns when he says it—well, it's been a long day.

After kicking up his heels about the sales tax, Doughton settled into being a down-the-line Roosevelt supporter. He did his big bit to put through social security, reciprocal trade agreements, bigger and still bigger taxes on everything taxable, including incomes. The science of taxation, he says, is "to get the most feathers with the fewest squawks from the goose."

### He Can't Be Hurried

One thing makes him squawk. That's the slightest sign of an attempt to usurp his own or his committee's powers and prerogatives. On this point he's consumed with suspicious jealousy, and stands ready to rebuke the Treasury, the Senate Finance Committee, even the President.

The newspapers may say that the Senate rewrites most tax bills after the House has finished with them, but nobody had better say it to Doughton.

The President used to, but doesn't any more, try to prod Doughton into quick action. Prodding inspires the chairman to huffiness and a deliberate tread.

In the summer of 1941, the President wrote to "My dear Bob," requesting three changes in the tax bill then on the verge of passage in committee.

When the chairman presented the letter to his fellow committeemen, they knew this was Muley, not Farmer Bob speaking. He had worked three months on the bill and didn't propose to have it upset now. Roosevelt's requests were rejected by decisive majorities, and Doughton wrote a note to "My dear Mr. President," telling him he was "greatly surprised" to have received the requests at all.

"The way to know the value of a dollar," Doughton preaches, "is to earn it." Doughton knew about dollar value from the first.

As a youth, during Reconstruction in the South, he worked for 25 cents a day, gradually accumulating the $1.50 with which he began his reasonably successful business career. That $1.50 purchased a calf. He fed it, sold it, bought two calves, sold them and bought a colt—and so it went until, as one biographer put it, he parlayed a piece of string and a fishhook into a tidy little fortune. He has a 3,000-acre farm down near his birthplace at Laurel Springs and 450 head of fine Herefords. He's a director of the bank his brother heads, he owns considerable real estate both in North Carolina and in Washington.

A lot of accomplishments for a plain mountain boy!

### Classics and Horse-Trading

Doughton had little formal schooling. During his childhood—he was born November 7, 1863—war-impoverished North Carolina had little money for schools. His father and a few others managed to build a log academy, where they installed a former Catholic priest as teacher. The priest, who had quit the church and married a local girl, knew the classics, Doughton says, and drilled them into him. He always felt he owed that teacher a debt and he paid it gladly some years back by helping the man out of financial difficulties and finding him and his son jobs in Washington.

Doughton learned figuring largely by horse-trading. Once, he sold a team of horses to a man he'd never met. A hired hand delivered the horses to the buyer, and Doughton waited for a check for $400 to arrive by mail. Instead, came a letter declaring that the horses were splay-footed, broken-down, not as advertised, and what was he going to do about it?

Doughton went right down to the man's farm and, without making himself known, said he'd like to buy a good team. Eventually he was listening to the praises of his own horses. Doughton said he might buy if the man would write out a guarantee that the horses were as specified. The man wrote out the guarantee, and Doughton pulled from his pocket, not a checkbook, but the man's own letter. The man paid.

Doughton can't explain why he got into politics. "I don't know whether it was circumstantial, accidental, or providential."

During his first congressional campaign, his opponent challenged him to a joint debate, and it seemed unlikely that Farmer Bob could compete with the oratory of such a polished fellow. Farmer Bob brought a sack of apples along with him to the platform and settled down to wait through the flowery speech of the incumbent.

Each time the speaker reached a pause that was to emphasize one of his points, Doughton reached for an apple, took a big noisy bite and chomped away at it. The crowd laughed, and the orator's points—and his chances of election—were drowned in laughter.

Doughton rivals Jim Farley for a memory for names, attends to all but routine requests himself, answers letters the day he receives them. There is no doubt that he is beloved and respected by his colleagues as well as by his constituents. His stoutest political opponents say, "If we never get a worse legislator than Bob Doughton, the country won't go to the dogs, anyway."

THE END

YELLO-BOLE
REAL HONEY
Full Bent Imperial $1.50

**the honey-cured smoke**

Just pick it up and smoke it. You'll be astonished that you don't have to "break it in." Honey, in the bowl, has done that for you, already. No waiting for it to become fit to smoke, as with some pipes. The honey keeps on mellowing your smoke, too—a Yello-Bole stays sweet continuously as thousands of pipe-smokers will testify. Talk it over with the man who smokes a pipe, and get *his* recommendation of Yello-Bole.

YELLO-BOLE STANDARD $1
YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL $1.50
YELLO-BOLE PREMIER $2.50
*to be introduced soon*

YELLO-BOLE
Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.
630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y.

You cannot Snub a Toilet Germ!

No use pretending a toilet is clean—just because you hate to scrub it. Sani-Flush makes toilet sanitation easy. Quickly removes film, stains and incrustations where toilet germs lurk. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *Cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used as directed on the can.*

Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush**

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING
Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If defective or not as advertised therein

Brentwood

GRAND for any day... EXCEPTIONAL for Father's Day!

**Give Dad a useful and serviceable gift. Make it Brentwood, America's Favorite Sportswear. The Corduroy Leisure Coat illustrated, will bring smiles of appreciation . . . and add smartness to his appearance . . . . . . $12.95**

**Other Brentwood Sportswear . from $4**

***Prices Slightly Higher West of the Rockies***

**BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK**

# They're Dreaming of Bright Skyways

**Continued from page 17**

and return. You can walk clear to the end of her tail without bending or bumping your head. She has two decks, and four 2,000-horsepower motors, which can be serviced from inside the wings in flight. Her telephone switchboard has as many station numbers as that of a small village.

Next, we visit Southern California, whence 7 billions' worth of 1943's 12-billion-dollar airplane production will come. At Burbank we visit Hall Hibbard, vice-president and chief engineer of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. He is completely of this century. Born in Fredonia, Kansas, in 1903, Hall was taken as a baby to the Philippine Islands by his Presbyterian missionary parents. For thirteen years, he lived in a tropical outstation, a wilderness, in which any comfort or convenience had to be fashioned on the spot, and travel was by foot or carabao wagon to the nearest shore. Hall thinks his primitive boyhood may have conditioned him; at any rate, he can't remember a day when he didn't plan to be an engineer—specifically, an engineer of swiftest transportation. He was sent back to relatives in Fredonia for high-schooling.

When Hall was fifteen, a barnstormer with a Curtiss JN-4, the historic Jenny of the first World War, came selling ten-minute hops at twenty-five dollars each. Through a searing Kansas summer, Hall worked in a garage until he had enough money for his first plane ride. He wasn't too impressed with it. He told the pilot he could build a better plane

As a dawn-eyed draftsman, he was helping to do just that—ten years later, at the old Stearman plant in Wichita, where I first met him. Ideas and the courage to keep trying new things advanced him to project engineer in three years. Another year, and he was in California as assistant chief engineer of Lockheed. By 1935, his authority on high-speed aircraft was so well recognized throughout the air world that the German government invited him to be guest speaker on that subject before an international congress of aeronautical engineers in Berlin.

Hibbard modestly points to the Constellation as proof that planes are no longer the work of single, inspired men. Big-ship design is a matter of engineering teamwork. When Jack Frye and Howard Hughes, of TWA, walked in with a thick book of specifications and said, "Here's the kind of ship we want and this is what it should be able to do," Hibbard got half a dozen or more of his engineers together. One designed the wings, another the cabin, and so on.

### Speed, Capacity and Comfort

The Constellation, being a land plane, doesn't have the matronly waistline of the Mars. Constellation, like Mars, is really a type name; there will be a great many Constellations in the Army (Jack Frye and his TWA will have to wait), just as there will be more than one Mars in the Navy. The Constellation's wing is really an expanded version of the Lightning's (P-38).

On the runway, with her triple tail, bumblebee body, and the upsweep of her vast wings, she has an air of jaunty eagerness. She is the Pavlova of planes; her wings seem to be holding her up on her wheel-toes, and you expect to see her dance off any moment, engines running or not.

The Constellation is not the biggest big plane in the world, but she is the fastest. She is faster, indeed, than many fighters. To the Army, she is known as C-69 (C for Cargo). What she can do by way of carrying soldiers and military supplies is secret. In airline use, with fueling stops about 700 miles apart, adding a couple of hours to a transcontinental schedule, she could accommodate 60 fare-payers and her crew of nine. Nonstop, coast to coast, she can make one round trip a day. There by day—50 passengers, more or less; return by night—22 in berths, 16 in seats; all in ultraluxury, and nine hours each way at high altitudes.

Next, down to San Diego to visit I. M. Laddon of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, from which both land- and sea-based monsters of the air come forth. Laddon, who preserves the secret of his initials behind his nickname of "Mac," is officially executive vice-president and general manager; by any other name, he is still the first engineer of his company. By and under him has been designed and sent into the skies the illustrious line of big flying boats that included the Commodore (which anyone who traveled over Pan-American's Caribbean divisions a few years ago must remember), the Navy's two-motored PBY-5, or Catalina, and its four-motored PB2Y-2, or Coronado. Perhaps the most famous of Laddon's planes is a land-based bomber, the B-24, or Liberator. The Army's cargo version of this is the C-87, or Liberator Express.

Laddon is between Martin and Hibbard in age; but like them, he carries on the Horatio Alger tradition. He is a neat, kindly man, who has worked his way solely by ability, without personality tricks.

Born in New Jersey, educated at McGill University in Montreal, he had two years with Cadillac before talent scouts of the young Air Service's Engineering Division snatched him at the beginning of the first World War. He stayed on after the armistice, because both the Army and he had discovered his gift for large, heavily armored planes.

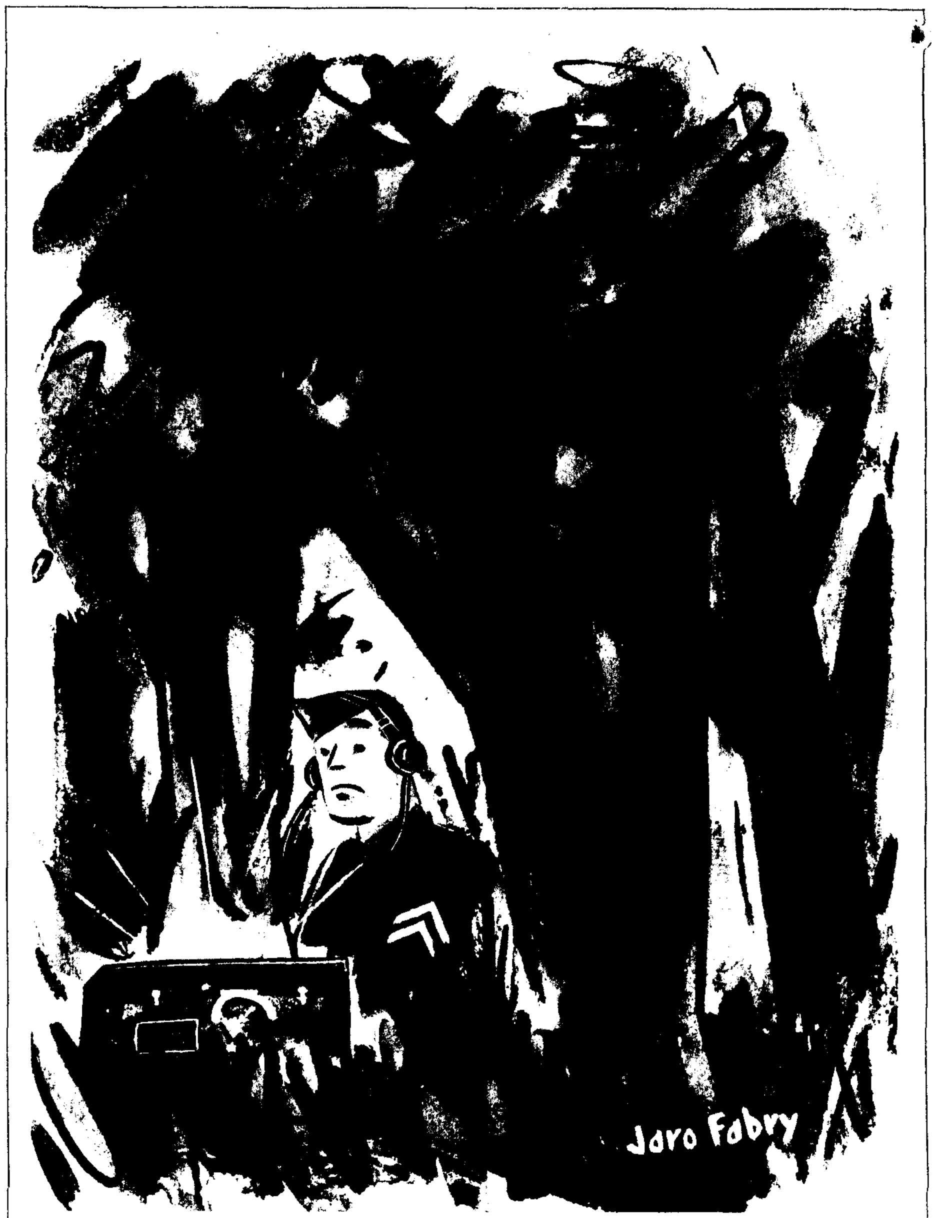
By 1921, Laddon had designed and built the first all-metal monoplane produced in the United States. In 1927, with a record of designs and aerodynamic patents a yard long behind him, he joined Consolidated.

### Testing for Safety

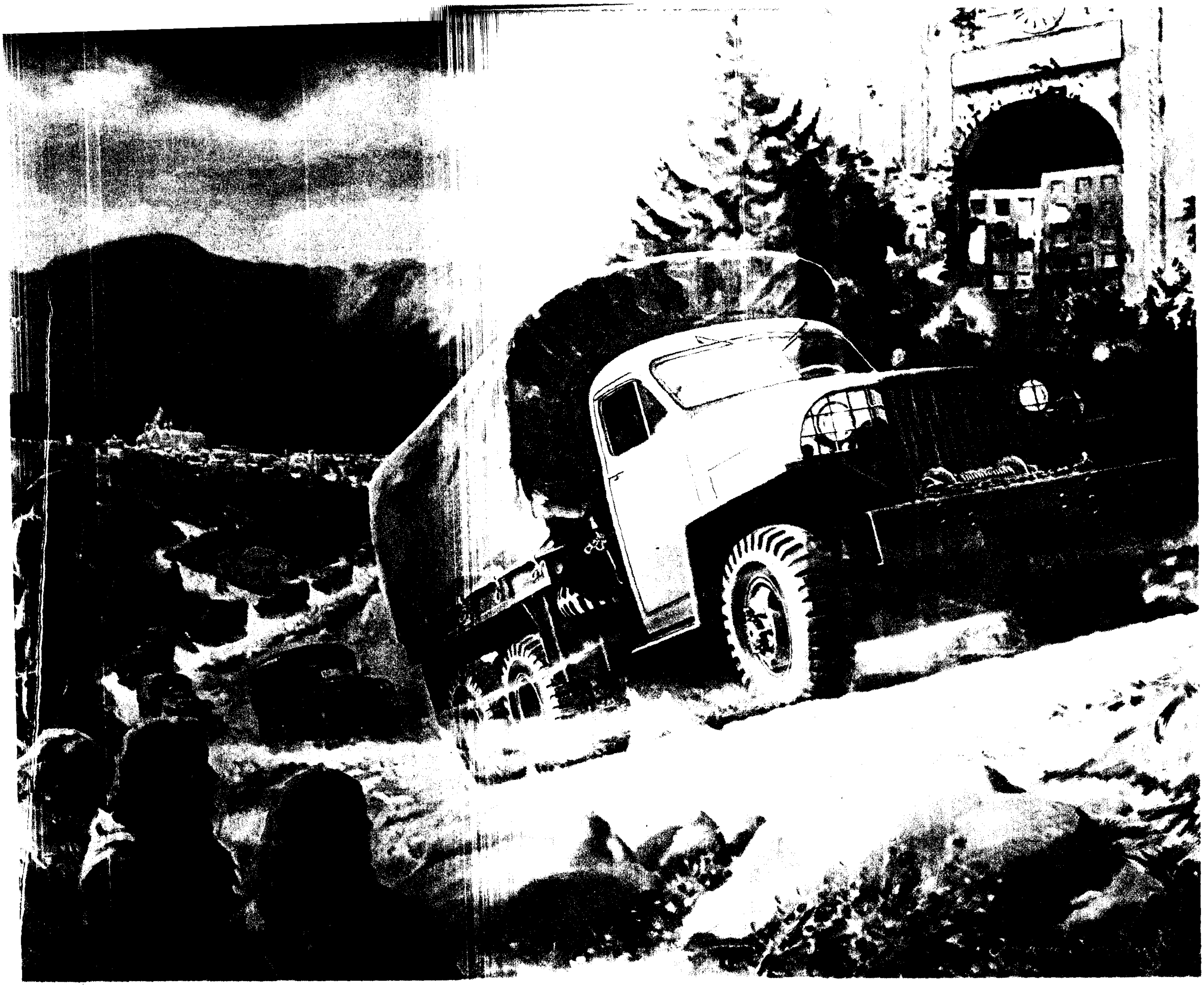
He was never one to stand on the field after he had built a plane and let somebody else see whether it would fly. He always went on the initial flight with the test pilot and saw to it that his other engineers did the same. Safety was never an on-paper or academic matter with Laddon's gang. Nowadays, however, prototypes are so jammed with test pilots, gadgets, recording devices and official observers, there's seldom room for the boss.

Mac Laddon's current project of greatest interest to your postwar travel expectations is, of course, the 400-passenger airliner "mock-up" now being worked on at Consolidated. A mock-up is a purely aviation term. It means the full-sized model (usually constructed of wood) which is always made of every new type of plane before actual production is undertaken.

The mock-up is essential to insure against interferences. Everything is in place—chairs, lavatories, galleys, instrument panels with pasted life-size photos of the numerous dials and instruments, flight controls, windows. The whole fuselage is there, with flight decks and passenger and



COLLIER'S "If you are suffering from heat try King Mahamas' original remedy made from pure crocodile teeth" JARO FABRY



# Studebaker's big military trucks stand out in all the major war zones

IN virtually every theater of this global war, mighty military trucks produced by Studebaker are moving the men and supplies of the United Nations.

From the Alcan highway to the Russian front, from Africa to China, tens of thousands of big, powerful Studebakers are writing brilliant new pages of transport history.

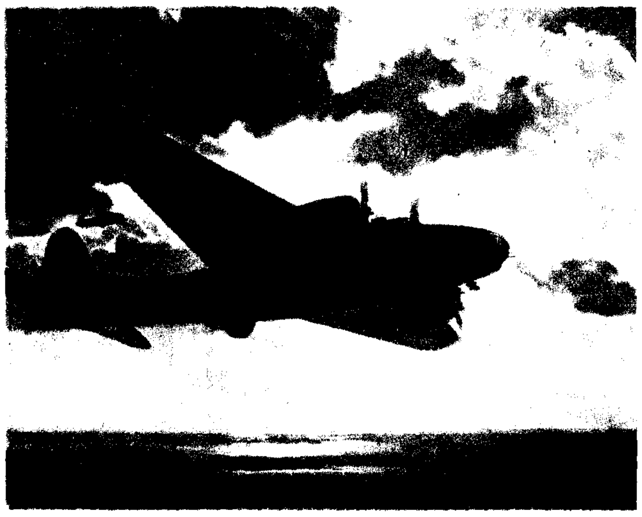
The stand-up stamina, for which these rugged Studebaker trucks are already world-famed, is nothing new. It's as old as the Studebaker business. It goes back more than 91 years to the days when the Studebaker brothers made he phrase, "give more than you promise," he watchword for all Studebaker activities.

In this war, for the sixth time in a national emergency, Studebaker is supplying military transport on a large scale—in fact, Studebaker is now one of the world's leading builders of big, multiple-drive military trucks.

Studebaker is also producing great quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress as well as much other vital war matériel.

Obviously, the Studebaker factories are not now making new passenger cars or trucks for civilian needs. The all-important job is military production. But finer Studebaker trucks and passenger cars will be available to the public, once decisive victory is accomplished. And you may depend upon it that they will be outstanding examples of brilliant engineering and sound manufacturing.

BUY
U. S. WAR
BONDS



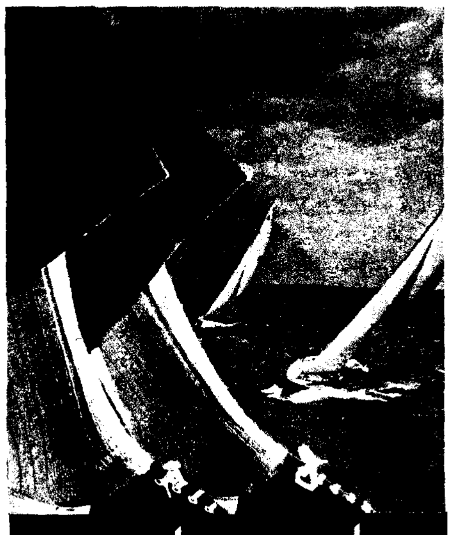
**SEND 10¢ FOR A BEAUTIFUL REPRINT OF THIS FLYING FORTRESS PAINTING**

This dramatic picture of a Flying Fortress is available in 24x22 inch size on a special stock suitable for framing, free from advertising. If you wish one, address The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana, enclosing 10¢ to cover the mailing cost.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

On sand dunes or pavements
Here's something men love
Form-fitted and snug
Like a hand in a glove—
Long wearing—not daring
In checks, ribs or clocks
They're "America's Finer
(by Westminster) Socks."

If it's comfort from summertime
Heat that you seek
Then why not appoint this
"Be kind to your feet" week
And stock up on Westminsters
Comfortable, *cool*...
For service men... home-fronters...
Young men in school.



Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

baggage cabins and tail surfaces, just as it will look in the air; the engine housings, or nacelles, are complete in full scale, too, with perhaps half the wingspread built—enough to hold in their proper relation all essential controls in fitments.

In the great shed at Consolidated, one of the most typical, and most curious, procedures in airplane building is being carried on. Flight crews sit for hours at their dummy controls, radios, engine panels—testing for vision, efficiency, and their own comfort. Engineers and designers loll in the passenger chairs, walk around, eat imaginary meals, look out of blank windows, take actual naps in real berths, stand at vacant bars and visit phony lavatories—to assay your luxurious satisfaction in days to come. Countless readjustments and recommendations and suggestions issue from the mock-up.

This 400-passenger mock-up is not an illusion. It's an actual trial plane. Size and weight of the plane, number and horsepower of its motors, how much of the engineering is finished, how much of the production made ready—all these are military secrets, for this is the greatest Army air transport yet projected. By and large, for a ship of this size, you must count on at least two years from mock-up to first plane in the air. Everybody in San Diego hopes that's a prophecy of when your fare money will be hitting the peacetime airline counters.

There are other American plane builders and other planes that are bound to have vital bearing on the airline service you have every right to look forward to. Unhappily, but understandably, national security makes unwise at present more than sketchy mention of those planes. Notable among the builders involved are Donald Douglas and Jack Northrop, each the head of the aviation company that bears his name; each a self-made man.

Now, up to Santa Monica, to see Don Douglas, who has undoubtedly the most international name in aviation; his famous DCs worked on practically every major airline in the world and brought to them the prewar peak of luxury, speed, range to air travelers—and profits to operators. His career is familiar. You read it in Collier's several years ago, when he received the Collier Trophy for his globe-netting achievements. His huge B-19, largest land plane ever to fly, is now serving as a flight guinea pig for the Army.

### One-Man Air Force

At his half dozen great plants, Douglas builds practically a whole air force by himself: from attack and observation planes to light, heavy and dive bombers, for both Army and Navy. He turns out 33 per cent more airplane production than any other manufacturer in the world. His transports, the C-47 and the C-54, are among the work horses of the Air Transport Command. The C-54 would have been known commercially as the DC-4, successor to the DC-3, the 21-passenger ship that is still the standard on domestic airlines.

The DC-4, in civil use, would have carried 42 luxury-chair passengers, or 20 sleepers. But it's about Douglas' newest and biggest, his C-74, that I wish I could tell you. Its capacity, roughly, will triple that of the C-54. Douglas emphasizes his belief in step-by-step not jump-by-jump progress, if for no other reason, so that pilot experience can keep pace. Otherwise there will be no crews who know how to operate new ships. He points out that ocean steamers did not jump from the Savannah to the Queen Mary.

John K. (Jack) Northrop is another pioneer, from whose drafting boards and factory many fast, rugged planes have gone into the fighting service. For twenty years, however, Northrop personally has been pursuing his great dream—a "Flying Wing." He is the inventor of an all-wing, tailless, fuselageless, tightly streamlined plane of which virtually every square inch contributes to the "lift." Even the engines and the pilot's cockpit are part of the wing.

The first test model of his Flying Wing is now in the hands of Air Corps experimenters; it has already been flown several hundred times. The whole airline and airplane industry is eager for scraps of news about the Northrop Wing. His competitors admit it's probably the "hottest" thing in transport aviation. The advantages of the Flying Wing are structural compactness and simplicity, reduction of wind resistance to a minimum, attainment of speeds, ranges and economies of operation comparable to those of conventional planes that use much greater horsepower. With engines of horsepower equal to those in conventional planes, the Flying Wing is expected to gain over them at least 100 miles per hour in speed.

In a Northrop Flying Wing of tonnage comparable to the Mars (and that is the size being considered for development) passengers will be able to stroll port and starboard as well as fore and aft. The so-called passenger "cabin" will be square, rather than oblong. You will observe the beauties of the earth below and cloudscapes above through plastic-glass floor and roof panels. In a sense, you'll be like a horse with blinders, unable to see from side to side. The possibilities for building the Flying Wing's accommodations into the semblance of a luxurious club interior, with small private sleeping cabins opening off the central lounge, are enchanting those designers and operators who are now planning your tomorrows on the airways.

The end of the war undoubtedly will find the United States with thousands of heavy, long-range bombers and transports. Two questions we have all speculated upon: Will large-plane manufacture then sag until commercial aviation gets back into swing, and will big military planes be converted to peacetime use? The answer is no to both.

Even if fighting ends all over the earth simultaneously (which is improbable) for years we shall maintain garrisons, occupational forces, policing air patrols, at the four corners. We were six years in Germany after the last war when the international situation was by no means so complicated. There will be millions of outlying Yanks to feed, clothe, keep armed, replace, transport. Need for an Air Transport Command looms indefinitely.

If they could be spared, it still would not be economical to convert bombers to commerce. In design of military planes, economical operation is not considered; nor is comfort. Warplanes are built for specific, highly critical and dangerous missions, with just enough fuselage to carry maximum bombage plus protective armor. Cargo planes, the "C" types, are a different matter.

Hall Hibbard says that he can convert each Constellation in 45 days. Most likely, however, the airlines will not get the veterans of the fighting supply lines, but new run-offs of their type. The conversions can be quicker and neater if done on the production lines. Thus, almost before the celebrations of peace have died away, you'll have brand-new Marses, Constellations, Consolidated-400s, Douglas C-74s, and perhaps Flying Wings at your service.

There will be no sales resistance to air travel, airline traffic men believe. All Americans will fly when it suits their social and business needs. Hundreds of thousands of them, indeed, will be private plane owners.

For with an Air Corps, including flight and ground crews, that before this war is over may be *as large as the entire A. E. F. of the last war,* with the rest of the Army indoctrinated in flight, and with a stay-at-home population impressed by aviation's power and progress, postwar air travel will be as commonplace as train and bus travel.

### World Network of Travel

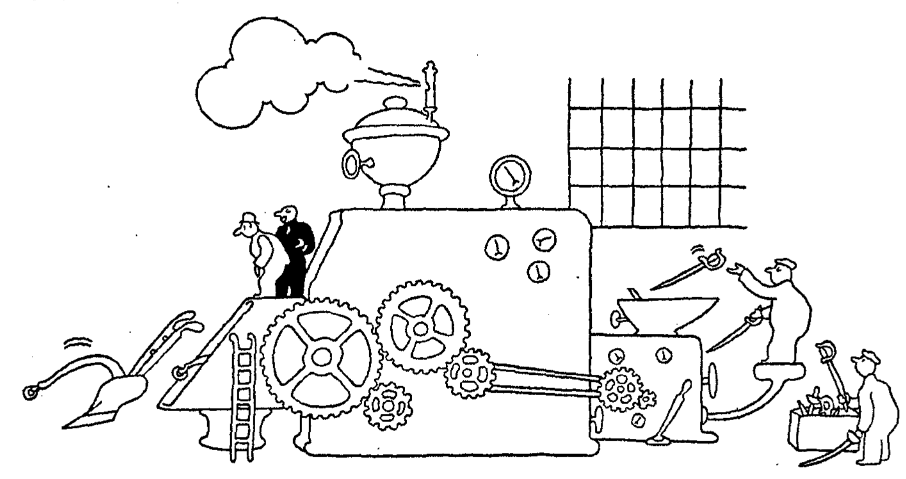
This is what you will find when you set out upon your air travels either at home or abroad: The service that will be available depends, of course, upon the kind of society and civilization the airlines will be servicing. They know it will be fluid. They hope it will be free and vigorous, although many aviation leaders see the specter of nationalization.

On the whole, the pattern will be one of expansion from present services. There will be more than one American overseas line; the various companies now working for the Air Transport Command have no intention of surrendering their experience, crawling back into their domestic shells. Official applications have already been filed with the Civil Aeronautics Board by some, for world routes that tax your atlas and your imagination. One, Pennsylvania Central, has applied for an Atlantic route proposing to use Armstrong "Seadromes," great artificial islands to be anchored 800 miles apart.

At home, there will be more feeder lines More cities and localities will be tapped because of lower rates and more varied and efficient plane types. Moreover, there will be greater co-ordination of services for the mutual benefit of all, among the rail, bus and plane lines.

Although practice has shown tha greater profits, through fewer empty seats lie in "way" business—that is, frequen stops—almost certainly, each major airline will maintain certain nonstop deluxe schedules by flagships of its fleet, coas to coast or gulf to border. Even if no profitable, this will be done for prestige to attract business.

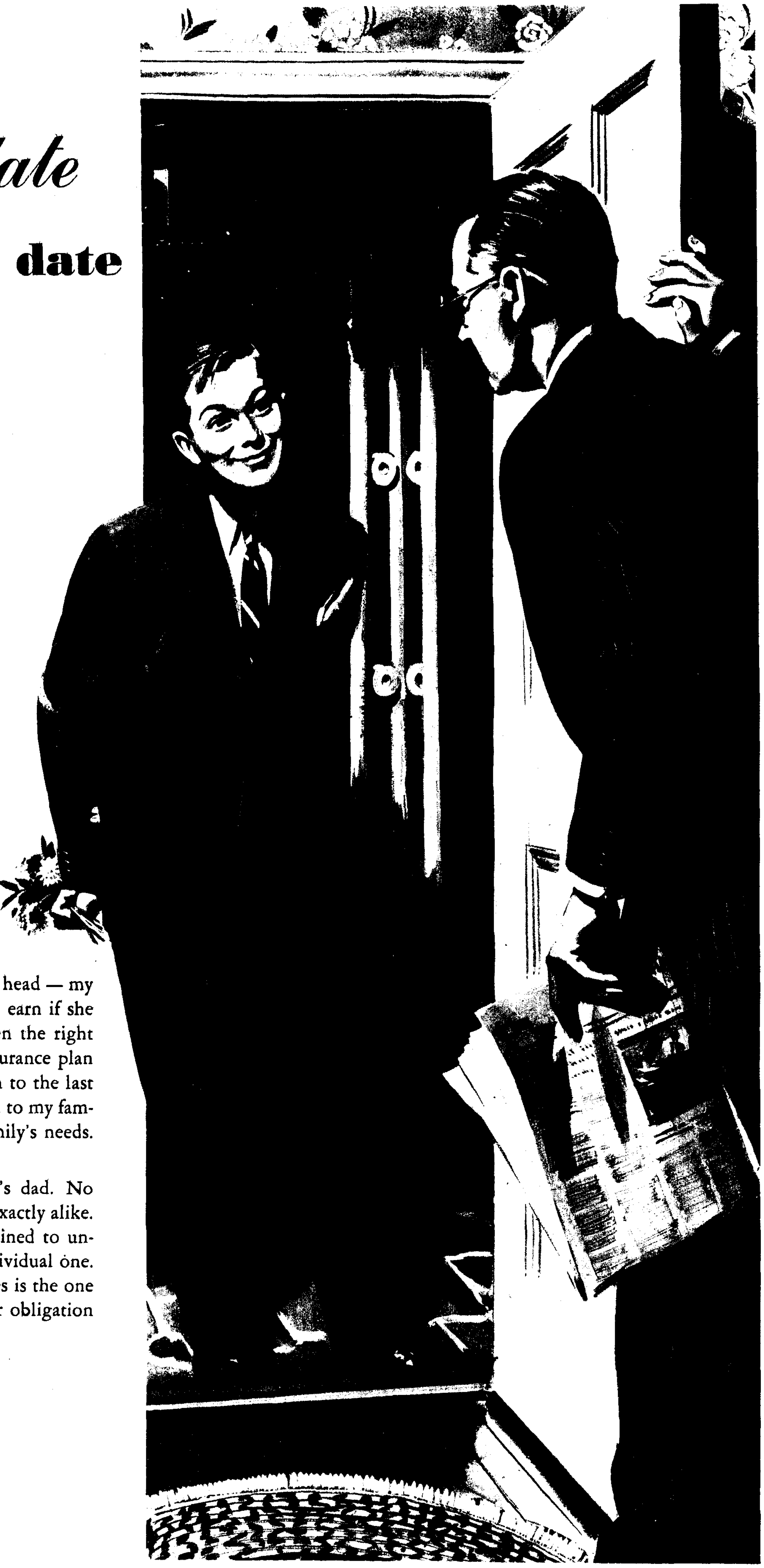
Most airmen look for the government to end special air-mail postage and throw all first-class mail into a pool, with authori



"Of course it's still in the experimental stage; but, after all, there's no *real* hurry"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

# *Mary's first date*
# brought me up to date



LAST NIGHT when I let in Mary's first beau I almost tripped over her old doll carriage. Then, when she came downstairs in her first long dress I stumbled again ... on something I should have seen long ago.

Mary wasn't a kid any more. In just a few years she'd be a young lady!

Maybe it happens to every father. You don't notice that your little girl isn't playing with dolls until you open a door and a boy says, "I'm taking Mary to the high school dance." . . . You don't observe the gradual changes which are constantly taking place in your family life until something surprises you into taking a fresh view . . .

That boy with the shy grin helped bring me up to date on my family. He started me thinking about the way their needs and my ambitions for them had changed since the last time I bought life insurance. Then it was just the sort of protection I wanted them to have. But measured against what I want for them now, it didn't quite fill the bill. I realized that just as Mary had outgrown pigtails without my noticing it, I had outgrown my life insurance.

This morning I had a serious talk with a John Hancock agent. He discussed things I'd been thinking about as well as things that hadn't entered my head — my social security benefits, what my wife could expect to earn if she had to, how much it would cost to give the children the right educational start. Then he worked out a new life insurance plan that fits the pattern of my particular family life down to the last detail. What surprised me most was how *little* it added to my family budget to get life insurance *big* enough for my family's needs.

* * *

Not every John Hancock policyholder is like Mary's dad. No two, in fact, out of our six million policyholders, are exactly alike. That's why every John Hancock representative is trained to uncover those factors which make your situation an individual one. The only obligation you have in accepting his services is the one which prompted you to arrange the interview — your obligation to yourself and to your family.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, *President*

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

IT'S an illustrious family—this bourbon family—with many distinguished members. But Old Grand-Dad heads it . . . heads it unmistakably, as one taste will tell you. There's sunny mellowness to Old Grand-Dad, rare fragrance, a delightful taste. You will like it from the first. And you will never stop liking it.

ONE TASTE WILL
TELL YOU WHY

This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

*Please be patient.* We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now 100% engaged in war production of alcohol.

BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

tative dispatchers to decide whether it shall go air or otherwise.

Airports, largely the concern of municipalities, will not be the barren sites of today. Opportunities for incidental profits from them will be recognized. Most will have restaurant and recreational facilities. Cities will incorporate them into their park systems, with beautification.

Certain busy terminals, such as La Guardia Airport in New York, will have to be larger; not because of increased plane sizes but on account of traffic. For the work it did, La Guardia was too small even before this war. But great planes do not mean huge airfields. Arresting and accelerating devices, already known or in practice, will be used. These will make it possible to build airports nearer city centers. Metal mesh runways will be laid to insure all-year operation in localities of seasonally bad ground conditions.

Improved traffic procedure will spare you today's harassment of long terminal waits to board planes and the nuisance of someone forever checking your name against a passenger list.

### Happy Days for the Tourist

As to fares, there will be two, possibly three, classes. For long-distance, luxury, nonstop service, you will pay extra. Even that, air-traffic men say, will be only equivalent to rail fare plus Pullman. Third-class fares might undercut present rail fares. This does not mean that air travel will supplant or even harm rail or bus travel. It's been transportation history that the more travel facilities there are, the more travel there is.

Competition will force all means of travel, surface and air, to readjust fares healthily; and there will be more business for all. Low fares—and greater speeds—will open new vistas to vacationists. Rio de Janeiro will be as possible and popular for North American honeymooners as Niagara Falls.

Airliners, as you approach them to board, will be quite different to the eye. Wood and steel will be used far more in construction, but largely in details you cannot see. As there is a great variety of vessel types on the water ocean, so there will be variety of types—according to the services they perform—among the ships of the immeasurably vaster ocean of the upper air. The familiar "banana oil" paint jobs of today will be gone. Airliners will be gaily and distinctively colored; exterior decorators will give their imaginations free run, perhaps to indicate the part of the world to which the planes fly.

Now you are aboard and perceiving really marked changes and advances. There is spaciousness and the simple beauty of modern design. Chair and berth frames are of magnesium, this war's lightweight wonder metal; cushions of synthetic foam rubber are unbelievably light and soft. Walls and bulkheads are of bright plastics; perhaps rubber sheeting. Photomurals stimulate your sense of the lands to which you are faring. Meals—at least in first class—are ordered from menus, then cooked aboard or prepared on radio instruction at the next station. The old prohibition of cocktails is gone. There is a lounge bar; also private sleeping cabins and honeymoon suites.

The entire furnishings of a 100-passenger airliner of tomorrow, by use of magnesium and plastics, will weigh less than the passenger-cabin fitments of today's standard 21-passenger ship.

There will be a screen aboard, perhaps in the main cabin, perhaps in the lounge, upon which you can see color television, ordinary movies, or read bulletins from the pilots' bridge as to your progress over an earth on which you cannot discern landmarks, either because of altitude or intervening clouds.

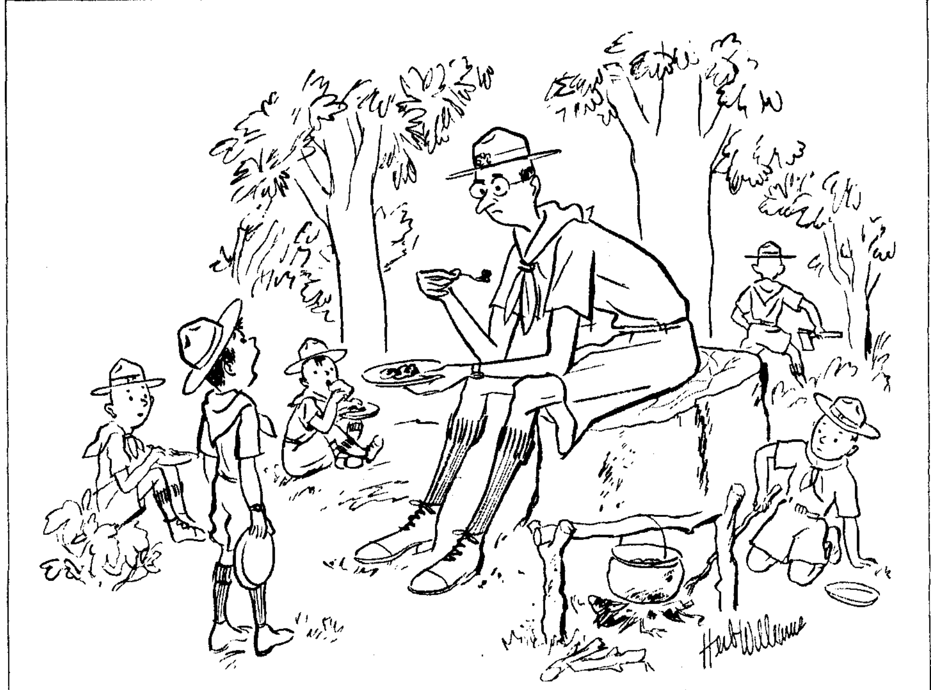
There will be complete supercharging and air-conditioning. No longer will you wake up with eardrums popping if your plane lands during the night. Nor will heart, or other conditions affected by altitude, deny you the advantages of air travel. Insulation will be so efficient that utter silence, except for sounds originating within, will reign. This will be disturbing at first to those old-timers who like to hear the reassuring throb of horsepower.

Air travel will be a thousand times safer and more reliable for many obvious reasons, perhaps chiefly because of new inventions and progress made in radio during this war. Since most radio science facts are now secret, I can only tell you that if today a High Command can sit in London and "watch" its own and enemy planes a hundred miles away over the Channel, there will be no weather restrictions on traffic and landings. And if today a pilot can sit in his plane, in darkness or in clouds, and "look" at his invisible foe a few miles away, in peacetime application, he is going to "see" mountains and other obstructions in time not to hit them.

None of this is conjecture. It's all real. It's all here—waiting only for the war to end.

It is too soon to pack your bags. But it's not too soon to plan your trips, dream your dreams—and buy the War Bonds that you can use later on to pay for your tickets to anywhere in the bright new world.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Why can't we have a woman's auxiliary?" HERB WILLIAMS

## The First Hundred Years Are the Hardest

Continued from page 15

persisted. "I've crossed all other women off my list tonight. Dee's not snobbish. She won't mind if I come too."

Christie hesitated. Johnny was a notorious man-about-town, and an evening with a married woman and a child would hardly be exciting. Still to see him, to talk about Pat . . .

"If you're sure you'd like to, why of course . . ."

"It's a date."

When she hung up she began to sketch a new dinner. The one she had planned was too simple for a hungry junior lieutenant. It was like coming alive again to be outlining a meal for a man.

She wondered now, what she would have done if Johnny had not turned up. She had not known, until Pat left, how lonely she would be. So lonely she would look down at her rings and think: I've been married for five years and now it is as though I am no longer married. For marriage is being together . . .

She must conquer it, this desperate sense of loss that no amount of human company could cure. There must be a way to win through and still feel that she and Pat had a marriage, shared a life, even though they were not together.

Now, knowing she was going to see Johnny, who loved Pat too, she felt better already. Going down in the elevator, after five, she felt gayer than she had in a long time.

JOHNNY was waiting under the directory where Pat had always waited. She did not recognize him at first. He was much thinner, his skin deeply burned. His sleek hair, under his Navy overseas cap, shone silver at the temples. His eyes were a darker blue than she remembered.

He came forward and took her hand. "It's good to see you, Christie."

"It's good to see you, Johnny."

"You're looking fine."

"So are you."

But she was conscious of a quick sense of having been let down. In their stilted greeting there had been none of the easy, joking camaraderie she had always had with Johnny. She had been thinking of Pat's friend and now, without Pat too, Johnny Ritter was a stranger.

They went out to the street together and Christie hailed a cab, saying, "It's too long a walk to Dee's school."

In the cab they lit cigarettes and talked perfunctorily of Johnny's Navy career, of what Pat was doing. But there was embarrassment, stiffness, between them, and Christie's festive mood slipped away.

It occurred to her that this was the first time in all the years she had known Johnny, she had ever been alone with him. Pat had been with them on all other occasions and without his presence Johnny was an unknown quantity. She was beginning to regret her invitation. They had only Pat in common and, lacking Pat, how could she entertain him for an evening?

With a sense of relief she left him sitting in the cab while she went into the school for Dee. She was met, in the small parlor, by a handsome gray-haired woman, who introduced herself as Miss Leonard, the headmistress.

"Dee will be down in a minute, Mrs. Denbow."

"How is she?"

"Much better. I feel her illness was more of an emotional reaction. She's a very homesick little girl, but I think she'll get over it in time."

"Have you written her mother that?"

"No. It's perfectly natural . . . Here's Dee now."

Dee stood in the door with her arms folded. She wore a plaid coat and Scotch cap, and her thin legs, in ankle socks, were planted defiantly apart. But Christie's heart turned over when she saw the peaked, tight little face framed by heavy blond hair. The lost, hurt look of the wide brown eyes was too familiar to her.

She said gently, "Hello, Dee."

As though her words had let down a physical barrier, Dee hurled herself across the room against Christie. Her thin arms locked about Christie's waist.

"Christie . . . take me away, quick! Don't ever let me come back." She tipped up her face, and her eyes were opaque with tears, her soft mouth struggling not to tremble. "Promise me!"

Miss Leonard said quietly, "You don't want Mrs. Denbow to promise something she doesn't mean."

Christie pressed her hand against Dee's back. There was real misery in the child's cry. *She mustn't be forced back if she feels this way. I'll get hold of Ann somehow. Wire her. Dee's too young.*

She would make some arrangement with Miss Leonard by phone tomorrow about having Dee come to the apartment every night until Ann should return for her. If Ann had ever been without Dick, she would have known how Dee would feel—deserted.

Dee clung to her hand, keeping her face hidden against her jacket until they were on the steps of the school. Christie disengaged her then. "Lieutenant Ritter is waiting for us. You know him. He's a friend of your daddy and mother."

To Christie's amazement, as though the scene of a minute ago had never been, Dee smiled up at her confidently. "I know him," she said.

"Let him see what a big girl you are."

"Yes." Dee knitted her brows. "I'm not coming back, am I? I'm going to live with you, aren't I, Christie?"

"We'll see." Disturbed, she led Dee to the taxi. Johnny got out, saluted Dee.

"Hello, Admiral," Dee laughed, and she climbed on to the slippery leather seat and sat with her legs straight out before her. "I'm going to live with Christie," she told Johnny. Christie signaled Johnny to ride along with the game.

"Are you?" he asked seriously. "I admire your fortitude. Pat tried it and had to run away to the Army."

DEE couldn't understand him, but she knew he was talking to her as to a grownup, and she laughed again, and Christie cast Johnny an appreciative grin.

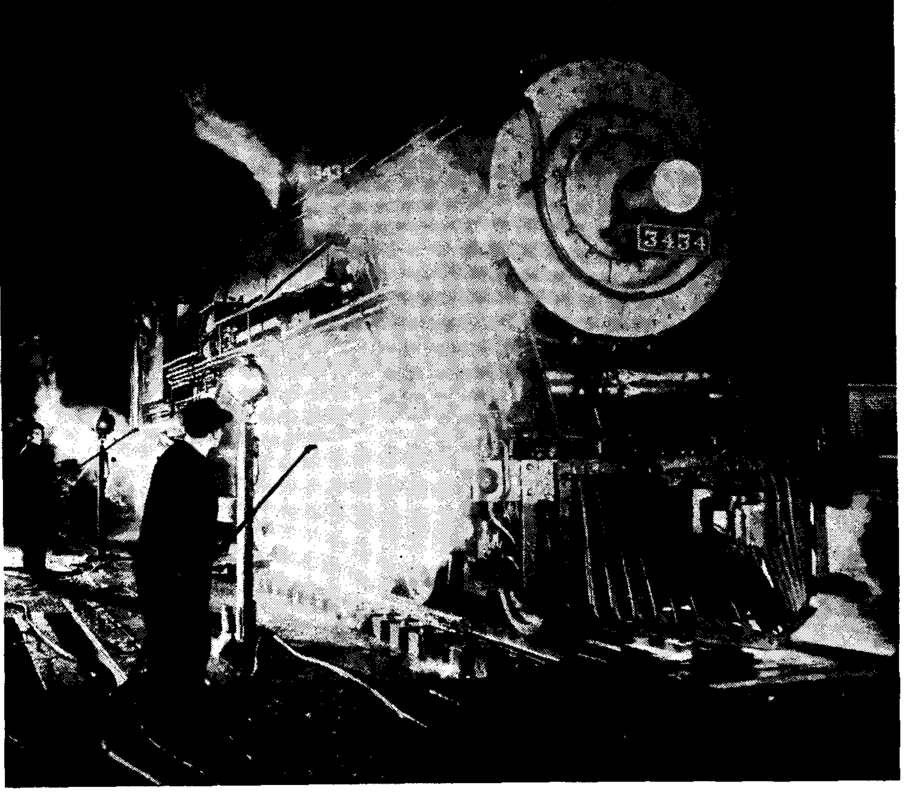
Between them they kept Dee amused during the ride to Christie's apartment, and once in the apartment, entertainment took care of itself. Dee spotted the sprawling collection of china animals, scattered on bookcases, window sills and tables, and announced, as Christie was helping her out of her coat, that she was going to make a stable for them.

"I'll help you," Johnny said, and Christie left them, playing on the floor together, to prepare Dee's dinner. She and Johnny would have cocktails before they ate; perhaps that would help to break the ice.

On an inspiration she set the coffee table for Dee, pulling up the stool of Pat's chair for the little girl to sit on, and Johnny lined up the animals on the table. "To watch you," he said. Dee was delighted with her very own child-sized table and ate so voraciously Christie was certain she had been eating little at school. She and Johnny sat crosslegged by the table, and she was deeply grateful for the unfathomable supply of stories Johnny had for Dee.

At last Dee, scraping out her dish of orange pudding, regarded her companions solemnly. "I'm having a bee-yoo-tee-ful time," she said with a sigh. She reached

Grooming SANTA FE War Horses



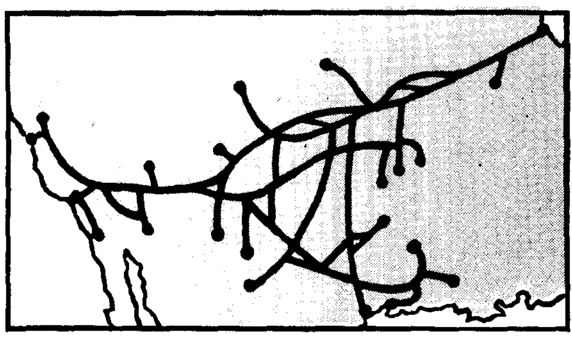
Never before has it been so important to keep Iron Horses in harness . . .

They're War Horses now, and they've *got* to stay on the job . . . working harder and longer . . . hauling tens of thousands of troops and millions of tons of war material and foodstuff.

• *Stop this "power" that moves essential war traffic and you stop all that floats and flies as well!*

That is why the job of "grooming" the big Santa Fe War Horses . . . inspecting, repairing, and rebuilding them . . . is one of the most important jobs in the Santa Fe shops today!

• *It's Santa Fe all the way—for the U. S. A!*



Santa Fe

*Santa Fe System Lines Serve the Southwest and California*

**One of America's Railroads—*ALL* United for Victory**

What's This Little Bostitch Staple Doing in the Combat Zone?

CONTRIBUTING vital speed to hundreds of important projects...from the paper work in the commanding officer's tent... to the linking of portable landing fields...

Speed with tiny desk fasteners... speed with powerful tools and huge staples for assembling the "iron carpets" which make smooth landing areas on uneven ground...speed with hammers and tackers which help build barracks and hospitals...

Back home, Bostitching also serves the war, solving new fastening problems in war plants...continuing its time-saving work in war-converted civilian plants... manufacturing camouflage nets, attaching deck covering on landing craft, steel-stitching sheets of aluminum for planes.

This war is proving on thousands of applications that Bostitch *fastens it better with wire*...and is also responsible for many new techniques and uses which speed-minded manufacturers will welcome, once the war is won.

The Bostitch line — unrivalled in completeness — makes it possible to select the right combination of machine and staples for each job. If you have problems ... or want to build Bostitching into your post-war plans, investigate now.

Bostitch (Boston Wire Stitcher Company), 58 Division Street, East Greenwich, R. I. (Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal).

*Left: A special Bostitch war tool.*

**BOSTITCH**

*fastens it better, AND FASTER with wire*

ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES
ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES

for Christie's hand. "Can't we stay like this, Christie, please? *Please?*"

Over Dee's head Christie met Johnny's eyes. It was the briefest of glances, yet in the second of holding his blue gaze, she had the most vivid sensation that the situation, the three of them about the coffee table, was familiar. It was only a flash but so strong, she felt she must, at some time, have lived through, or dreamed this scene, even as she knew that was impossible.

Johnny carried Dee in to bed, and Christie undressed her and tucked her in. When she went back to the living room Johnny had cleared away Dee's things and had made cocktails. He had taken off his coat and the light came through his shirt. Christie could see the square solid outline of his chest and the coppery hairs gleaming on his arms.

They faced each other across the room and suddenly, inexplicably, they were not strangers. Nor were they Pat's wife and Pat's friend. Christie did not know how or why it had happened, but in this moment she was seeing Johnny for the first time divorced from his association with Pat. Before her eyes he seemed to take shape, acquire a reality of his own. Pat had been the medium that gave him meaning, but he had, now, a meaning of his own for her. She saw the dark sea blue of his eyes, his strong, well-shaped face, and she was acutely aware of him.

Johnny said softly, "Hello, Christine," and in the same tone she said, "Hello, John."

In his eyes there was the same sharp, swiftly born awareness of her. He handed her a cocktail and they touched glasses.

Johnny said, "Here's to Patrick . . . the specter at the feast."

"Specter?"

He grinned wryly. "You know, Christie, I've always thought of you as Pat's wife. I have just begun to think of Pat as your husband. . . . You're very lovely, Christie."

The words were simple, yet they touched some warm current within her, flowed over her, and the flood brought a consciousness of herself that was disconcerting.

*But this is only Johnny.*

They sat together on the couch.

"Have I embarrassed you?" Johnny asked.

She laughed, "I don't know. Should you?"

"No. I hope not." He changed the subject casually: "You're worrying about Dee, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. Did you notice how bad she looks? The poor child is suffering, Johnny. She doesn't want to go back to school, and I don't see how I can condemn her to going. I hate to interfere in other people's plans, but I think Ann was wrong to leave her. What can I do?"

HE LEANED forward, elbows on his knees, turning the glass in his hands. "It's hard to say. It seems cruel, but I think you ought to send her back. Children's emotions, like their bones, are pliable. Dee's born to a hard world. Better for her to learn now to adjust herself."

"Were you ever homesick as a child?" Christie asked him.

"Oh, I suppose I must have been."

"You'd remember well enough if you had been. I have. We used to go to Martha's Vineyard every summer. My father and my uncle had a cottage at Oak Bluffs, and the two families vacationed there together. One summer Mother was sick and they shipped me off alone. I'd never been away from my parents before and I wanted to die. Everyone else was having a wonderful time, and I thought they didn't care. I had to lock it all up in myself."

Johnny smiled.

"It isn't funny, Johnny."

"It isn't. That's not why I smiled. I was just realizing you *were* a child once. Oh, not that you're so old, Christie, but I'd never thought of there being a time when you weren't connected with Pat. You know, I used to spend summers in Martha's Vineyard. In Edgartown."

"Isn't it odd we never happened to meet!"

"Think by what narrow margins we missed it," he grinned at her.

Their eyes caught again and Christie felt the same current.

*If I had met Johnny in Martha's Vineyard would I have been attracted to him? . . . But I fell in love with Pat. That's all that matters now . . .*

THEY did not, however, return to discussing Dee, nor did they talk of Pat. They began to talk of their childhoods. They talked for a while in the living room, and then, while Christie got their meal, Johnny leaned against the kitchen door. By the time she had set the table in the window that faced the river, and they were eating, their conversation had become the eager exchange of two who are just discovering each other.

Sitting there, opposite Johnny, she was experiencing that same sweetness of discovery she had known when she first met Pat.

And she had the feeling that they had been like this, she and Johnny, at the brink of finding each other, forever. She had not had a drink in weeks, and the two Manhattans had given her a lightheadedness, a sense of detachment. It was dusk now. In the apartment there was a light that was neither that of day or night, nor yet of twilight—an unearthly blue translucence. Christie felt that she had somehow escape sidereal time, escaped ordinary living, escaped herself, and been lifted to a new and timeless plane with Johnny.

I mustn't feel like this, she thought. I mustn't. *Pat. . . .* She was frightened because she was no longer lonely for Pat.

Real twilight came; she lit the floor lamp behind her, got cigarettes. Johnny leaned over the table, holding the match for her, his blue eyes like the blue light that had faded. The intoxication that was not wholly from cocktails was gone now, the former spell. Something else was building.

Savagely Johnny crushed his freshly lighted cigarette out on his plate. "Christie . . . I'd better go." He looked at her steadily, and she was too honest to feign surprise.

*Something has happened to us. . . . It is as though there were never anyone but Johnny.*

He got up and stood behind his chair, gripping its back. "I'm falling in love with you. Sometime between meeting you this afternoon and when you came back from putting Dee to bed, I saw you in a way I had never seen you. I saw you as a woman I want for myself. I've no right to see you that way. You know what I think of Pat. You can be angry if you like." He added dryly, "I used to think I wasn't too black of heart."

Christie raised her dark head. The flecks in her eyes were like fire flashing through the green of leaves. "There's a poem of Tennyson's, Johnny—I've forgotten just the poem and the line but there's this in it: The most virtuous hearts have a touch of hell's own fire in them."

"Hell's fire's not to fool with," Johnny said.

He crossed the room and was shrugging into his uniform coat. Christie rose and followed him as he picked up his hat and went to the door.

She thought: It was your fault, Christie. You let him see what you were feeling too. You . . . you Jezebel. You've spoiled something for Johnny and Pat.

At the door Johnny put out his hand and Christie met it.

She said simply, "Johnny, I would hate myself if I let you think it was only you . . ."

His fingers broke their clasp and closed tightly over her wrist. "Thank you for that. Goodby, Christie."

Her head came up involuntarily, her face close to his. Johnny kissed her. Lightly. They stepped apart and looked at each other and then, deliberately, he drew her back again. His mouth was on hers, his cool hard lips, and she could not move away from him. She put her hand up to his face and its tanned skin was burning.

When he let her go she could not feel shame or guilt.

"Well, there it is, Christie."

"Johnny . . ."

He took her hands gently in his. "Christie . . . forgive me. I can't go now. Let me stay. I've got only five more days. I swear if I get another leave I won't come near you again. Give me just these days. I won't touch you. Let me be with you, knowing you feel the way I do . . ."

She turned her hands in his. "Am I so rotten, Johnny? I think if I'd met you before . . ." She could not say Pat's name. "How can this be?" she cried. "There should be one and only one."

"Why? Listen, Christie, there's a kind of love for permanence. There's another kind that's just champagne bubbles and moonflowers. It isn't meant to last. But it can be something to have to look back on all your life."

Their hands still clung. She looked away. "Will you stay, then, Johnny? We'll have the champagne bubbles."

"I promise . . . nothing more."

He smiled at her and his smile was so sweet it hurt her. "Shall we do the dishes, Christie, dear?"

The homely domestic little phrase caught at her throat. *I could have been happy with Johnny for five years. I could have. That was why I felt as I did when we were with Dee . . . it was seeing a life I might have had.*

THE evening that opened before them, just when they had thought it over, lifted them into gaiety. Johnny took off his coat and helped her clear the dishes. She tied an apron on him, and he washed, while she dried. They laughed hilariously over nothing and sang old college songs, softly, not to wake Dee. Johnny showed her how to roll a butter plate down her arm and catch it in her hand. The first time she tried it, she was successful, but the second time she was shaking with laughter, and the plate bounded off and fell on the floor.

Christie said, "Just like the comic strips," and both dropped, still laughing, to their knees and began to pick up the pieces. A big triangle of china had gone beneath the sink and they reached for it simultaneously. Christie slipped, stretching for it, and fell against Johnny. He caught her by the shoulders, pressing her against his chest. He looked down at her, holding her, her head on his shoulder, and her hair coming loose, falling like black shadows across his white shirt. He whispered, "Darling . . ." and Christie answered, "Johnny . . . Johnny . . ."

When he kissed her this time the champagne bubbles, the moonflowers, were lost. She was lost herself and afraid of where she was going.

"Christie! . . . Christie! . . . Christie!" Dee's voice, high witn terror, cut them apart, dragged Christie to her feet.

*"Chris*-teeee!"

"I'm coming, Dee." She ran to the bedroom, Johnny following. She switched on the light, and Dee was sitting upright in the big double bed, her face whiter than her fresh nightgown and her eyes dark with fear.

"What is it, honey?" Christie drew the thin little body against her, feeling the fright shake in the child's very bones.

"I had a dream!" Her voice was still shrill. "Oh, Christie, I had an awful dream. I dreamed my mother was dead. I saw her all dead. I dreamed she wasn't ever coming back. I'm scared . . . I'm scared!"

Christie stroked her head. "There, Dee. Your mother's all right. She's fine and she'll come back to you soon."

Dee pulled away violently. "I don't want her to! I don't want her to come back. I don't want to be scared about her. I don't want to care about my mother . . ." She bent over and put her head on Christie's lap, rocking back and forth. "You be my mother, Christie."

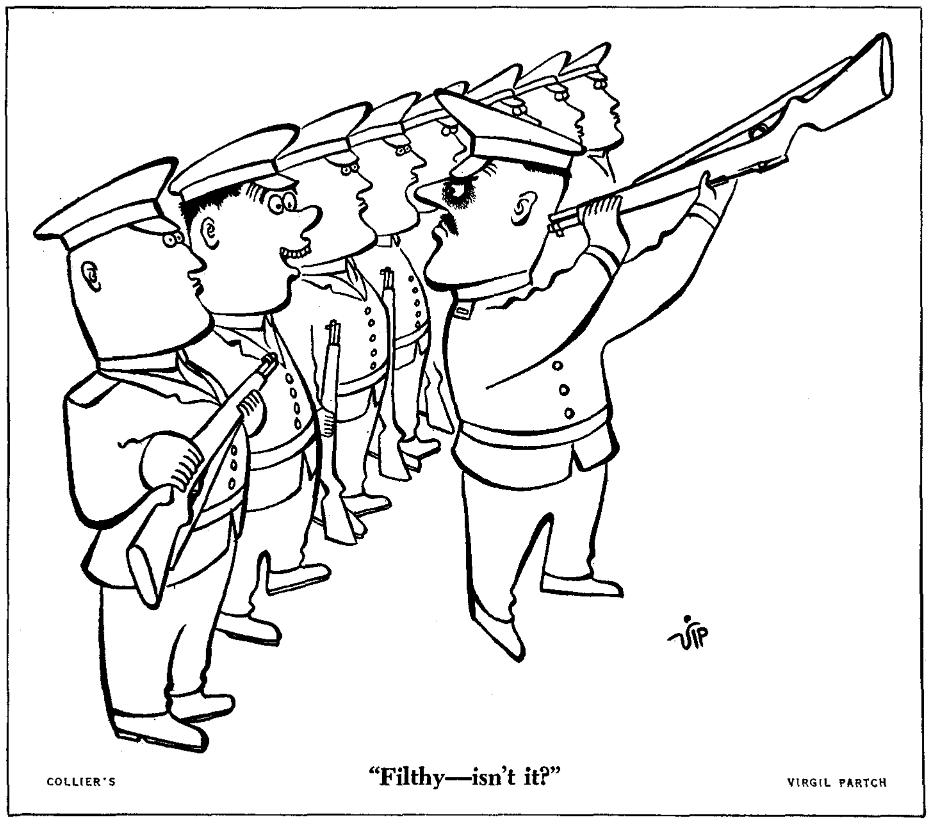
Christie felt tears press to her eyes. "Oh, my poor little girl. I'll be your mother for a while, until . . ."

"No, Dee. Christie won't be your mother."

Johnny had been standing at the foot of the bed. He came now to the other side and sat down, drawing Dee upright.

"You don't want Christie to be your mother. You can't even pretend she is. It isn't fair to your real mother. It hurts to miss your mother and be frightened about her, but you have to stand that unless you want to stop loving her. You know you don't want to stop. You want to be brave, be good at school, and wait, the way so many other people are doing."

Dee said stubbornly, trying to pull

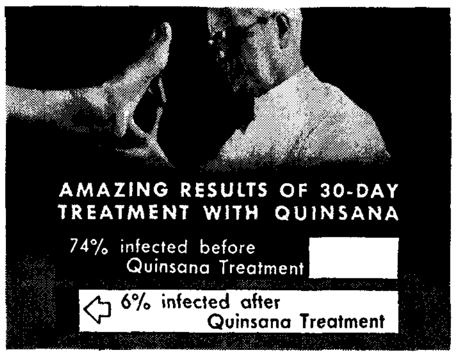


COLLIER'S "Filthy—isn't it?" VIRGIL PARTCH

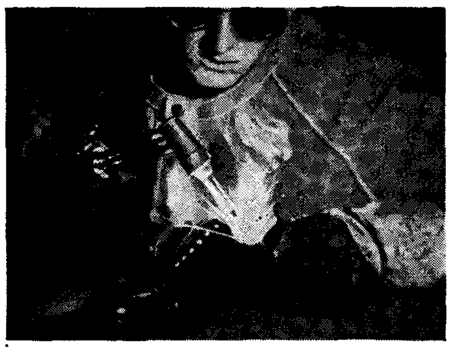
KEEP
AMERICA
MARCHING
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIROPODISTS

SCIENCE KEEPS AMERICA MARCHING—FIGHTS ATHLETE'S FOOT 2 WAYS

SCIENCE is aiding U.S. war effort with new successes over Athlete's Foot. The disease is a real threat, as it infects over 70% of adults some time during the year. Everyone should fight the infection to help avoid serious foot troubles that may cause inefficiency and absenteeism. Today a new fungicidal powder—*Quinsana*—is proving amazingly effective in combating Athlete's Foot. Quinsana action is based on scientific knowledge that the fungi which cause the disease cannot live in an *alkaline* medium; and that re-infection may occur from shoe linings.



**INFECTION DISAPPEARED** in practically all cases among thousands of persons using Quinsana (see chart above). Watch for usual symptoms of Athlete's Foot . . . chronic peeling between toes, cracks, soggy skin, itching. Even mild cases may suddenly become serious. Inflammation may mean *germ* infection; see physician or chiropodist. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana regularly).



**BLOW TORCH** could destroy hard-to-kill Athlete's Foot fungi which may thrive in shoes and re-infect feet. You can't use a blow torch, but you *can* use Quinsana in shoes (absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection). Use Quinsana also on feet. It is fungicidal, bactericidal, non-irritating, absorbent.

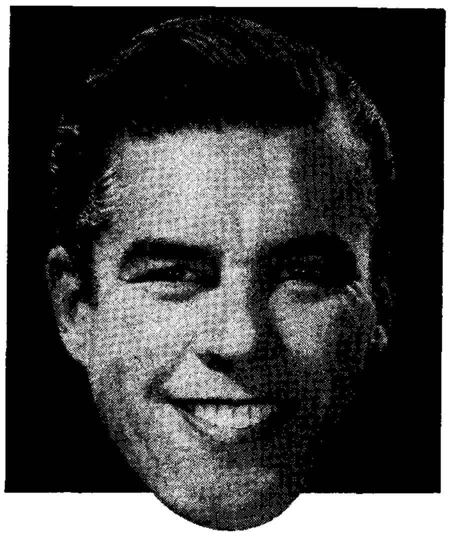
**USE 2-WAY TREATMENT** with Quinsana daily, to help *prevent* as well as relieve Athlete's Foot. It's as easy to use as talcum powder. Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*

MENNEN QUINSANA

MENNEN
QUINSANA

for Athlete's Foot

50¢



DEFEAT

*the annoyance of itching scalp flecked with unsightly loose*

DANDRUFF

*Enjoy lustrous, well-groomed hair by massaging your scalp daily with*

JERIS

*for Loose Dandruff*

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

★★★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

84 PROOF

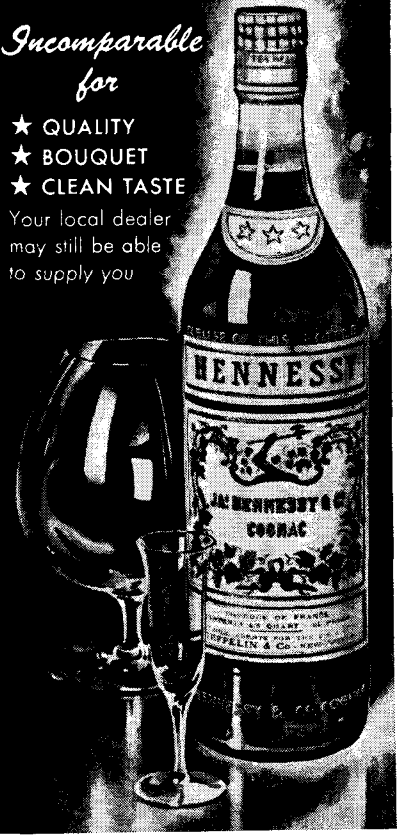
*Incomparable for*

★ QUALITY

★ BOUQUET

★ CLEAN TASTE

Your local dealer may still be able to supply you



Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France

JAS HENNESSY & CO ....... Est. 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.

NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

against the strength of his arms and reach Christie again, "Christie *is* my mother!"

Johnny put a hand under her chin and tipped up her head. "Christie is your friend. You see?"

"No!"

Christie said unevenly: "Johnny's right, Dee. I can't be your mother. Even for a while. You go to sleep now. I'll be here if you want to call. I'll be here as your friend."

Dee protested but Johnny pushed her down with a firm hand and pulled the covers over her.

Christie and Johnny walked silently back down the hall, and Christie knew, as though she were acting a role rehearsed many times before, that in the living room he would kiss her again. She desired his kiss and dreaded it. . . . She was beginning to hate herself and Johnny, too, and yet she would let him . . .

But he stopped in the doorway and faced her. He did not put a hand out toward her.

He gazed down at her.

"Do you still want me to stay, Christie?"

She said slowly, "Yes . . . I do."

"You know it isn't going to be the way I said. You know there is no such thing as the kind of love I talked about."

"I know."

"I won't be able to keep my hands off you. I'll go on making love to you."

"I know."

"It's a dirty rotten trick to pull on Pat."

She pressed her hands to her temples. "You think I don't know that too?"

He reached for her left hand and turned Pat's rings on her finger. "Christie, when the war is over, will you divorce Pat and marry me?"

"I . . ." It was so little what she expected she was profoundly shocked. "Johnny, I don't . . ."

She was shaken. She hadn't thought . . .

Johnny smiled at her. "It's a logical end, marriage, isn't it, when two people fall in love? An honorable end at least. We could have an affair but I don't think . . ."

"Stop!" she cried. "Johnny . . . *don't.*"

SHE jerked her hand away and turned from him. In the white glare of his question, she felt her spirit stripped of all its pretenses. *I wouldn't want to marry him. Then what do I want?*

"Poor Christie," his voice was soft as when he had talked to Dee. "You've missed Pat terribly, haven't you? You've been afraid. You were lonely and it's hard to get out of the habit of loving."

She wanted to cry out at him in anger and she couldn't.

He said, still softly, "Didn't anyone ever tell you, Christie, that the first hundred years are the hardest."

*Oh, Pat, Pat, I missed you so. I hated to be lonely. These empty rooms . . . I didn't know when you would ever live in them again with me . . .*

She turned and met his eyes. "What have I done?" she whispered. "To me, to you, to Pat? I was pretending you could be mine . . . I don't know what I was pretending—I wasn't looking beyond now . . . tonight."

Johnny walked to the desk and took up his hat again, and his coat from the chair.

"You haven't done anything, Christie." He grinned at her. "Nothing an angel wouldn't do." He put his hand on her shoulder a minute, but his touch was only kind.

FOR the second time that evening he went to the door and Christie with him. He stood before her, his hand behind him on the knob.

She looked into his face and saw again its good bones, its fine mouth, and she was not sorry.

Johnny said, "Christie, I'm weak. I'm only a man, Christie. If you say the word I'll come back once more. I don't know if I'm *in* love with you, but I do know I love you. I'd take a chance on any mischief I stirred up, if you were willing. But if you tell me to go, I will, and I won't see you again till Pat's back and I'll never catch your eye, never remind you. We'll both forget tonight as completely as though it had never been."

As he spoke, she felt the memory of his kisses rise, and all the magnetic magic that had come unasked for, bright and compelling.

The memory rose and died. She lifted her head.

He had given her strength, by giving her the choice.

*I might have loved Johnny but I'll never know because there is only one man I want to love.*

She said clearly, "Goodby, Johnny."

He was gone. She heard the elevator doors open and close and the whirr of machinery as it descended. She put the catch on the door and went back to the living room.

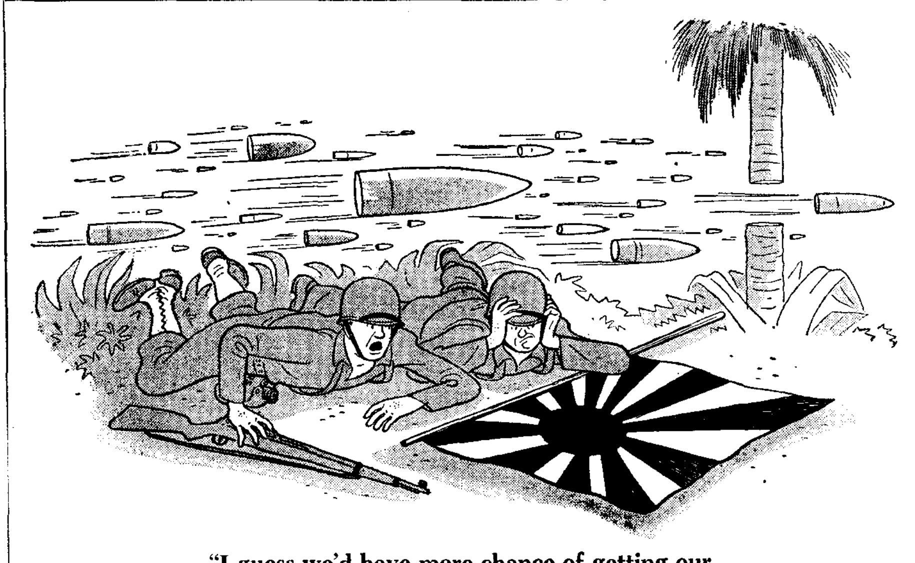
The apartment was still again—still as it had been since Pat left. She went to the window, and, as so often happened, she felt that Pat was there in the room, behind her. She felt his lean, restless, lovable person. She felt Pat all about her. But, for once, when she turned, half expecting to see him, and saw only the empty room, the emptiness did not come to overwhelm her.

She slipped into the bedroom and looked down at the pale glimmer that was Dee's face on the pillow. Dee was so small and alone in this huge bed . . . but Christie did not move to touch her.

Listen, Dee, loneliness is part of loving, too.

Listen, Dee, the first hundred years *are* the hardest. But there is always the hundred and first year. Remember with me the man who made us grow to it.

THE END



"I guess we'd have more chance of getting our trophy back to our base if we rolled it up"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

THAT'S IT

THAT'S WHAT'S MISSING!

***Finicky feeders turn into hearty eaters*** when you put a bottle of A·1 Sauce on the table. This world-famous savory thick sauce is wonderful with meats, fish, fowl, vegetables and eggs. *Try it!*

A·1 SAUCE

*The DASH that makes the DISH*

BUY WAR BONDS

OTIS

MODERN UNDERWEAR

Buy quality. Make every garment last. Our production for the Army and Navy comes first.

Trade Mark

OTIS UNDERWEAR, 57 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK

Marlin BLADES

CARGO FOR THE CONGO

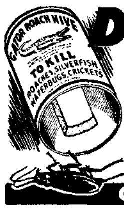
Because MARLIN BLADES are popular in the armed forces, we suggest—make *yours* last longer! The Marlin Firearms Co.

*Don't Gamble*

Guard against trouble from Minor Injuries-

Cuts, Burns

**Scratches or Scalds.** Be wise. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL. Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Works two ways: combats infection; quickly helps relieve pain. Pleasant to use. Only 50c at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.



DEAD INSECTS

DESTROY NO FOOD, CLOTHING

Protect things costly to replace! Use Gator Roach Hives. Roaches, Waterbugs, Silverfish and Crickets eat bait from the protective tubes — and die! Long-lasting, clean and thoroughly efficient. Money back if not satisfactory. 35c pkg. If your dealer has none, send $1.00 for 3 pkgs. postpaid.

DE SOTO CHEMICAL CO.
Box 22, Arcadia, Fla.

GATOR ROACH HIVES

# New Approaches to Lasting Peace

Continued from page 28

And its growth will depend greatly upon the subsequent encouragement given by the United Nations during the transitional period to the liberty-loving elements in the countries under discussion.

Another phase of this same problem of interference of one nation in the domestic life of another arises from the stimulation of ideologic penetration. It is a form of aggression as obnoxious as war. There can be no lasting peace if it is to be allowed to continue, for it is a prime stimulant of hate and controversy.

Economic Pressures—The economic consequences of Versailles were disastrous. Its provisions not only failed to heal the economic wounds of the world, but opened new ones.

The continuation of the blockade during the armistice caused steady economic degeneration. The creation of a host of new small nations with many new boundaries, with no restraints on their barriers to trade, contributed to impoverishment and despair. In fact, there were few steps toward elimination of trade barriers; they were increased. The preposterous method of collecting reparations created periodic world jitters over its periodic readjustment. The impossible intergovernmental obligations were a running economic sore for twenty years.

### Neglected Economic Pressures

Little was done toward relieving the world of the cost of arms; no effort was made to stabilize currencies. The whole economic field was neglected. The consequent destructive economic pressures had much to do with the violence of the hurricane of economic depression and revolution that came ten to fifteen years later.

The most constructive economic move at Versailles was the relief of several hundred million starving people and action under the relief to restore communications and transportation.

To direct the pressures in economic fields toward lasting peace, we have under the "conditional peace" suggested that the blockade should be removed the instant the enemy disarms and that the commercial treaties be provisionally restored. This, with similar action to that taken the last time in relief of the starving and restoration of communications and transportation, will prevent delay in the revival of production of trade and employment.

The long-view program this time, to turn economic pressures toward peace, involves action in many directions. There must be an assurance that international trade will be conducted by private enterprise. Trading by governments, or government subsidy of trade, at once concentrates the haggling of the markets with their thousand frictions into a direct question between state departments and foreign offices. Under private enterprise these frictions and competitions are represented by profit or loss, or by irritations, subdivided a thousand times among individuals. In the hands of governments, they concentrate and raise national emotions and become frictions and quarrels between nations. If nations persist in government trading, they must expect antidumping action.

The world will sorely need stability of currencies for the movement of trade. It will need sources of credit with which to restart production. America can participate, but America cannot be expected to finance the world. We are bound also to be impoverished by the war.

The trade barriers in the world should be reduced to the utmost minimums practicable. This involves the abolition of special agreements between nations which establish any special privilege in trade, the abolition of quotas which are a form of special privilege, and the prevention of monopolies and cartels in international trade. Most of such actions have been directed against the United States.

Economic progress requires freedom of ships to navigate the seas and freedom of planes to fly over them. Both require open port facilities, equal treatment to all nations, and contributed services on weather and by radio to increase their safety.

Tariffs should be reduced to a competitive basis founded upon differences in living standards. And here enters again some realism. We can be sure that our farmers and workmen, or the farmers and workmen of all countries of high standards of living, are not going to allow free imports or free immigration from Asiatic or other low-standard-of-living countries. They will not see it in terms of theoretical equality in trade but rather as the preservation of their very living.

Difficult as the task may be, economic pressures can be directed to promote prosperity instead of degenerations which furnish the soil of revolution and war.

Extreme Nationalism—We may well repeat that nationalism, with its spiritual content of patriotism, its stimulants to culture and to the personal dignity of a nation's citizens, is one of the greatest forces in human progress. Its extremes can be dangerous causes of war. The nationalistic spirit inevitably grows with war because the whole process of war is to stir the devotion of men to their flag and country. Extreme nationalism was little curbed at Versailles. It was even stimulated.

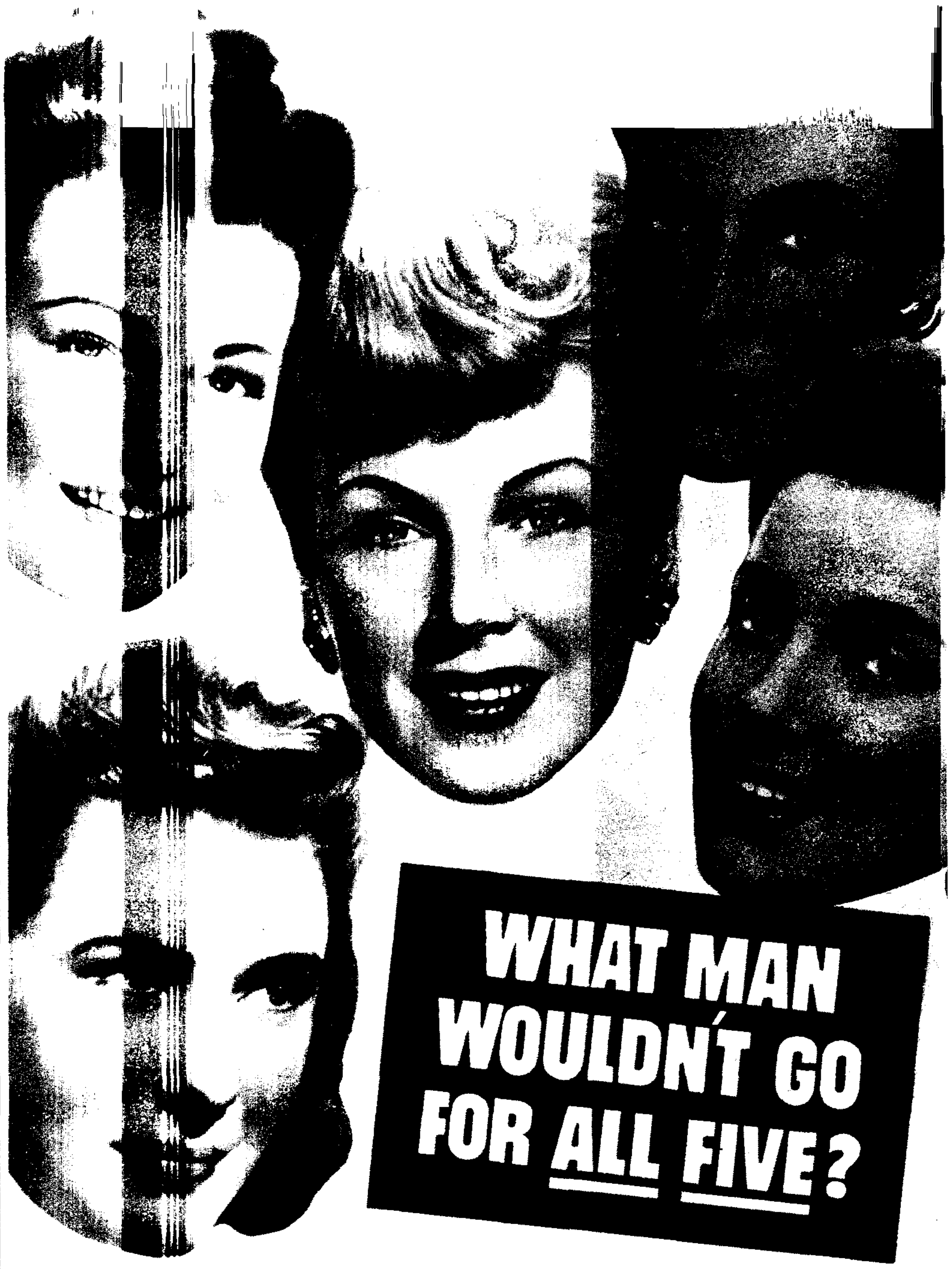
One of the theories destructive to international life represented in the Versailles settlements was that both nationalism and government must be based alone upon race. It found extreme expression in the small states of eastern Europe by setting them up without regard to their economic life or defense. These peoples had a right to independence. The new states naturally throbbed with restoration of their freedom from old sufferings. They proceeded not only to erect a multitude of new trade barriers but to build large armies and fortifications along their frontiers, to conclude military alliances and enter into conspiracies against one another. These factions and the rattle of their arms rose long before the appearance of Hitler.

### A Threat to Their Neighbors

All these countries weakened their own prosperity as well as that of the world and, by menace, kept fear and hate alive among their neighbors. Their boundaries were so set that they included within their borders many minorities from neighboring races. In excessive racialism they sought to curb the cultural expression of these minorities, and each of the mother countries of their minorities clamored for their protection or return.

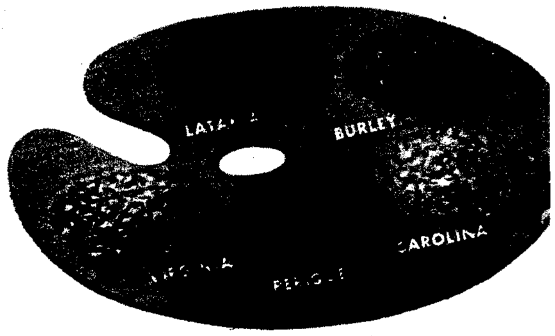
That different races can live amicably together under the same general government is amply demonstrated by the Swiss Confederation and the British Commonwealth. We should not seek the disappearance of the small states. Their cultural development has been, and will be, an immense contribution to civilization.

Experience calls for action different from the last time. The major method of curbing the cause of war and economic degeneration from these quarters is to encourage the federation of these states economically and defensively under some cantonal system such as Switzerland's or by some other method which will preserve their racial cultures and at the same time promote their economic and political stability. There are 16 states in Europe that


WHAT MAN WOULDN'T GO FOR ALL FIVE?

**And what Pipe Smoker would pass up a blend of 5 such perfections as this? Isn't it worth 15¢ to try?**

*See* what you get in REVELATION! *Five* superb tobaccos—truly blended and *cut five different ways*—to get from each its best! Talk about cool, fragrant smoking...Light up—*taste* the glorious *difference! Where* can you do better—at *anywhere* near the price?



**FIVE GREAT TOBACCOS**

**CUT 5 DIFFEREN**

Most "mixtures" are only 1 or 2 tobaccos, cut 1 way. They simply *cannot* pack, draw or taste like the 5 blended tobaccos—cut 5 ways—in REVELATION! Try it *today!* You'll *revel* in REVELATION!

REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
HE PERFECT
PE TOBACCO
ild and Mellow"
MADE IN U. S. A.

**REVELATION**

**SMOKING MIXTURE**

**15¢** POCKET PACK

How can My Coal Bin Help America at War?

Because the welfare of your family and the security of your country is at stake—it is essential that you cooperate with your coal dealer in his gigantic task of getting your coal bin filled for next winter without interfering with the flow of coal to America's vital war production plants.

So you can help yourself and help America at war by ordering your coal *now* and keeping your bin ready for delivery anytime your dealer can make it in accordance with government transportation regulations and shortages in equipment, labor, gasoline and tires.

COMBUSTIONEER OWNERS

*We are still maintaining our service and a stock of parts for any necessary repairs.*

If you own a Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stoker—take care of it! Be sure to have your dealer inspect and service it *this summer.*

WORKING FOR VICTORY

Until Victory — Combustioneer's manufacturing facilities are dedicated to the production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American warplanes.

THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING COMPANY
*Designers, Engineers and Manufacturers of Precision Products Equipment*
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

would fall naturally into four or five groups.

Many acute irredentist sores would be incidentally thus relieved. Where this would not happen, populations should in extreme cases be exchanged—drastic as that may be. The exchange of populations between Turkey and Greece carried out after the last war has contributed to the peace and welfare of both peoples.

Another phase of nationalism will arise in larger states. Proposals are being made to dismember Germany forcibly after the war. This is a folly that would add only to the economic and political Balkanizing of Europe. The history of Europe is a procession of German separations and explosions into war every time the fragments insisted upon reuniting. If they were separated they would have to be federated again for the same reasons as the small nations should be federated. There can no more be a lasting peace with a dismembered Germany or China than there could be a lasting peace with a dismembered United States.

Imperialism has been the cause of literally hundreds, perhaps thousands, of wars. The subjugation of races capable of self-government is inevitably followed by their striving for independence. The rivalries for areas to exploit create wars between empires.

Imperialism ran rampant out of the Treaty of Versailles. While several nations received their independence from old imperial oppressions, yet the British, French, and Japanese empires were swelled enormously. The failure of Italy to secure her promised share added fuel to war.

The first cure for imperialism is to stop the expansion of empire and the subjugation of peoples. At once, however, we wish to point out the exceptional evolution of the British Empire. Whatever its origins may have been, it alone among empires has been transformed into a commonwealth of nations where self-government has been steadily developed and peace maintained among its components. Such a commonwealth in other empires would lessen imperialism and would help insure peace.

A further solution is that the important "mandates," especially those in Africa, should be conducted with full economic and immigration equality for all nations and in such a way that they can be gradually developed toward self-government. Some other areas which contain backward peoples should be placed in a real trust of international government. It is the realistic way to lessen the war-breeding struggles of the have-nots for colonies with their exclusive economic privileges.

### The Cure for Militarism

Far from militarism being checked at Versailles, it was stimulated. The cure for militarism is not alone the reduction of armaments. Germany, Japan and Italy possess a class—a caste—who live by arms, who are descendants of a caste of arms, who maintain skills and the traditions of war, who believe that war is not only the path to glory but that war rejuvenates races. At Versailles, Germany was reduced to a small army and navy. But it was so organized as to perpetuate the military caste.

The first cure for militarism is to break up the military class or caste in Germany, Italy and Japan. Its descent and traditions must be interrupted and destroyed. And the only way to achieve this is by complete disarmament. The preservation of order in those countries should be delegated to a constabulary where no man having held an officer's commission would be allowed to serve. Thus only can the continuity of these war machines be broken and the menace wiped out.

The Allies in the last peace made binding promises to disarm on land and sea. Under the leadership of the United States we did effect naval reductions which removed billions of dollars in taxes from the backs of those who toil. Until the rise of dictators, these agreements helped toward peace by lessening naval rivalry. But before the rise of Hitler the land military establishments of the world were still three times the size they had been before the first World War.

This failure to reduce land arms was due to the division, jealousy and lack of trust among the major powers. The moment for action was immediately after the war when its horrors were still alive in our memories. Then only would it have been possible to obtain a reduction and limitation of land arms among the victorious powers.

Again the victorious countries will need drastically to reduce their own armies and navies both to allow economic recovery and to reduce the spirit of militarism in their own countries as well as the fears of their neighbors. The development of the combat airplane makes this easier. A comparatively small air force in the hands of the Trustees of Peace, with appropriate bases, could in a disarmed world preserve order and prevent aggression.

But if there is to be important reduction of armament among the United Nations, it must be done quickly after firing ceases. We have suggested that such an agreement should be part of the "conditional peace." Any delay will allow the oppositions of military elements, by stimulation of fear, to overcome the public desire for relief. Furthermore, as after the last war, continued arms will create fears and disintegration of unity between the United Nations.

Fear, Hate and Revenge—Hot hate and revenge ran through the settlements at Versailles. France had been brutally invaded, her women and children butchered by Germany twice in a single generation. She could not be expected to act with moderation. And the treaties stretched beyond the necessary restraints and reparations into the explosive area of revenge.

Experience has no uncertain lessons in this field. Unless the forces of fear, hate and revenge between peoples and nations can be turned aside, the world will again enter upon the ceaseless treadmill of war. The hideous brutalities of the Axis powers will leave an ineradicable hate in millions of this generation. We cannot expect a growth of brotherhood in those who have suffered. By statesmanship, however, we can so base the settlements at the end of this war that hate, fear and revenge may ultimately decrease and die.

The purpose of peacemaking must be the establishment of a regime of law and justice, not regimes of hate.

The concrete problem that will arise at once is punishment of the enemy. The first distinction we must make is between peoples and their leaders. The leaders of the nations who brought this situation upon the world must be made an example for all time. There can be no moral distinction and there should be no legal distinction between such men and common criminals conspiring to murder. Too long has it been assumed that there is something sacrosanct about the heads of state who project or provoke war and this wholesale killing of human beings.

The border lines between proper restraints and reparations from enemy peoples and explosive areas of revenge are difficult to draw. The enemy must be made to realize that war does not pay. But if we want lasting peace, we must realize that nations cannot be kept in chains.

### No Revenge on Aggressors

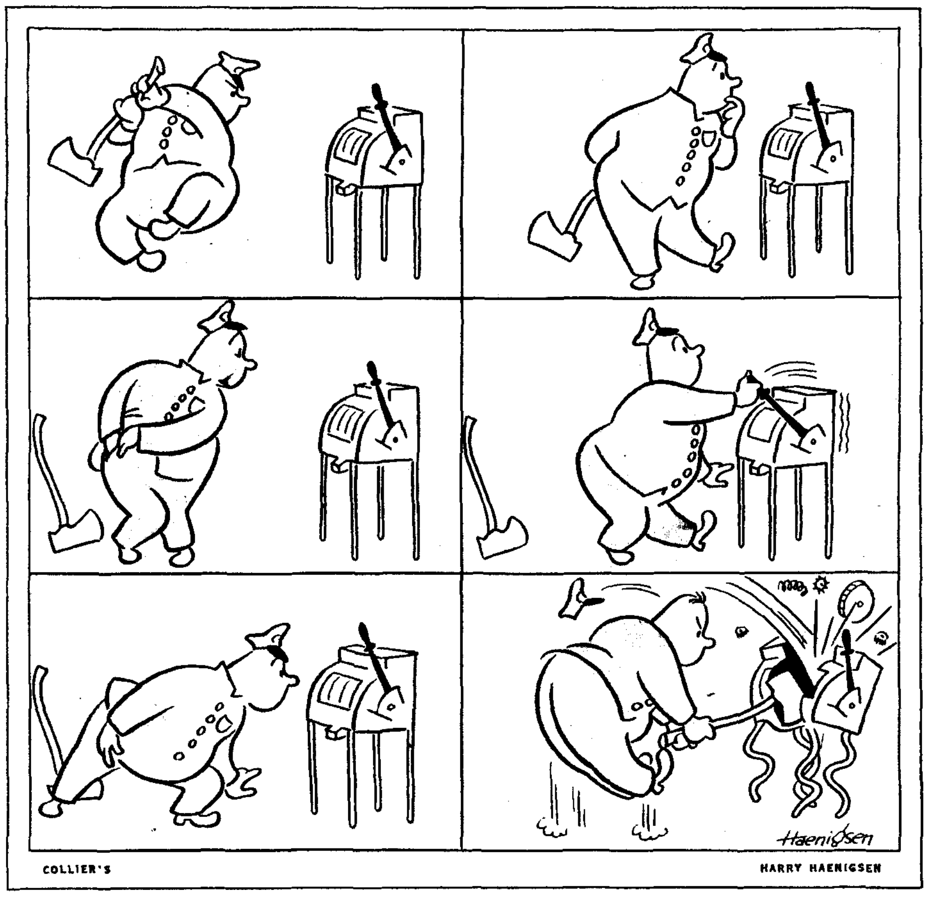
Undoubtedly the greatest contribution by the Treaty of Vienna at the end of the Napoleonic Wars was that it imposed no revenge and no chains upon the French who were the aggressors at that time. At least there was no resumption of a world war for a century.

We cannot have both revenge and peace. We must make such a settlement as will give the decent elements in Axis peoples a chance to lead their countries onto the paths of peace.

Out of all these six destructive, dynamic forces, uncurbed or stimulated, at Versailles, grew economic instability, impoverishment, disillusionment, frustration and dictatorships. Renewed war in Europe became inevitable.

This experience should emphasize the vital distinction between making and preserving the peace. Unless the peace is well made, no organization can preserve it, for it will be dealing with symptoms rather than causes. Unless these six destructive and dynamic forces be ended or allayed, no "world institution" can keep the peace. The League of Nations did not stand a chance.

*(To be concluded next week)*



## Sound of Revelry

Continued from page 24

idea: He'd put it just where a careful guy would look. He'd look, but he wouldn't see anything.

A smart person would figure out a hiding place like that.

A person, maybe, like Jonathan Tate, who had owned the Torrid Zone before Miss Claire Livingston and Mr. Robert Norden had performed a neat little job of murder on him.

"I've definitely got something," I told myself. Then I shook my head and asked myself a question: "But what?"

THAT night, I slipped off immediately after the supper show, leaving Judy with the Martins. She didn't seem to mind, and I was too tired to think much about it.

There was a slip in my box at the apartment house where I lived: "Please call Miss Livingston whenever you get in." I telephoned and she sounded like she was glad to hear my voice. She wanted me to run over for a nightcap, but I said I wasn't having any. I told her I was too worn out. She played along with that gag, and even got cute about it—but when I found out she was alone, I stayed put.

I woke at the usual time the next day, drank the usual cup of coffee and smoked the usual cigarette. I felt refreshed after my first decent sleep in a lot of nights and I figured I'd take a long walk in the park if it wasn't too cold. But before I could do anything about fresh air, there was a rap on the door. I opened it and Hard Luck walked in.

Max Gold was dressed in a blue suit that looked almost black. He wore a plain, deep-blue tie, a white shirt and black shoes and socks. His quiet taste in dress was about the only thing I liked about him. He said good morning and I came right back at him. He seated himself in my only comfortable chair, rested his long white fingers in his lap and looked at me out of those piercing black eyes of his.

I said, "Where's your little playmate?"

"Andy Sullivan?"

"No. Ballard."

He shrugged. "Working, I suppose. So am I."

I said, "You look it."

His eyes didn't waver. He said, "I'm working on you."

"I'm flattered."

The black eyes narrowed. "Don't go coy, sonny," he advised. "It won't get you anywhere. You got a murder rap hanging over you. Anyway, complicity in a murder. You ain't healthy."

I fired up another cigarette. I didn't bother to ask him to have one, so he had one anyway. He said, "Why don't you play nice?"

"Why don't you?"

HIS lips twisted into the ghost of a smile, and then the smile vanished. "So I'm on the spot, huh?"

I said, "I don't know. I don't know anything except that you aren't acting like anybody out of the homicide bureau."

"Why not?"

"Claire Livingston. She was mixed up in the Jonathan Tate murder. Probably the Babs Willard one, also."

He said, "That's your idea. Judy says different."

"Don't give me that. You've worked on Judy until she says just what you want her to say."

"You'd be better off if you did, too."

I got mad, and Max loved it. His smile flicked me like a whip. "What do you know about Mabel Grant?" he said.

I dummied up, but quick. I said, "Nothing."

"The night you were out with her—she didn't spill?"

"Not a drop."

"You're lying," he said calmly, "but we'll let it ride. The day after you met her, you went to the club. You got there what time?"

"I don't remember."

"You better start remembering. Somebody was there before Judy was. Whoever killed Mabel was there first. Maybe it was you." He paused. "What you and Ollie Grant been talking about?"

I blinked. I hadn't given him credit for that. I said, "What do you know about Ollie?"

"Hustler," he said calmly. "Cheap grifter. Two-bit con man. Mabel's husband."

"Right," I said. "You're pretty cute, Lieutenant!"

Max got up. He put on his hat and smiled at me. "Some guys are too big for their boots," he said. "You, for instance. You get messed up, don't say I didn't warn you."

He closed the door and was gone. So was the general spirit of optimism with which I had started the day. I got into my clothes and walked up and down the room, thinking.

He was an odd combination, this Gold. In some ways he was hundred per cent cop; in others, he had me puzzled. I was caught in the middle of something, and I couldn't get out. I was in there with Judy, and we weren't helping each other a bit.

Walking up and down the room with my hands in my pockets, I felt something hard and cold and flat. I pulled it out. It was the key with letters and numbers stamped on it. I gave it a fresh take.

That 57STMC still looked like it might be something on 57th Street. At least I could find out.

I TAXIED over to Sutton Place and 57th and started walking west. I looked at every building, block after block, to see where the MC fitted in, provided my hunch on the 57ST was right.

Some of the apartment houses had names, but none of them fitted in with the MC business. I got as far west as Ninth Avenue. I was away from things and feeling pretty discouraged. I could see the Hudson ahead, and nothing much of interest between me and it. And then I found it.

It was a tall, narrow building that looked old and weatherbeaten. On each side of the entrance it had a sign: white letters painted on black: 57th STREET MEN'S CLUB.

57STMC. Whatever it was, I had it. I felt proud of myself. This looked like the first decent guess I'd made since trouble started popping.

I went inside, trying to figure what sort of place it was. Once I closed the door behind me, the figuring was easy.

It was one of those places where men of moderate salary live in congested discomfort, partly because it's cheap and partly because there's a gymnasium, swimming pool and handball courts. Two or three young men were reading magazines in the lobby. There was a dingy room adjoining, where two ancient pool tables stood idle. There was an oak desk, all scratched up and backed by a corrugation of letter boxes. An elderly man sat behind the desk, chewing on a cheap, unlighted cigar which exuded an appalling fragrance. He looked as though he'd lived too long and seen too many things he didn't like.

I asked him about the club. He talked to me without looking at me. I simply didn't register with him. I might just as well have been a voice on a phonograph record.

He said he was sorry, but that there

YOURS—
THESE THREE GREMLINS
WHEN YOU BUY A
ROYAL DUKE PIPE
I'M PUMPING PETE! I CONDENSE THE MOISTURE IN HERE—SO IT SMOKES 17% DRIER!
I'M FILTER FRED! I FILTER THE SMOKE SO IT'S 23% COOLER!
I'M GREMLIN GUS! I TRAP 238 MG. OF TAR AND NICOTINE PER PIPEFUL!

ROYAL DUKE
IS THE ONLY PIPE WITH A
**PUR-O-MATIC BIT**
*That's Specially Designed to Trap Impurities!*

● Yes, the Gremlins go to town for you when you smoke a Royal Duke Pipe. Every Royal Duke is equipped with a PUR-O-MATIC BIT, specially designed to trap impurities. It combines a filter in a special self-contained device and an exclusive condensation chamber that cools, dries and cleans the smoke. Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc., York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, New York.

**Standard $1.50** **De Luxe $2.50**

**Supreme $3.50**

Royal Duke

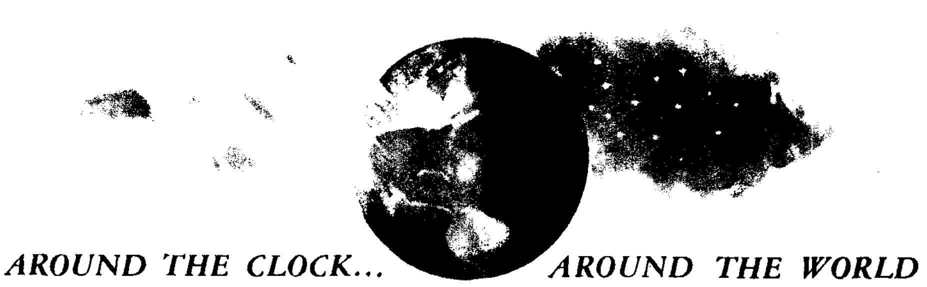
**At best counters. U.S. canteens overseas. Ship stores around the world!**

YOU WRITE MORE WITH MONGOL!

A *Thrifty* WAY TO AVOID WASTE!

Ask for MONGOL . . . by brand and grade of pencil to get greater satisfaction and longer wear. It's a conservation measure that avoids waste in wartime. For years, MONGOL has been acclaimed "The Business Pencil of the World". Points eight times as strong as the average person's writing pressure. Twice the wear of a nondescript grade and half as many time-wasting trips to the sharpener. Exclusive Complastic lead, Woodclinched for extra strength. Made in 5 degrees: No. 1 Soft, No. 2 Medium, F—Firm, No. 3 Hard, No. 4 Very Hard..."Say *MONGOL* to Your Stationer".

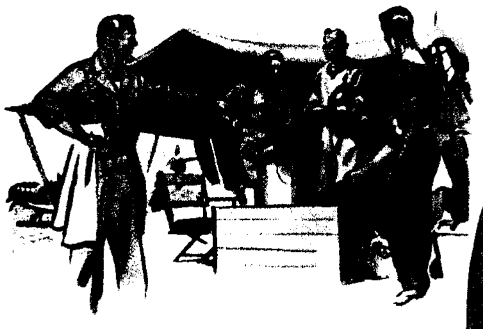
5¢ EVERYWHERE
LESS BY THE BOX



IT'S SEAFORTH FOR MEN!

*At an officers' club in Calcutta, a colonel says: "Suli, I'm stepping out in style tonight. Fetch me that jugful of U.S.A.—the one that says Seaforth, For Men!"*

*In a very hot barracks in Trinidad, a Yorkshireman rubs his chin before the mirror. "Now then," he grins admiringly, "we ain't got Hollywood plumbing 'ere, but can't a man do wonders with Seaforth!"*



*On an advanced airfield in North Africa, six flyers split a cake of shaving soap six ways. "Catch the crumbs, Harry," says a bombardier, "Remember, son, that's Seaforth!"*

DO YOU KNOW A man who cannot buy these little comforts for himself?

PICK UP A GIFT of Seaforth for him... you'll win his enduring gratitude.

Some things in this world, such as billiards, and detective stories, and good tobacco, have a universal appeal to men. With pride, and grateful wonderment, we have seen Seaforth raised to full-fledged membership in that category . . . in just about four years.

Today, the superb Seaforth toiletries are used by sailors and their admirals; by soldiers and their generals; by shipyard workers and bank presidents. These sturdy stoneware jugs and mugs are prized equally in New York, in Sydney, in London, in Samoa, on flying Clippers and on ships at sea. The Seaforth *idea* explains this best, perhaps. Named for Scotland's Seaforth Highlanders, styled to a man's taste, these products are the ultimate in masculinity. The soaps are made from the world's finest oils. The scent of all products is tangy heather and fern, without a trace of cloying sweetness. Down to minute details, each Seaforth package is planned to give a man the kind of grooming he likes best.

**ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY**
**10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA • NEW YORK**

• **SOLD EVERYWHERE** at a man's price . . . Single items one dollar. Sets two to seven dollars.

**Seaforth! FOR men**

**SHAVING SOAP • SHAVING LOTION • MEN'S TALC • MEN'S COLOGNE • DEODORANT • HAIR DRESSING • HAND SOAP**

weren't any rooms vacant, nor were there likely to be any.

Three keys were lying on the desk. They weren't anything like the key in my pocket, although each of them was stamped with 57STMC and a number. The keys on the desk were evidently room keys. Mine looked like something out of a locker. So I played that angle.

I asked him whether it was possible to have athletic privileges without occupying a room there, and he said he thought it'd be okay. I asked him whether they had any vacant lockers and he said they had a lot on account most of the men who used the gym lived in the building and didn't bother with lockers. He gave me the rates by the month and by the year. They were dirt cheap, either way. I said I'd like to look it over.

He hoisted himself off his chair without interest or enthusiasm. Dusk was settling over the city, and the single pale ceiling light gave an unhealthy glow to the dingy lobby. He led me down a flight of steps, showed me a tiny gymnasium and then led me to an enlarged bathtub which he called the pool. I pretended to be enthused. I said it was just what I'd been looking for.

He told me they had a couple of four-wall handball courts and two one-wall courts on the roof. He looked as though he'd die if I asked to see them, so I told him not to bother. He sighed with relief.

We went into a locker room. It looked about half as cheerful as a morgue. Two young fellows were getting ready for some handball. They were discussing a date they had that night and speculating with amazing frankness on the two young ladies who were to fill out the party.

The lockers were old-fashioned green things: fairly narrow, fairly shallow, but tall. It was a cinch that the key in my pocket belonged to one of them.

I FOLLOWED the weary gent upstairs to the lobby and paid two months in advance for what he called an athletic membership. It was as simple as that. They didn't exactly welcome me. They simply didn't care one way or the other. I paid cash, the tired clerk stuck it in a wall safe and made an entry in a book. He gave me a key which was a duplicate of the one I'd found in the Torrid Zone except for the locker number. I was now a full-fledged member of the 57th Street Men's Club. It gave me a feeling slightly less than exaltation.

Another man came in and my mentor said he thought he'd be drifting out to dinner. I waited until he had gone. Then I went down to the locker room. It was empty.

I went to locker 129 and fitted the key into the lock. I didn't expect to find anything, but I also wasn't going to be surprised if I did.

I found something. It wasn't what I could have expected, even if I'd expected anything.

It was a huge package, wrapped in heavy Manila paper and tied tightly with twine. It was standing on one end and it was long. In breadth and thickness it fitted so snugly into the locker that it might have been designed for just that. Giving it a quick glance, I figured that in cubic content, it would be just about the size of an average suitcase.

I took the package out of locker 129 and walked upstairs and out into 57th Street. I got a taxi at the corner. It was getting late, but not too late. I went to my apartment, locked the door, took out my penknife and cut the twine which bound the package.

I unwrapped the Manila paper. I took one look, and the rear of my anatomy thumped against the floor. I sat there gawping at what the package held.

Money! Currency! I had never seen so much cash in all my life. Good, solid United States money, all bundled up in neat packages. Scads of them. Hundreds and fifties and twenties.

I counted them by packets. My heart was pounding.

Conceding that the packets of bills were properly labeled, I now had in my possession the sum of six hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars.

I also had a first-class A-number-one case of the jitters.

Six hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars is money in any language, but when you've been brought up the hard way—where pennies looked like dollars—it isn't even credible.

I had been frightened several times recently, but the possession of this money gave me a different sort of fright. It was a hard-to-explain feeling. I knew it tied in with a lot of the things that had been happening, but I couldn't figure how. I didn't even take time out to feel pleased over having found it.

I tied the package up again. It was a long job, because my fingers were far from steady.

I went downstairs and called a taxi. All the way to the Torrid Zone I was jittery.

The club was busy when I arrived: A few early dinner guests, and all the hired help. I lugged the package of money up to Judy's apartment on the third floor. She took one look at me and got up. She said, "Steve! What's the matter?"

I carried the bundle across the room and put it on one of the twin beds. Then I walked back and locked the door. She followed me with her eyes but didn't say anything. Then I put my arm around her waist and walked over to the bed with her. It was a very nice waist. I was never so concerned about outside things that I could forget that.

I said, "I could ask you to guess what was in that package, but it would be wasting time. So I'm telling you what's in it. Tied up in that paper is more than half a million dollars."

She looked at the package and then at me. To say that she seemed surprised is expressing it mildly. I mentioned the precise amount, and she still didn't say anything, so I told her about finding the key and then of how I'd played Sherlock Holmes and come up with this mountain of dough. For the first time since the night at the Hughes penthouse she seemed completely at a loss. She sat down on the bed and I sat with her. I kept my arm around her, and it was still a nice thing to do.

She said, "It doesn't make sense, Steve."

"Nothing does. This is just icing on the cake."

She said, "The key . . ."

I showed it to her. I explained how the picture wire had been wrapped around the blade of the key so that even if somebody had looked for it behind the picture, the odds were 100 to 1 against their seeing it. I said, "It adds up only one way, Judy."

"What way?"

IT WAS astonishing how this thing had flattened her. She shook her head and said, "I'm over my depth, Steve. You'll have to do the talking."

"Tate owned this building," I said. "If he had wanted to hide something, there wouldn't be a more logical place than here."

Judy said, "Why shouldn't he have kept the money in the bank?"

"That's what's been puzzling me. In any event, if the money was Tate's it now belongs to you. It'll buy a lot of War Bonds."

"I'm not interested in that angle, Steve. I'm just trying to understand."

"So am I. I've got a theory, but if it's anything like the other theories I've had, it's all wrong. Shall I outline it?"

"Please . . ."

"Tate is dead. He was murdered. Suppose the motive for the murder was robbery. Suppose the murderers knew that he had this money, but also knew that he hadn't deposited it in a bank. They might have figured that he had it in his apartment.

"Anyway, if I'm not entirely a screwball, it could be that Tate suspected he wasn't safe. So he figured where he could hide the cash. He joins that club on 57th Street, probably under an assumed name. He rents a locker. He puts the money there, where no sane person would look for it. He uses the key as a gadget on which the picture is hung. I'm so logical that I'm sure I'm wrong."

Judy knew a lot of things I didn't know, but this was an unexpected development. I was enjoying the unique experience of not being on the outside looking in. For just this single brief moment, I was the dominant male—the guy with ideas.

I said, "I've caught three employees snooping around your apartment since you took over: Emil, Louie and William. They were looking for something. It might have been the key."

That was her cue to step back into character. That was her cue to tell me I was crazy. But she didn't do anything of the kind. She said, "That's possible, of course. I didn't know anything about any money."

"But admitting that there was some, and that the clue to its whereabouts was hidden in this club . . . you're not surprised that a headwaiter, a bus boy and an assistant bartender should have been looking for it."

She was talking to herself, rather than to me. She said, "It's not impossible . . ."

"Don't be like that, Judy. You're going off into double-talk again." I saw I wasn't getting anywhere, and I figured it was time to give her a good scare. So I let her have both barrels. "If they knew you had this money," I said, "you might not be safe."

"Wh-what do we do with it?"

"We turn it over to the coppers. We beg them not to give it out to the newspapers. We try to keep anybody from finding out you've got it. I don't like your friend, Max Gold. I think he's handled things his own way—and selfishly. But he's probably a good policeman. He'll probably understand the language of six hundred thousand smackers without anybody diagraming it for him."

Judy said, "I'll call him—"

"And meanwhile, I'm parking myself right here. For one show the panting public is not going to have the joy of watching Morgan & Harrison display their terpsichorean art, and I'll teach you that word for free any evening between eight and ten."

JUDY picked up the phone at the end of the bed. She dialed the number Max Gold had given her. She got an answer, but that was all she got. Lieutenant Gold wasn't in and they didn't know just when he'd be in. Probably soon, though the guy with the brogue at the other end of the line wasn't promising. Judy told him who she was and left word that she wanted Max to come over right away.

She put down the phone and settled back where she belonged, which was against my shoulder. I said, "Until he gets here, we can sit just like we are or we can play gin rummy. Or both."

She saw I was trying to snap her out of something, and so she smiled. It wasn't a very mirthful smile. She said, "The good old corn, Steve: The show must go on."

"Yeah—without us."

"With us."

I touched the package of money. "And this?"

"I'll get Paul to stand guard."

"Paul—the waiter?"

"Yes."

"Are you crazy? You can't leave that kind of cabbage sitting around with nobody but Paul to watch it."

She looked right at me. "It's the best thing, Steve. Believe me, it is. I have a hunch that it wouldn't be wise for us not to appear."

"Why not?"

"Business as usual. Normal activity. That's in case anybody is looking for something out of the ordinary."

"I've got a headache," I said. "Or gastritis. Or a new corn. I can't dance. Isn't that good enough?"

"It's not necessary," she told me; I was beating my brains out against the same old brick wall. "Paul will take good care of it while we're on."

I got up off the bed. I said, "Okay, Toots. It's your funeral."

She called Paul. I saw it was going to be that way, so I left them alone. This was the craziest thing she had ever done, but I was helpless. Max Gold hadn't showed up. Judy had her reasons for wanting the act to go on. I smoked five cigarettes while I was dressing, and my nerves were still jumping when I met her back of the bandstand.

WE DIDN'T have a chance to talk. We hit our cue right on the nose, and we were out there dancing. Amazingly enough, the act was good. It shouldn't have been—but it was. Show business is like that.

We finished the act and took a bow. I looked around the room. Gregg Martin wasn't there. Neither was his old man. Claire Livingston was absent. Her partner in murder, Bob Norden, hadn't even been to the club so far as I knew. That was okay by me.

We did two encores before they let us go. Judy went up to her apartment, and I stood in the hall, outside my dressing-room door, smoking.

I saw Max Gold come in. George Ballard was with him. They went upstairs to Judy's apartment and a few seconds later Paul came down. I waited in the hall for Judy to send for me. She didn't send.

I took off my make-up and changed into regular clothes. Still no word from Judy, so I walked upstairs. Max and Ballard were getting ready to go. Gold looked at me with an almost human gleam in his eye. He said, "Nice work, sonny."

I looked at Judy and then at the package. "What gives now?"

"We're taking over," said Max.

"You won't give the story to the newspapers?"

"No."

He started for the door, but I got in his way. "Did Judy tell you what my theory was?"

"Yeah. Maybe you got something."

I started to tell him a few things, but George Ballard interrupted.

This Ballard was a quiet sort of a chap. He seemed to understand what was eating on me. He said, "Let me explain something, Harrison. You're upset because we've been giving you the brush-off. I don't blame you. But we have had to do it."

"Why?"

"We can't tell you that—yet. But we will as soon as we can. You've helped a lot with this money business—"

"But not enough to trust me all the way?"

Ballard put his hand on my shoulder. It was a nice, friendly gesture. "We'll let you in on it when the time comes. Meanwhile, quit worrying about Miss Morgan. We'll see to it that nothing happens to her."

I gave up. I said to Judy, "Is this the way you want it?"

She nodded. "It's the best way, Steve."

"It's your party," I said. "Have fun." I turned and walked downstairs. I was feeling very unhappy about the whole thing. Somewhere along the line, my act had flopped.

I was met in the hall by a page boy. He

JIM, THE DRIVER...

One of a nation-wide army of 17,350 drivers, Jim is typical of the popular, courteous Railway Expressmen who stop at your home, store or factory—whenever there is a shipment to be picked up or delivered by Railway Express.

Jim is out in all kinds of weather—in rain, hail, snow, fog or thunderstorm. Being a Railway Expressman is his career, his life's work.

Today, the principal concern of the Jims of Railway Express is to keep the enormous flow of war materials moving swiftly and uninterruptedly.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

BUY MORE AND MORE WAR BONDS

said, "Feller wants you on the telephone."

I had things on my mind, and so I said, "Me?" which was silly, but natural.

"Uh-huh." The kid was acting up. "If you're still named Harrison."

I went to the phone booth at the end of the dressing-room corridor. I closed the door and said, "Hello." The voice at the other end was tuned down to a whisper:

"Harrison?"

"Yes."

"This is Ollie Grant. You finished with your first show?"

"Yes."

"I gotta see you right now."

That suited me fine. I figured it'd be a tonic to talk to somebody who was more bewildered than I was. I said, "Your hotel?"

"No." He named a cheap grill up the street from the Torrid Zone. "In five minutes?" he asked.

"Five minutes," I said.

"I'll be waiting." His tone was urgent. "It's awful important."

WALKING toward the grill where Ollie Grant was waiting, I started thinking nutty thoughts. Harrison, I thought, you sure are becoming popular all of a sudden. Always meeting people, getting phone calls, having blond bombshells explode in your face. Why, Mr. Harrison, why? Are you prettier than you thought you were? Have you developed a charm you never suspected? Or are a lot of people playing you for a sucker?

I wasn't much pleased with myself. I don't know exactly what I had expected. A medal, at least, for finding that money. What I had gotten was an unhostile comment from Max Gold, a friendly bit of advice from George Ballard and another dose of the same old run-around.

Judy was holding out on me. The law was holding out on me. I was the little boy to whom they couldn't tell the facts of life. Okay, bud . . . I'll hold out on you, too. I've got a friend: a little man named Ollie Grant. He has told me things that I'm not telling you. Yaaaaah, Skinny: You're another! You won't play, huh? Well, I won't, either.

Ollie was sitting at the bar. He had a drink in front of him, but he didn't seem much interested in it. He invited me to have one and didn't wait for me to say yes or no. The shadows under his eyes were deeper, the eyes themselves were desperate. He sat staring at his drink, but he didn't say anything until the bartender moved away.

Then he said, "I ain't heard a thing from Mabel."

I wasn't exactly surprised, but I tried to act as though I was. I said, just to keep the conversation going, "Not even a phone call?"

"Nothing. No call, no note, no nothing."

He lifted his eyes from the drink and focused them on my face. "You heard anything?"

"No."

"Has Miss Morgan told you about meeting Mabel?"

"Not a word. I saw them together the other night, but she hasn't talked about it."

"Why not? I thought you and her were like that." He held up two fingers, close together.

"People think that way, Ollie, but they're wrong. We just work together."

"I've watched the newspapers," he went on. "I called every hospital in the book. I tried the police stations. Zero."

I knew he was leading up to something, so I waited. He said, "I got one more angle."

"What's that?"

"This bird Martin: Arthur Gordon Martin."

I was interested, but I didn't want him to know. I kept my voice steady. "Maybe it was two other fellows," I suggested.

"Perhaps Mabel got it wrong. About Jonathan Tate knowing Martin."

"Mabel never makes mistakes," he said coldly. "Not that kind. She remembered about Tate having had some sort of tie-up with Martin years ago. She went to see the guy before she talked to Miss Morgan."

"What did Martin say?"

"What would he say?"

"All right—you tell me."

"He said he remembered Tate vaguely, but really didn't know him. Claimed it had been a long time ago and didn't mean anything. But Mabel knew he was lying."

"How could she know that?"

"Because he wouldn't drop the subject. She tried to, just to test him out, but he kept coming back to it. He wanted to know what she knew about Tate—what the connection was."

"Did she tell him?"

"Yeah. She told him. He said he wasn't interested, and that was another lie." He paused to explain what particular type of liar Arthur Gordon Martin was. He said tightly, "He ain't gonna lie to me."

I suddenly wished I had ordered a drink. I reached for a pretzel and broke it into little pieces. I said, "When isn't he going to lie to you?"

NO SWIMMING ALLOWED
KEEP OUT
Roland Coe

COLLIER'S "It's better than using force!" ROLAND COE

"Tonight, he ain't. I'm going to his apartment. Now."

"What did you want me for?"

"To be sure you hadn't heard anything. Maybe Mabel has been in touch with Miss Morgan. Maybe with you. I hadda be sure before I started something."

"What kind of something, Ollie?"

"I wouldn't be knowing. I'm gonna see old man Martin. If he don't know nothing, that's what I'll find out. If he does know anything, I'll find that out, too."

I said, "What makes you think he knows anything?"

"Mabel was here on business. She wanted to make a deal. She had two angles. One was Miss Morgan. The other was Martin. What's to say she didn't go back to him, knowing he had lied the first time?"

I FELT sorry for the tough little man. I was holding out on him, just as everybody else was holding out on me. I wanted to tell him that there wasn't any use looking for Mabel . . . that he'd only be sticking his neck out, but I couldn't say a word. If I gave so much as a hint, he'd let out a yell so loud the police and newspapers couldn't ignore it. I said, "Why don't you let it ride a while longer?"

"And go loco? Not me."

"You must be awfully fond of her."

Ollie raised his eyes and let them rest on mine. He spoke with quiet dignity: "There ain't but one thing in the world means anything to me, Harrison. That's Mabel."

I felt like a heel. I called the bartender and ordered a double Scotch. I said, "How do you know you're going to see Mr. Martin tonight?"

"He's home. I phoned there and asked for him. I made out like I was somebody else. I talked like a screwball and he finally said it must be some other Martin I wanted. I gave him 'right' and hung up." He took out a piece of paper and looked at it. He showed it to me. "This is his number. On Central Park West. Apartment 18-A."

I TRIED to argue Ollie out of it. I couldn't figure Martin in this picture because I knew what had happened to Mabel. Then I had another idea:

Somebody had killed Mabel. I felt sure it wasn't Judy. Somebody had taken Mabel's body away from the club. That wouldn't be Judy either, or the cops. So perhaps Martin knew something. It was a silly idea, but not any sillier than some of the things that had been happening recently. There was always a chance that Ollie might learn something. For some reason, he liked me. He was taking me on as a friend. That hurt . . . but it might prove helpful, too. I decided I'd be waiting for him outside Martin's apartment house so he could give me the latest dope while it was hot. For all I knew, he might come away from the interview convinced that Arthur Gordon Martin was in the clear. And that, by itself, was more than I could be sure of now.

Ollie flipped two half dollars on the bar and got down off the high stool. He said, "Thanks for coming over, Harrison. I just wanted to be sure you hadn't heard anything."

"Why didn't you ask me on the phone?"

"It was important." His eyes were bright. "I wanted to watch you when you were talking. I can always tell when a guy is lying."

He waved and went out. I saw him hunch his shoulders as the wind bit into him. I felt very sorry for the little fellow. He was probably as tough as Max Gold, but he was pathetic, too. Maybe not to anybody else—but he was to me. Some day he'd find out about Mabel, and then his world would collapse. Holding out on him made me feel like a heel.

I gave him a few minutes start. Then I got in a taxi and gave an address on Central Park West about two blocks north of where Ollie was going. I paid the driver, and stood on the corner waiting for the crosslight to turn green. When it did, I went over to the park side of the avenue and started walking south.

It was good and cold. Felt like snow could happen any minute. There was a certain amount of traffic, but not a lot. My side of the street, where there was nothing but the park, was virtually deserted.

The park itself looked odd: the dimou did things to it. Maybe it would be b ter next summer . . . better for lover anyway; but now—in the winter—there wasn't anything cheerful about it.

Even the background: Central Park South and Fifth Avenue . . . they had los their sparkle. Before the war there had been millions of bright lights high up in all those buildings. Now shades were drawn, and the best you could get was a faint impersonal glow.

I stood across the street from the apartment house where Arthur Gordon Martin lived. It was a big, new building, a block in width. There was the usual sign in front notifying the public that a few apartments were available. There was another sign informing tradesmen that the ornate lobby was forbidden to them: they were to use the service entrance at the side.

Then I saw Ollie. He came around the corner and went into the lobby. He mus have used the subway. So I had gotten there first. I lit a cigarette and glance at my wrist watch by the light of the match. It was twelve minutes after ten

I WALKED up and down, waiting fo Ollie. A half block one way, a hal block back. I had to keep moving or freeze and I didn't like freezing. I kept my on the big glass front doors. People wen in and people came out. A doorman in fancy overcoat kept opening the doo and closing it again. It didn't look like very exciting profession. I waited forever The fact that Ollie had been there fift minutes already gave me an idea tha he must be learning things. If there' been nothing to talk about, Ollie woul have been out long ago.

Eleven-ten. Eleven-twenty. I got colde and more nervous. I knew I hadn't misse him. There wasn't anything to look a except that front door. I couldn't figur what was holding him.

By half-past eleven I decided I didn' like it. I had a hunch that something ha slipped. Maybe Ollie had made a wron play. There were a lot of maybes, mos of which I couldn't think of. And I com menced worrying about the supper show I knew I'd have to be getting back to th Torrid Zone pretty soon. The nam sounded good. It sounded warm.

I felt a sense of responsibility. I coul have kept Ollie from coming here b telling him the truth. I decided that i was up to me to find out what was hap pening.

I went into the lobby and backed u against the radiator. It felt wonderfu Standing there, thawing out, I decide what I'd do: I'd pretend that I was mak ing a social call. Martin would think was crazy, but that was okay with me Lots of people had thought that. Or he' think I was show business and, to the lay man, that spells being slightly off th beam. He might even think I'd come u there expecting to find Judy and Greg Martin together.

I figured that Ollie Grant would catc the score right away. If I walked in, he' understand and keep his mouth shut. So got off at the eighteenth floor, found heavy wooden door with the inscriptio 18-A on it, and rang the bell.

*(To be concluded next week)*

# Introducing the man of the year...

# Mr. GR-S

Goodrich Silvertown

Flashy little gent, isn't he? Mighty important, too... Shake hands with Mr. GR-S—Government Reserve Synthetic Rubber—the Man of the Year.

We've known him for quite a while. He's a temperamental fellow, and we've learned that in order to bring out his many superior qualities he must be handled differently from natural crude rubber.

So we turned Mr. GR-S over to the skilled chemists and technicians in our laboratories at Hood Rubber Company and B. F. Goodrich—men who have the "know how." They understand the differences between synthetic rubber and natural rubber and have devoted months of study to the new problem of compounding, processing and manufacturing rubber footwear with synthetic rubber.

These chemists have directed production of hundreds of pairs of GR-S rubber footwear, and today these products are standing up in actual wear tests under the most extreme conditions.

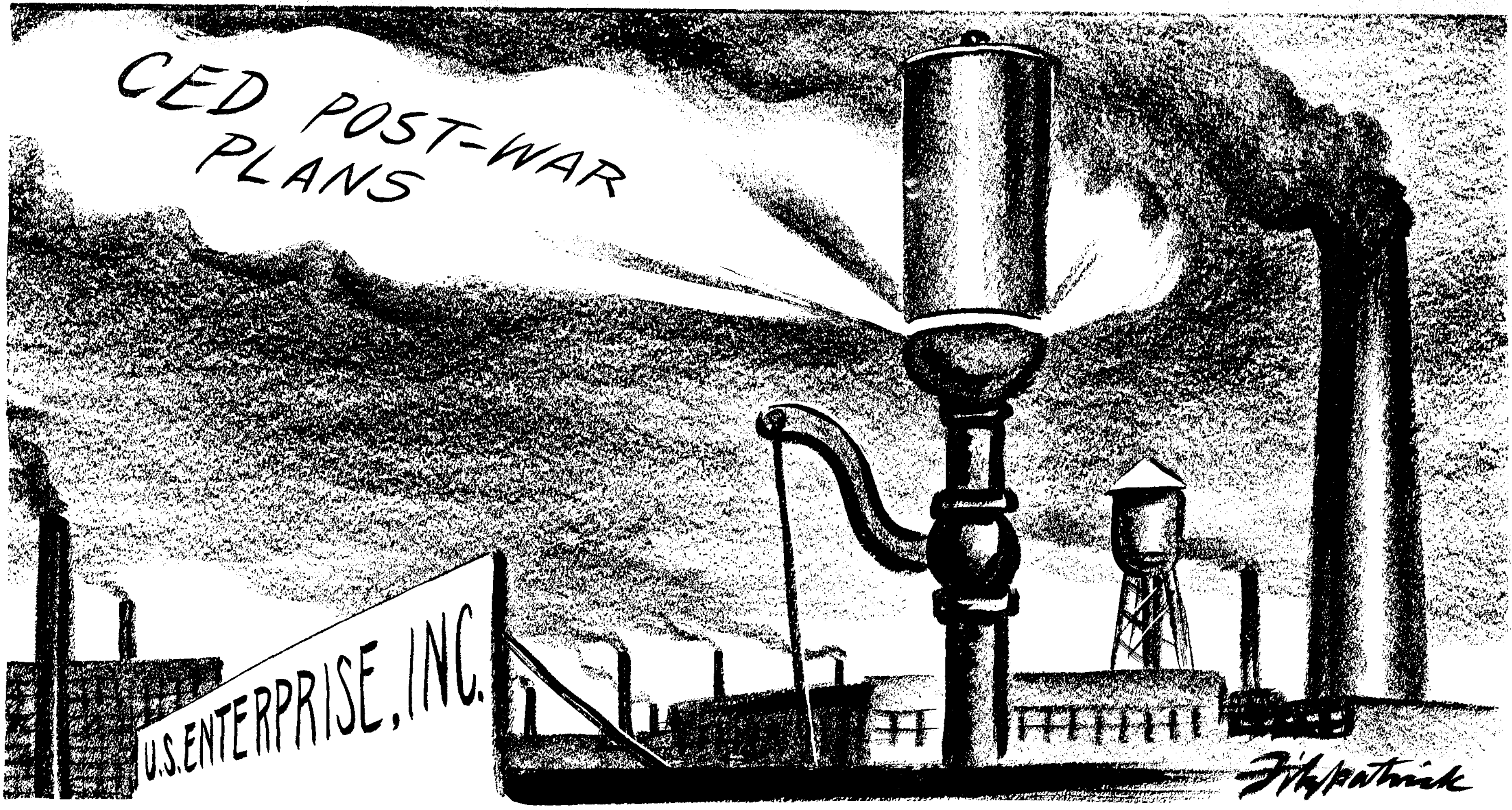
This research is your assurance that when synthetic rubber footwear comes to you bearing either one of these names—Hood or B. F. Goodrich—it will have behind it many months of successful experimenting and testing.

This is a Hood contribution to the effort and the vision of the B. F. Goodrich Company, and others in the rubber, petroleum and chemical industries, who have given America one of the most important developments of our time—synthetic rubber.

FOOTWEAR LABORATORIES AND FACTORY • WATERTOWN, MASS.

**Hood Rubber Co.**
A DIVISION OF
**B.F. Goodrich**
FIRST IN RUBBER

**Collier's**
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Editor • JEROME ELLISON, Managing Editor



# JOBS AFTER THE WAR

BOY, oh, boy, after this war will there be the devil to pay!" You hear that remark or variations of it almost whenever and wherever you get into a discussion of today's wartime employment peaks and high wages.

But need there be the devil to pay after this war? Before it is all over, it will probably be ten times as fearful a conflict as the first World War dress rehearsal. But need there be ten times as fierce an inflation as the 1919-20 and 1925-28 inflations, and slumps ten times as bad as those of 1921 and 1929?

Maybe these things are in the cards; maybe we can't by-pass them. In that case, we would seem to be headed for chaos, to be taken over by some debased form of Communism—than which we can think offhand of nothing more debased or more miserable for us all.

We're optimistic enough, however, to hope that any such debacle can be prevented. We base this hope, furthermore, on something besides a heartfelt wish. We base it on the fact that many of the best brains in the United States have been aware ever since Pearl Harbor of the postwar economic dangers and are facing up to the challenge and working on plans to block an economic disaster when the fighting stops and the war plants' orders are largely canceled and the men begin to stream home from the fronts.

Here are the bare bones of the problem, as X-rayed by economists of the Department of Commerce and of private business:

In 1940, we had 46,000,000 people gainfully employed, with less than 600,000 of these either in the fighting forces or turning out war goods. But we also had six to nine million unemployed, who could and would have worked at productive, paying jobs if such jobs could have been had. So we can't claim to have been any too prosperous in 1940.

By the end of 1943, it is estimated that we shall have 62,000,000 people gainfully employed, 20,000,000 of these being in jobs directly connected with the war, and 11,000,000 or more in the services. A lot of these 20,000,000 people in war jobs, however, will be women or over-age or under-age workers who will be willing to quit work when the war ends.

Therefore, to lick the problem of jobs after the war—to lick it thoroughly enough to give ourselves postwar prosperity instead of panic—it is estimated that we must find paying, productive jobs for about 56,000,000 people, and keep some 2,000,000 in the services for some time after the war for the sake of the national safety.

Do this and we shall also lick the problem of how to make our enormously enlarged productive apparatus work for all of us, by turning out more and more peacetime goods, thereby keeping our average standard of living always on an upgrade.

Now at work on this admittedly big problem are, among others, the Committee for Economic Development, headed by President Paul G. Hoffman of the Studebaker Corporation; the U. S. Chamber of Commerce under the dynamic leadership of its president, Eric Johnston, and with President Green of the A. F. of L. applauding warmly; the National Association of Manufacturers; and a growing number of members of Congress.

All these persons start from the premise that this always was a private-enterprise country, where the rewards went to the man or woman with initiative and the courage to work hard and take risks.

They feel that we can best lick our postwar economic problems by building on the private-enterprise foundations already laid. Those foundations were so well laid, incidentally, that in a year and a half, U. S. industry has made various totalitarian nations' long-time war-production totals look sick.

The Committee for Economic Development, for one illustration of its way of thinking, is going back to the grass roots of American local ingenuity and enterprise. Instead of contenting itself with hurling pep talks at the big corporations, it aims most of its efforts at helping small business keep people at work during the war and line up work for more people after the war.

Local CED community committees are being set up all over the country. Their job is to make surveys, hold discussions, foster plans—all designed to spot new trade outlets, new processes, new chances for the business concerns in their own communities. In all this, there is a firm attitude of refusal to lean on Washington or to expect any positive help from politicians.

The only major help wanted from the politicians is a fair break in the closely related matters of (1) just but not confiscatory taxes, and (2) enough leeway for private enterprise to lay up cash reserves in wartime, so that, when peace comes, this cash can be quickly sluiced into plant conversion or expansion and the creation or enlargement of distribution facilities.

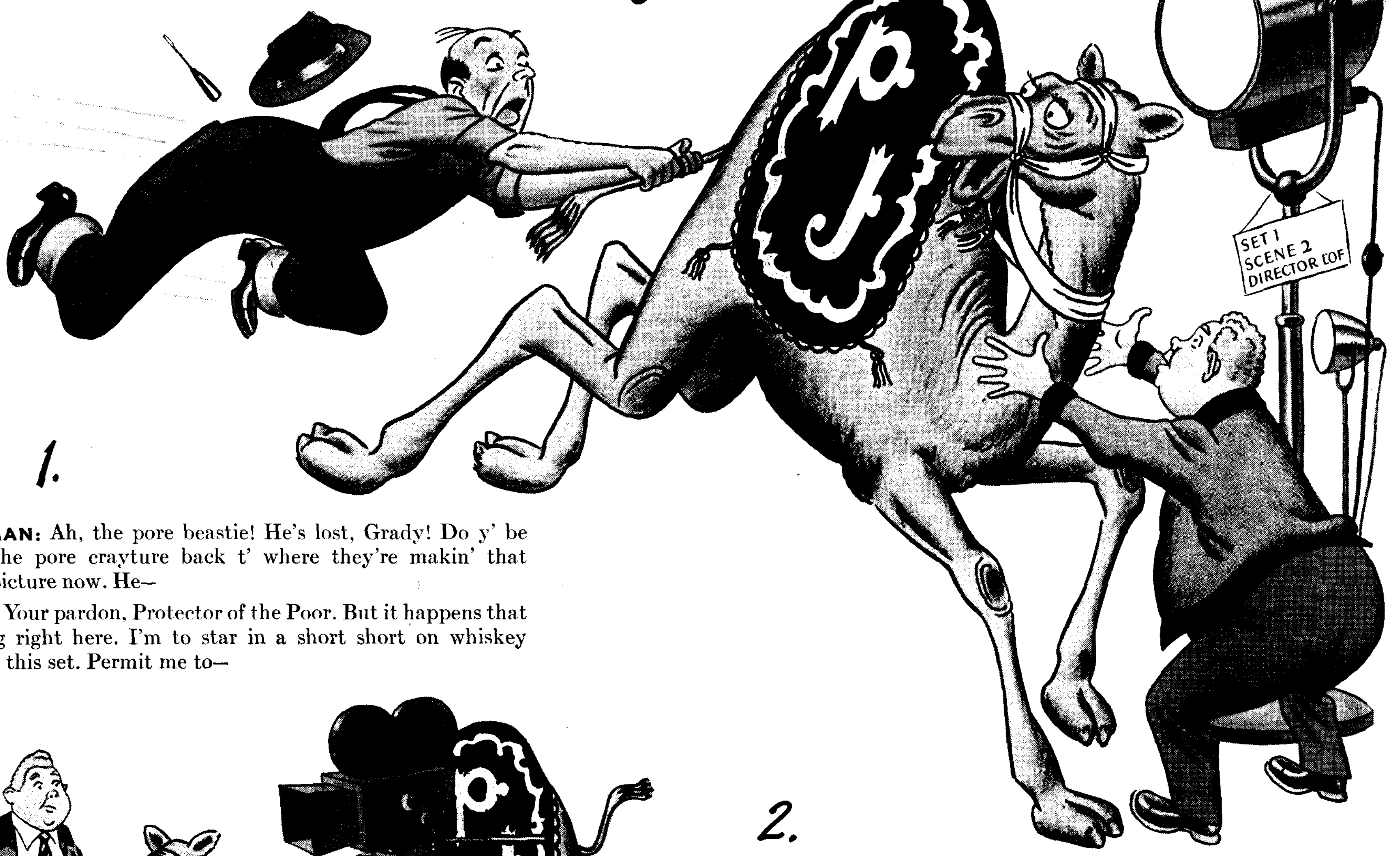
Public works are recognized as necessary, in a way. It is conceded that really useful and needed public works—bridges, parks, conservation projects, etc.—should be in blueprints now, so that they can be started at the drop of a hat after the war. But the CED and its fellow postwar planners violently reject the notion that we can put 15 or 20 million people on some sort of expanded WPA after the war and keep them there forever after.

These schemes ring a bell in our minds. All the plans you hear for letting the government make jobs for everybody after the war ring no bell with us. They appeal only to such instincts as cowardice, the desire to let others solve your problems for you, and the yen for petty "security."

Americans didn't build this country by yielding to those instincts—and no system of government enterprise has yet delivered mass standards of living anywhere near as high as those enjoyed under governments that foster private enterprise.

We think that all Americans who know what's good for them will give full encouragement and cooperation to these people who are planning to make the American system work better than ever before, once we've permanently pinned back the ears of the Axis.

# "Grab 'im, Grady!"



1.

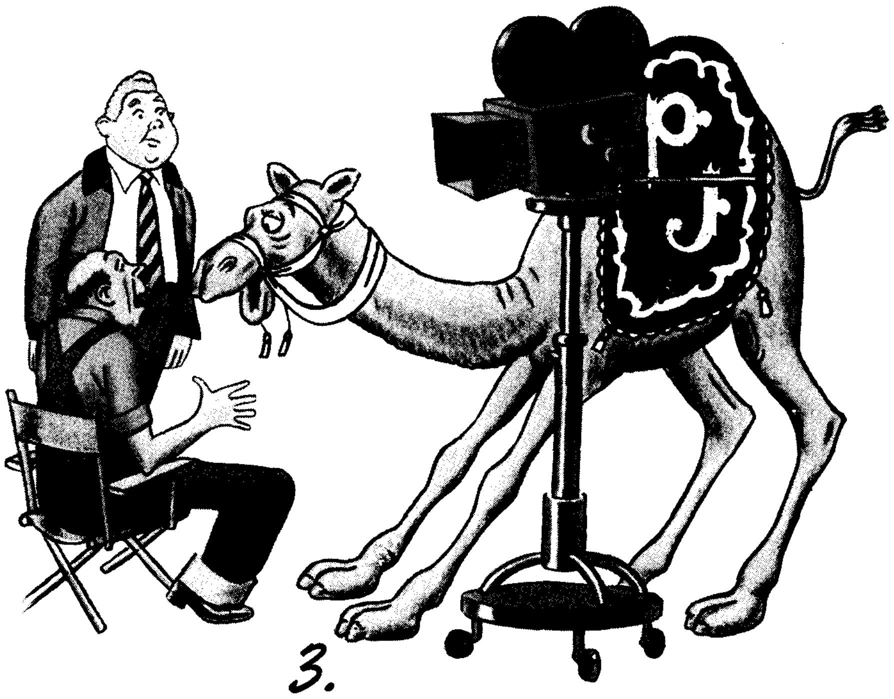
**PROP MAN:** Ah, the pore beastie! He's lost, Grady! Do y' be takin' the pore crayture back t' where they're makin' that Ayrab picture now. He—

**CAMEL:** Your pardon, Protector of the Poor. But it happens that I belong right here. I'm to star in a short short on whiskey right on this set. Permit me to—

2.

**PROP MAN:** Whist, Grady! Did ye hear him? And do y' mind what happened to that pore lion we had last year? 'Tis thim Kleig lights again, Grady. A turrible thing, shinin' down on the head that way, me bhoy. Enough to broil the brains, they are!

**CAMEL:** Masters, *please!* I'm the Paul Jones Camel! A living symbol of the *dryness* in *dry* Paul Jones whiskey! And I'm here to explain how this dryness, or lack of sweetness, in Paul Jones permits you to enjoy *all* of its flavor! Brings out *all* of Paul Jones' richness and mellowness!

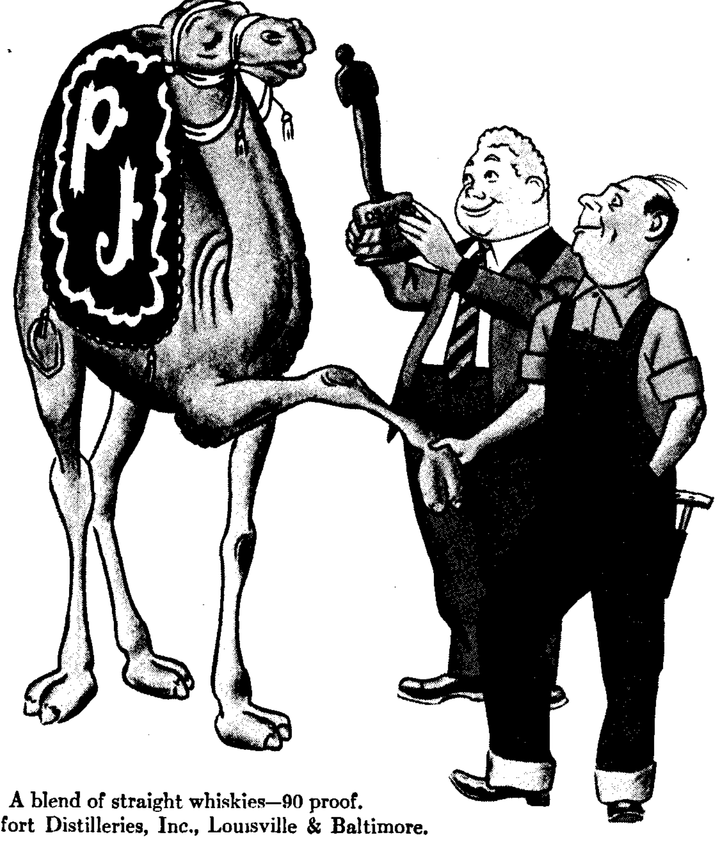


3.

**PROP MAN:** Grady! Grady, lad! Could such a thing be? A *dry* whiskey? Shure, t'would be a fine thing, I'm thinkin'.

**CAMEL:** And, Sahib, it is! For Paul Jones is not only a *dry* whiskey—it is moderately priced!

**PROP MAN:** Dry..*and* moderately priced? *Grady!* Grady, me friend, would not a bit of a walk be a fine thing? And is there anny walk at all more delightful than down Main Street toward the liquor store? Come, Grady!



**An Explanation to Our Friends** . . . If your bar or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased —except for government taxes.)

Paul Jones

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

# MILDNESS and BETTER TASTE

## THAT'S WHAT SMOKERS WANT ON THE WAR FRONT AND ON THE HOME FRONT

Chesterfield's Mildness and Better Taste can come only from the *right* combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos . . . the *only* combination that gives you everything you want in a cigarette. *Buy a pack today!*

# CHESTERFIELD

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

**HATS OFF TO OUR FARMERS**

Join the
**U. S. CROP CORPS**
and serve your country
Watch for local recruiting
in your community
★
**U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE**
**THE WAR MANPOWER COMMISSION**

Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.